STAR TREK

VOL. 2

GOLD KEY COMIC BOOKS

STAR TREK
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GOLD KEY
VULCAN FURIES

STAR TREK
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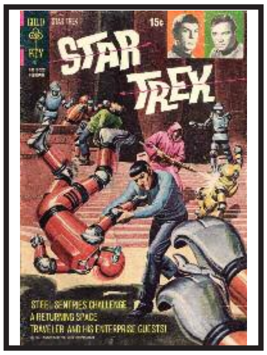
GOLD KEY
Kirk betrays Spock and Scotty to divert the suspicions of a space pirate!


STAR TREK
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STEEL SENTRIES CHALLENGE A RETURNING SPACE TRAVELER AND HIS ENTERPRISE GUESTS!

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A monster attack leaves Captain Kirk mentally unfit to command the Enterprise!

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The Enterprise crew and their enemies are trapped in a world that does not exist!

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MISSION IN ACTION—ON A DARK AGE PLANET!

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BEHOLD THE IDOL WHO DEMANDS THE DEATH OF THE THREE STRANGERS!

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BIG MAGNETIC TAPE— LIFEBLOOD OF A DYING PLANET—IS HIJACKED!

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"Turn back or die!" But the Enterprise crew is determined to explore the HAUNTED ASTEROID

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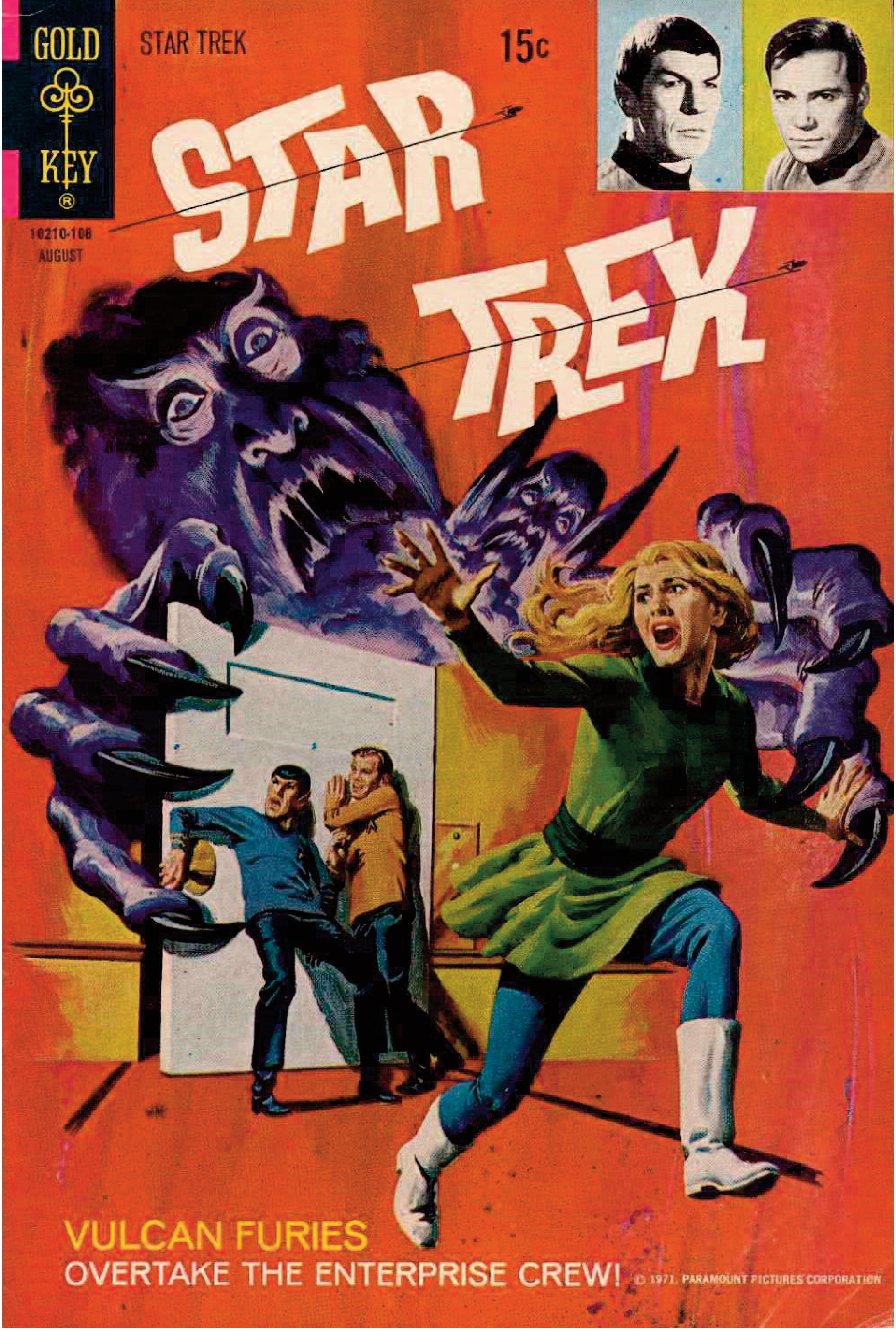
IN A WORLD GONE MAD, SCOTTY AND DR. McCOY FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES—AGAINST EACH OTHER!

ISSUES #11-20


GOLD KEY
STAR TREK
15c
STAR TREK
10210-108
AUGUST
VULCAN FURIES
OVERTAKE THE ENTERPRISE CREW!

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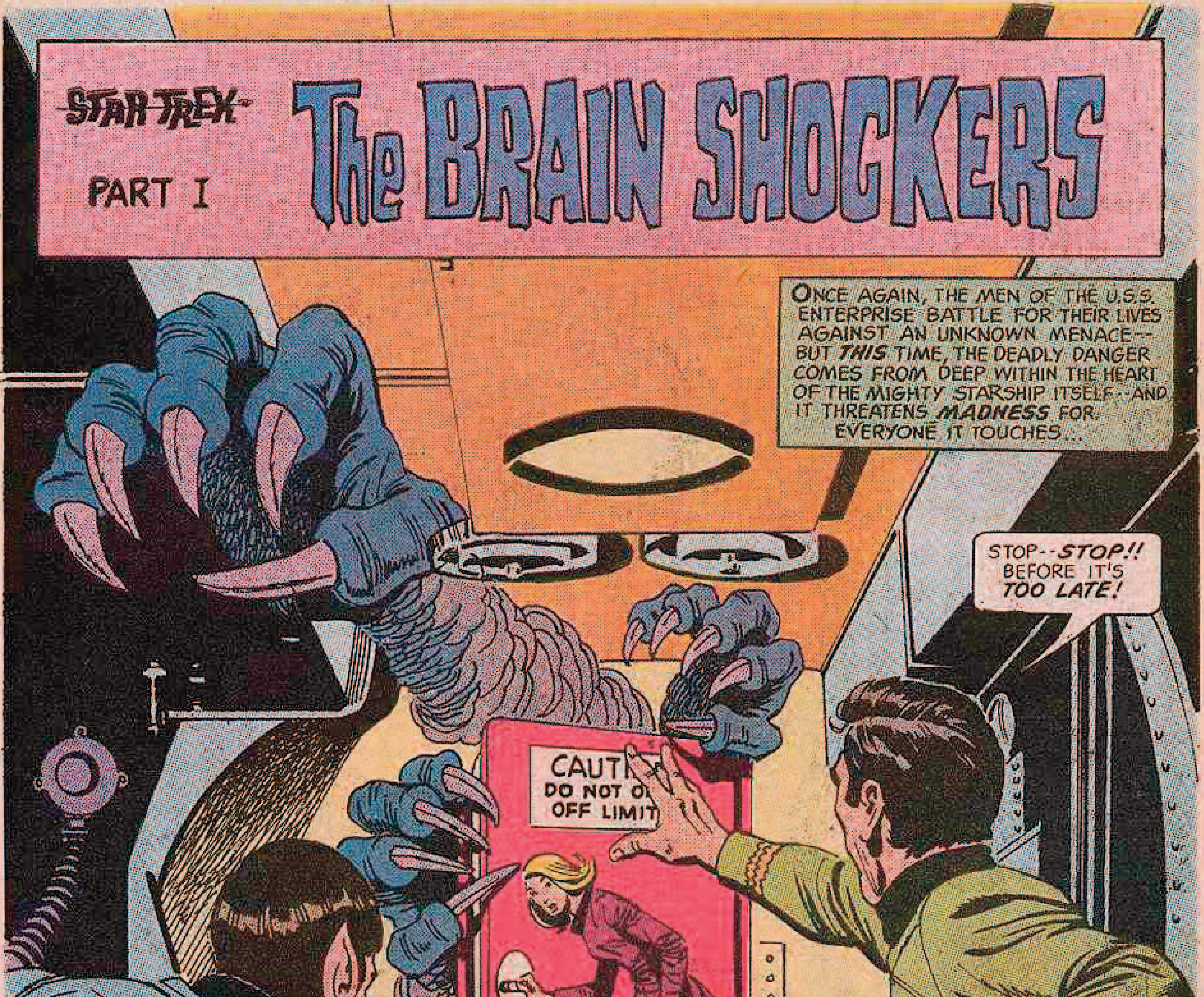
STAR TREK
PART I
The BRAIN SHOCKERS
ONCE AGAIN, THE MEN OF THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST AN UNKNOWN MENACE-- BUT THIS TIME, THE DEADLY DANGER COMES FROM DEEP WITHIN THE HEART OF THE MIGHTY STARSHIP ITSELF-- AND IT THREATENS MADNESS FOR EVERYONE IT TOUCHES...
STOP--STOP!! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
CAUTI
DO NOT O
OFF LIMIT
IF YOU OPEN THAT DOOR, YOU'LL DOOM US ALL!
10310-108
STAR TREK 11-715

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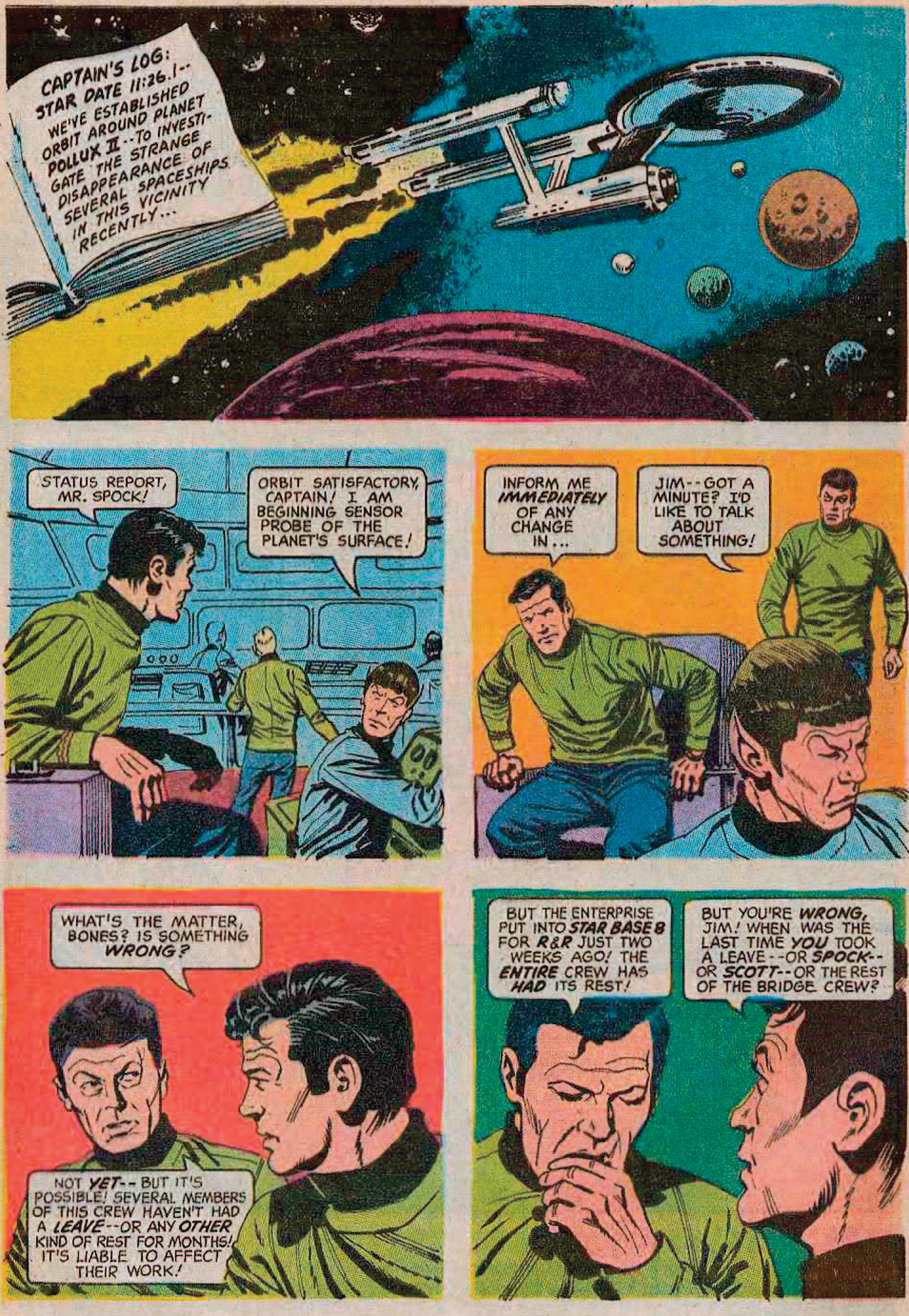
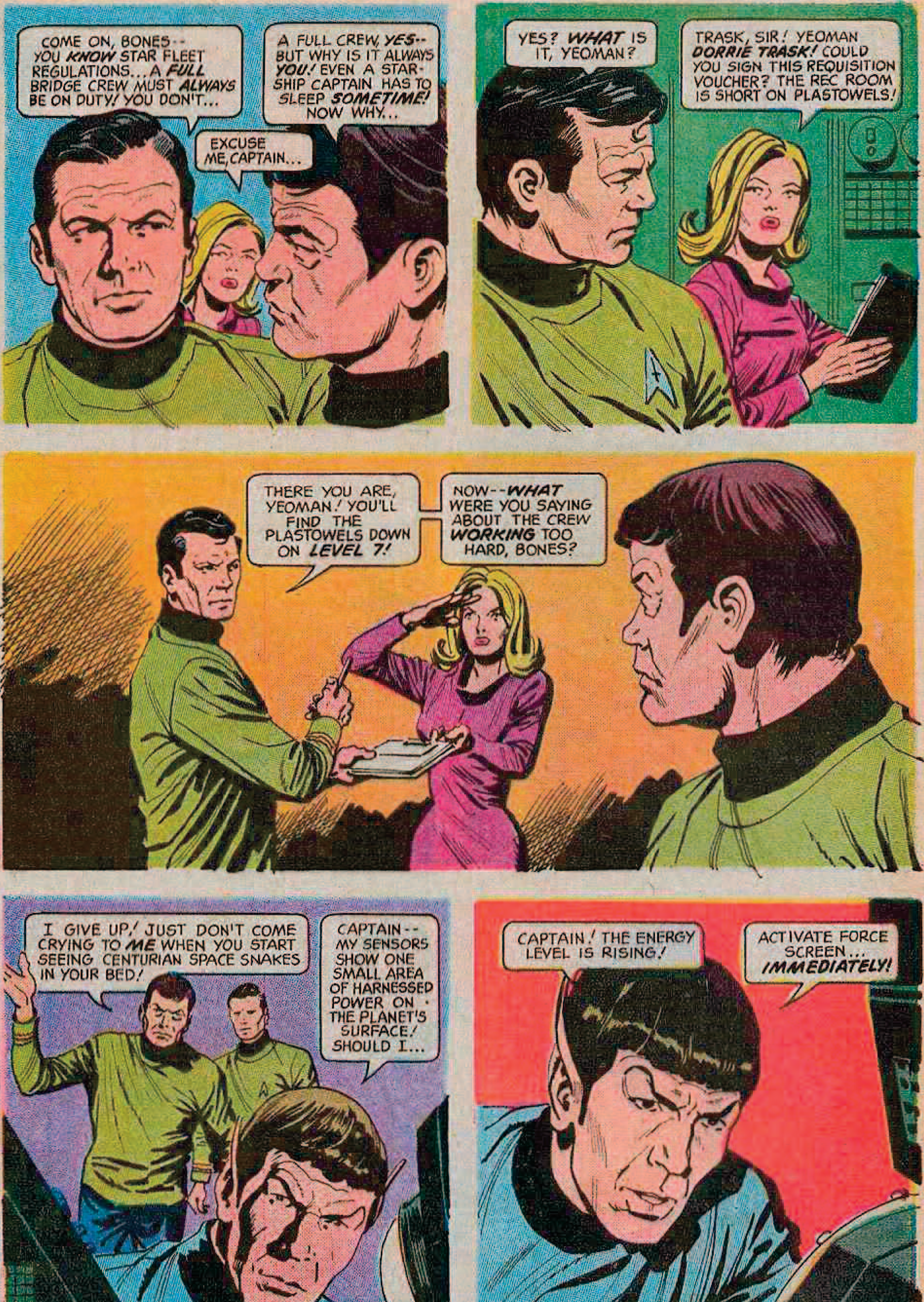
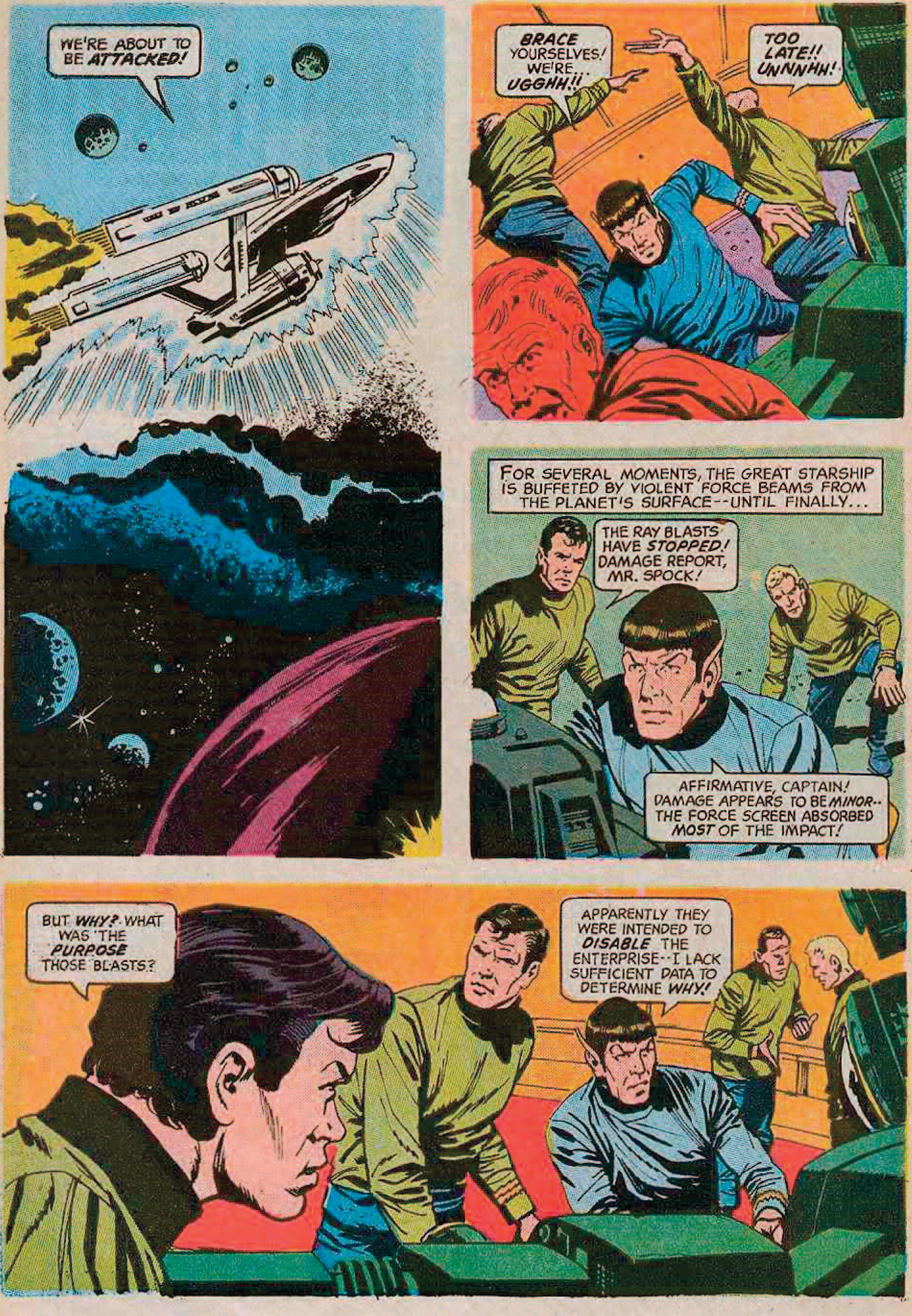
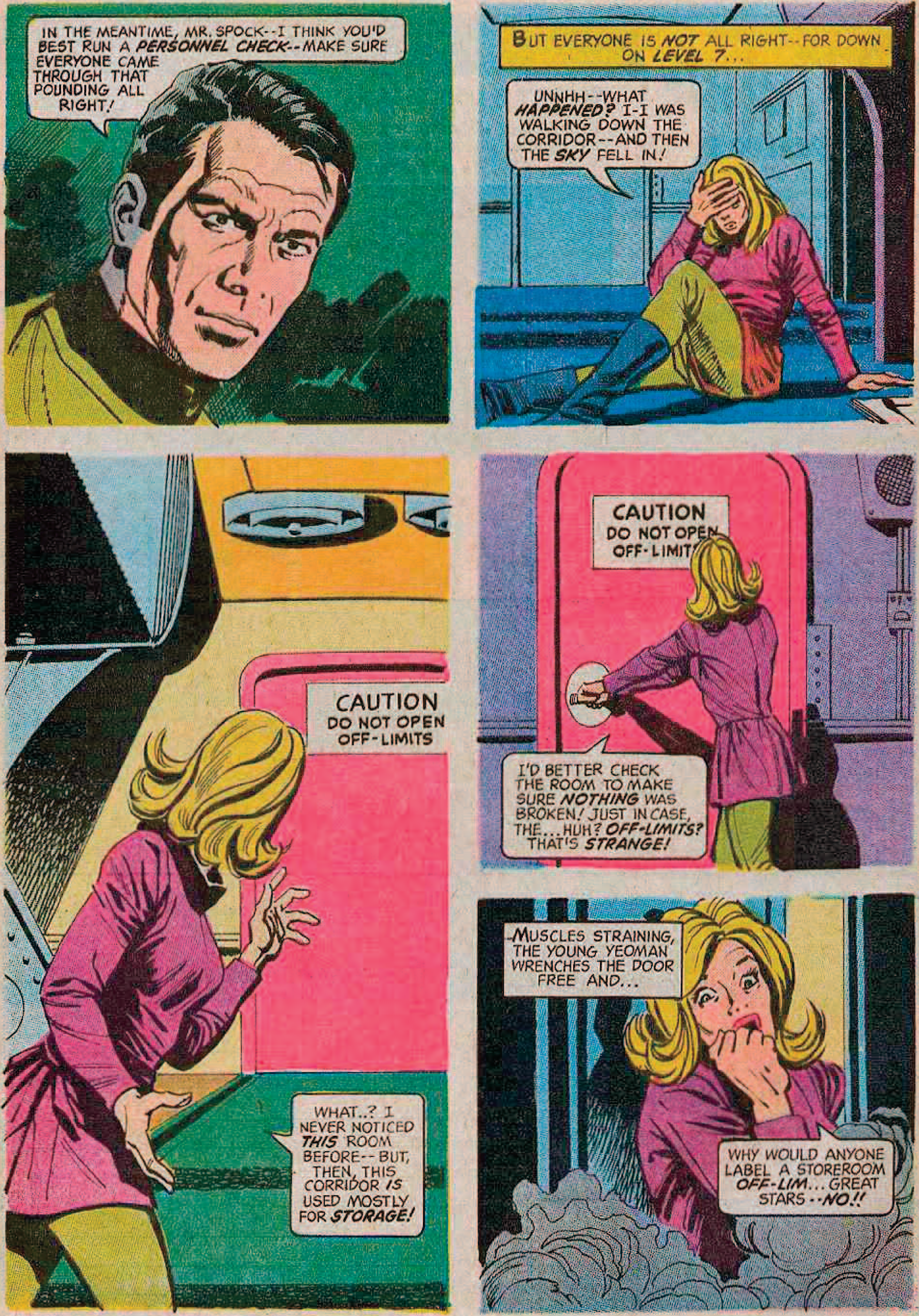
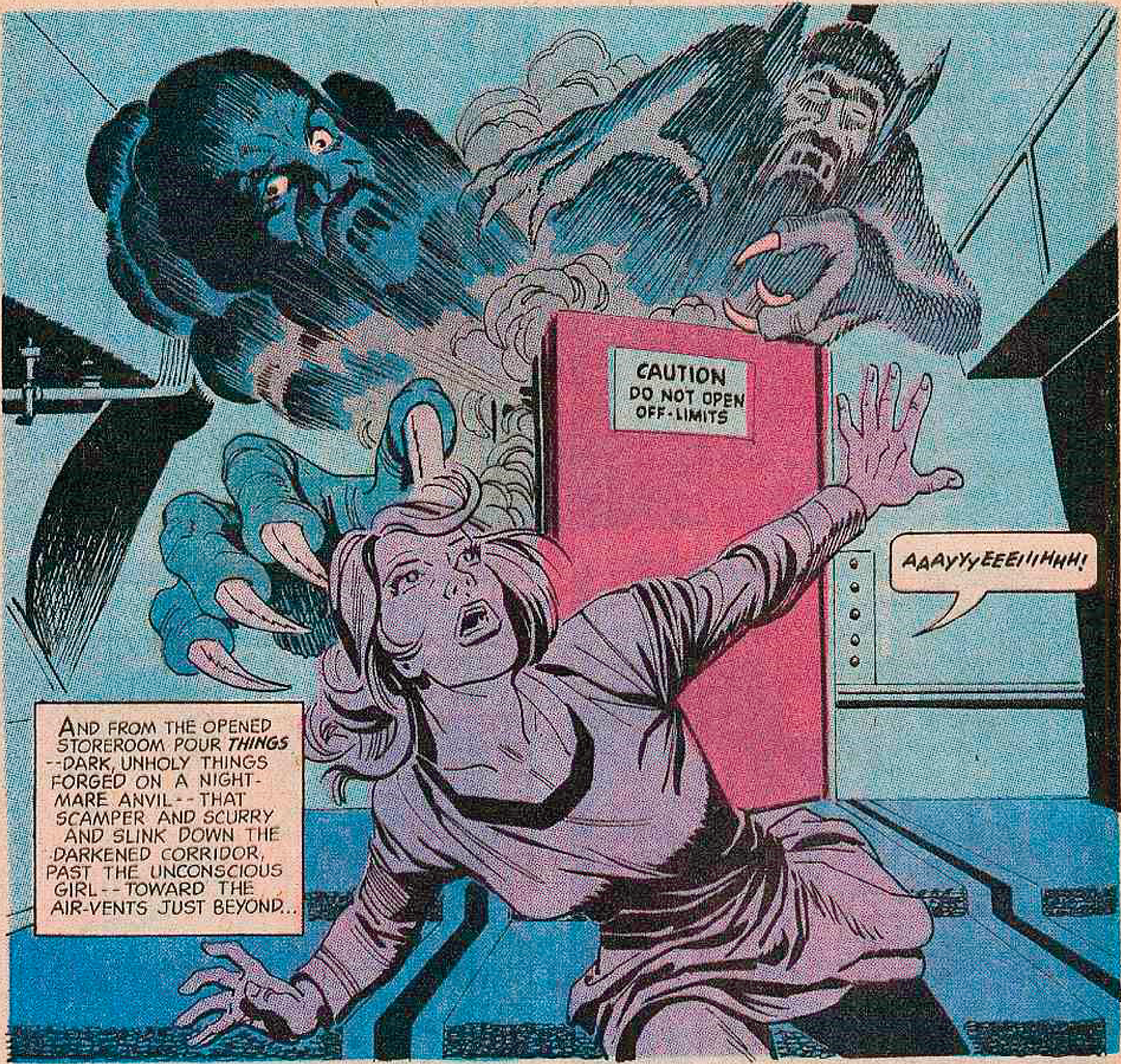
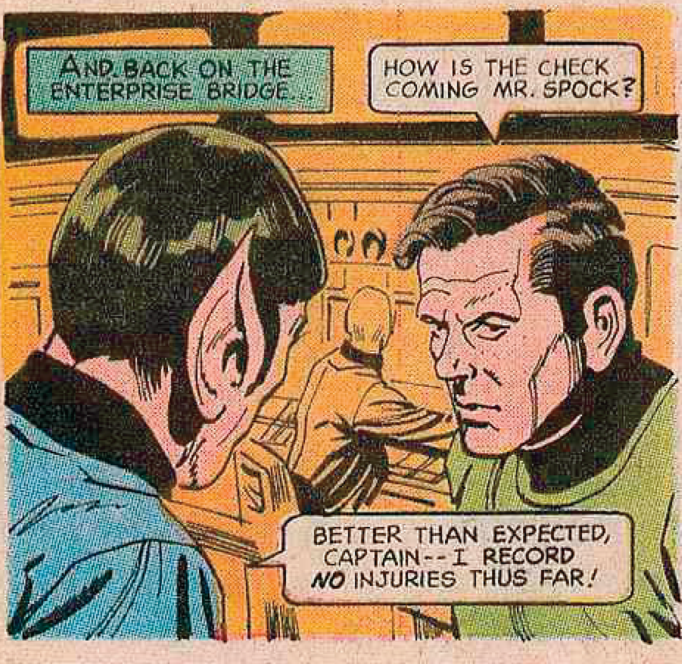

CAPTAIN'S LOG: STAR DATE 11:26.1-- WE'VE ESTABLISHED ORBIT AROUND PLANET POLLUX II--TO INVESTIGATE THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF SEVERAL SPACESHIPS IN THIS VICINITY RECENTLY...
STATUS REPORT, MR. SPOCK!
ORBIT SATISFACTORY, CAPTAIN! I AM BEGINNING SENSOR PROBE OF THE PLANET'S SURFACE!
INFORM ME IMMEDIATELY OF ANY CHANGE IN...
JIM--GOT A MINUTE? I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BONES? IS SOMETHING WRONG?
NOT YET--BUT IT'S POSSIBLE! SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THIS CREW HAVEN'T HAD A LEAVE--OR ANY OTHER KIND OF REST FOR MONTHS! IT'S LIABLE TO AFFECT THEIR WORK!
BUT THE ENTERPRISE PUT INTO STAR BASE 8 FOR R&R JUST TWO WEEKS AGO! THE ENTIRE CREW HAS HAD ITS REST!
BUT YOU'RE WRONG, JIM! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU TOOK A LEAVE--OR SPOCK--OR SCOTT--OR THE REST OF THE BRIDGE CREW?

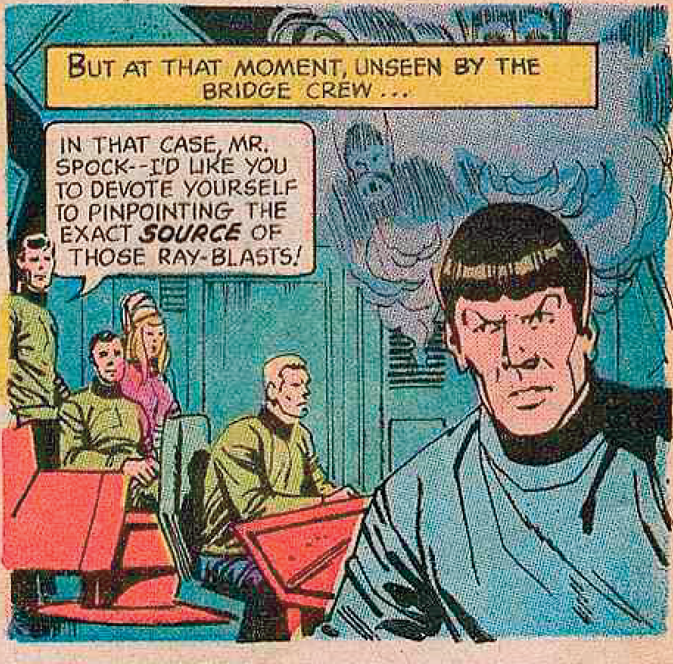

COME ON, BONES-- YOU KNOW STAR FLEET REGULATIONS... A FULL BRIDGE CREW MUST ALWAYS BE ON DUTY! YOU DON'T...
A FULL CREW, YES-- BUT WHY IS IT ALWAYS YOU! EVEN A STARSHIP CAPTAIN HAS TO SLEEP SOMETIME! NOW WHY...
EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN...
YES? WHAT IS IT, YEOMAN?
TRASK, SIR! YEOMAN DORRIE TRASK! COULD YOU SIGN THIS REQUISITION VOUCHER? THE REC ROOM IS SHORT ON PLASTOWELS!
THERE YOU ARE, YEOMAN! YOU'LL FIND THE PLASTOWELS DOWN ON LEVEL 7!
NOW--WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT THE CREW WORKING TOO HARD, BONES?
I GIVE UP! JUST DON'T COME CRYING TO ME WHEN YOU START SEEING CENTURIAN SPACE SNAKES IN YOUR BED!
CAPTAIN-- MY SENSORS SHOW ONE SMALL AREA OF HARNESSED POWER ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE! SHOULD I...
CAPTAIN! THE ENERGY LEVEL IS RISING!
ACTIVATE FORCE SCREEN... IMMEDIATELY!

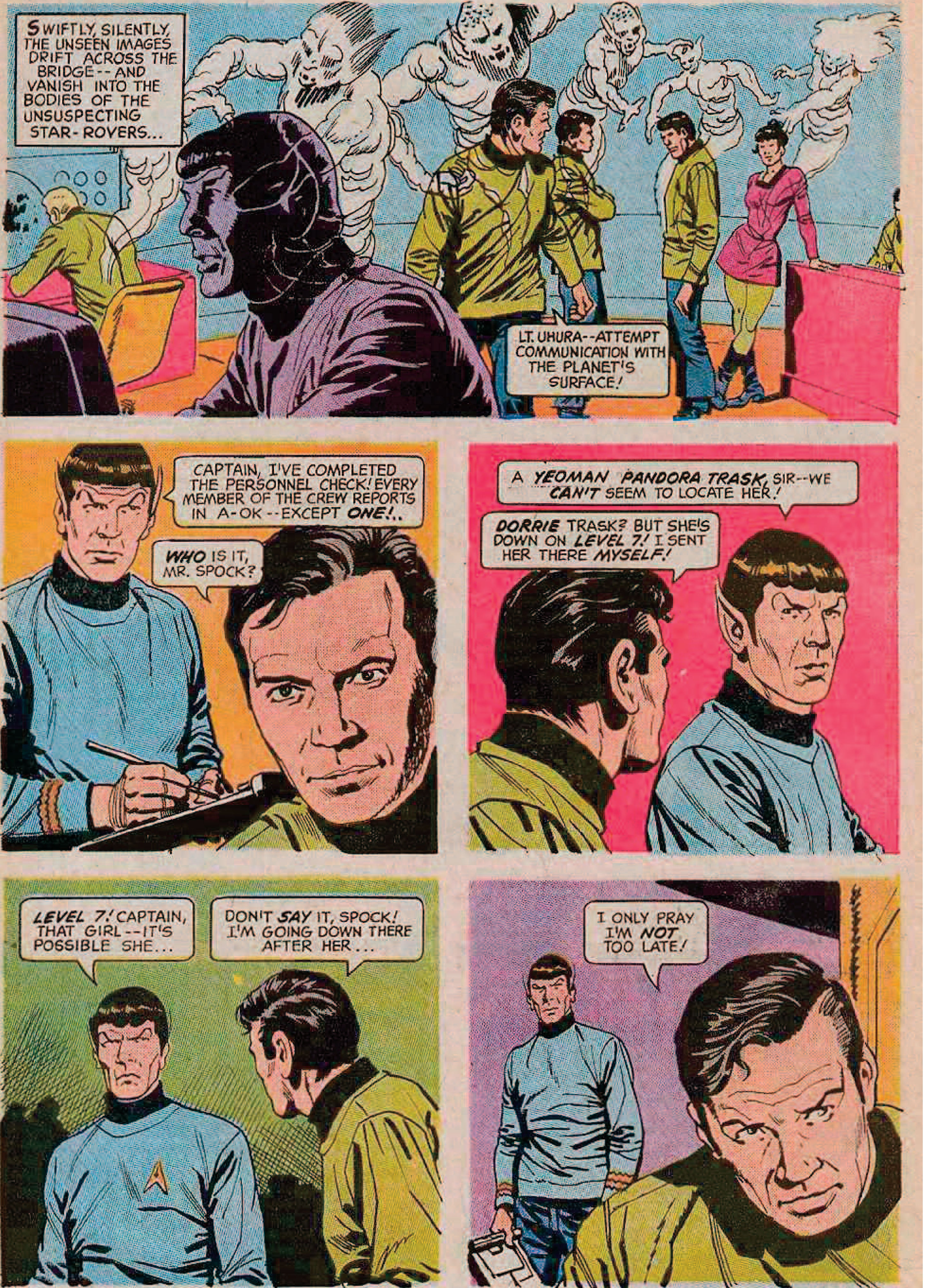

WE'RE ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED!
BRACE YOURSELVES! WE'RE UGGHH!!
TOO LATE!! UNNNHH!
FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, THE GREAT STARSHIP IS BUFFETED BY VIOLENT FORCE BEAMS FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE--UNTIL FINALLY...
THE RAY BLASTS HAVE STOPPED! DAMAGE REPORT, MR. SPOCK!
AFFIRMATIVE, CAPTAIN! DAMAGE APPEARS TO BE MINOR-- THE FORCE SCREEN ABSORBED MOST OF THE IMPACT!
BUT WHY? WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE THOSE BLASTS?
APPARENTLY THEY WERE INTENDED TO DISABLE THE ENTERPRISE--I LACK SUFFICIENT DATA TO DETERMINE WHY!

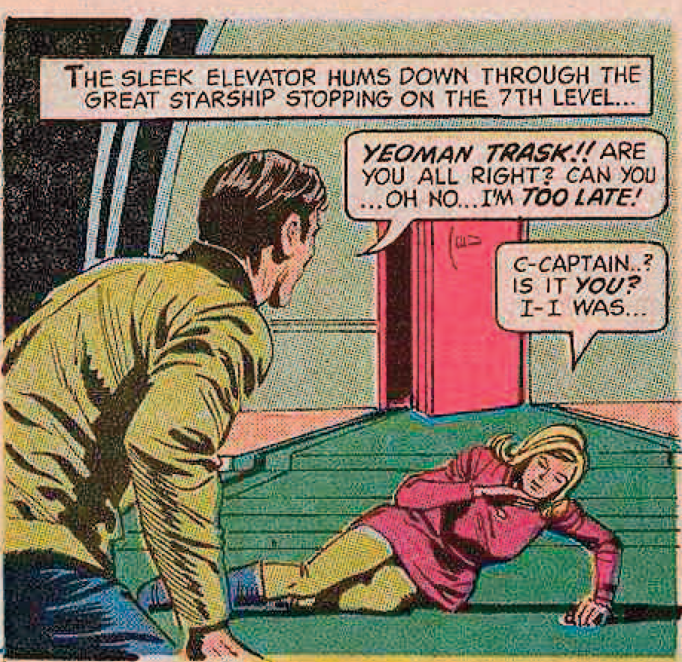

IN THE MEANTIME, MR. SPOCK--I THINK YOU'D BEST RUN A **PERSONNEL CHECK**--MAKE SURE EVERYONE CAME THROUGH THAT POUNDING ALL RIGHT!
BUT EVERYONE IS ***NOT*** ALL RIGHT--FOR DOWN ON ***LEVEL 7***...
UNNHH--WHAT ***HAPPENED?*** I-I WAS WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR--AND THEN THE ***SKY*** FELL IN!
CAUTION DO NOT OPEN OFF-LIMITS
WHAT..? I NEVER NOTICED ***THIS*** ROOM BEFORE--BUT, THEN, THIS CORRIDOR ***IS*** USED MOSTLY FOR ***STORAGE!***
CAUTION DO NOT OPEN OFF-LIMIT
I'D BETTER CHECK THE ROOM TO MAKE SURE ***NOTHING*** WAS BROKEN! JUST IN CASE, THE...HUH? ***OFF-LIMITS?*** THAT'S ***STRANGE!***
-MUSCLES STRAINING, THE YOUNG YEOMAN WRENCHES THE DOOR FREE AND...
WHY WOULD ANYONE LABEL A STOREROOM ***OFF-LIM***... GREAT STARS--***NO!!***

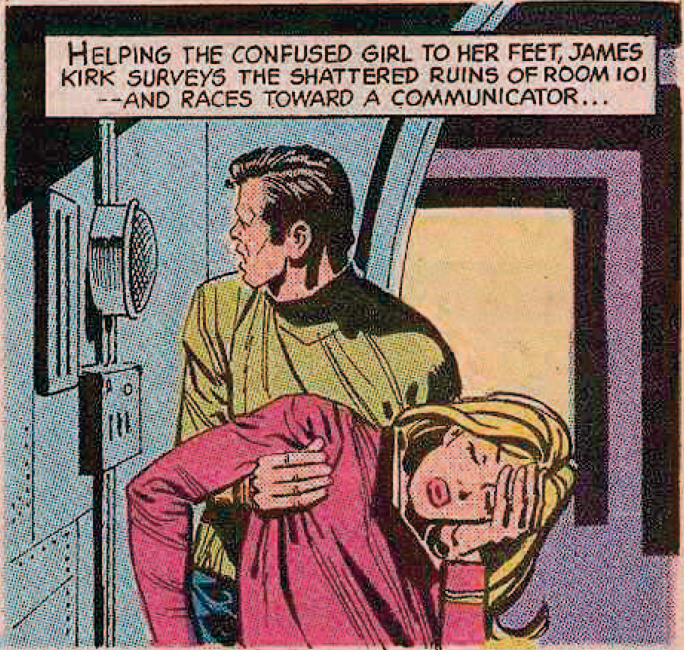

CAUTION
DO NOT OPEN
OFF-LIMITS
AAAYYYEEEIIHHH!
AND FROM THE OPENED STOREROOM POUR **THINGS** --DARK, UNHOLY THINGS FORGED ON A NIGHTMARE ANVIL--THAT SCAMPER AND SCURRY AND SLINK DOWN THE DARKENED CORRIDOR, PAST THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL--TOWARD THE AIR-VENTS JUST BEYOND...

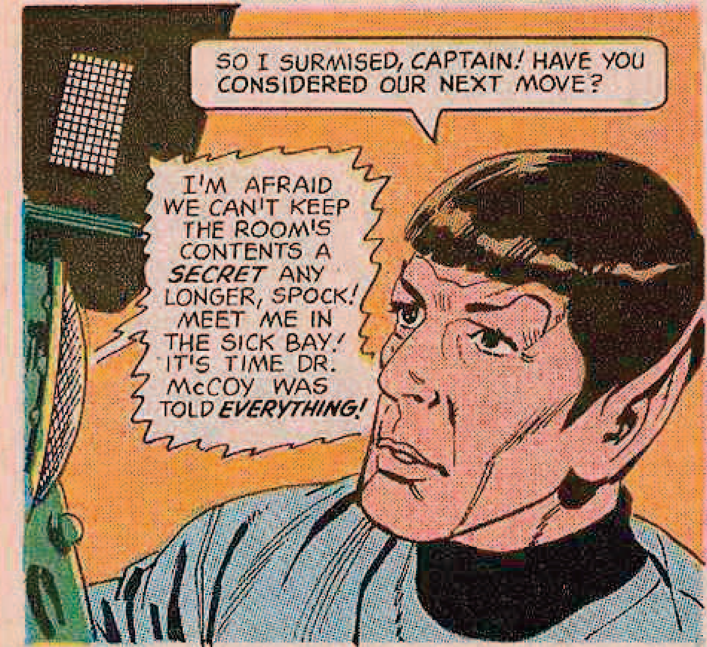

AND BACK ON THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE...
HOW IS THE CHECK COMING MR. SPOCK?
BETTER THAN EXPECTED, CAPTAIN--I RECORD **NO** INJURIES THUS FAR!

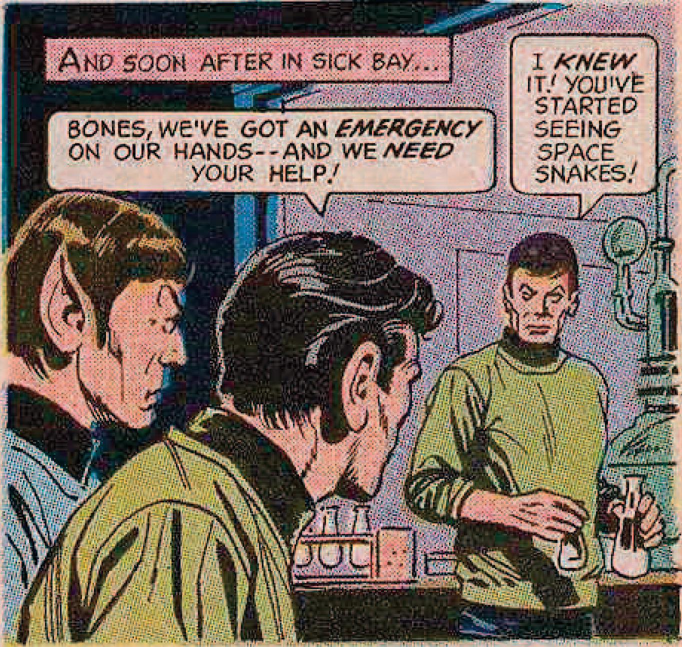

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, UNSEEN BY THE BRIDGE CREW...
IN THAT CASE, MR. SPOCK--I'D LIKE YOU TO DEVOTE YOURSELF TO PINPOINTING THE EXACT **SOURCE** OF THOSE RAY-BLASTS!

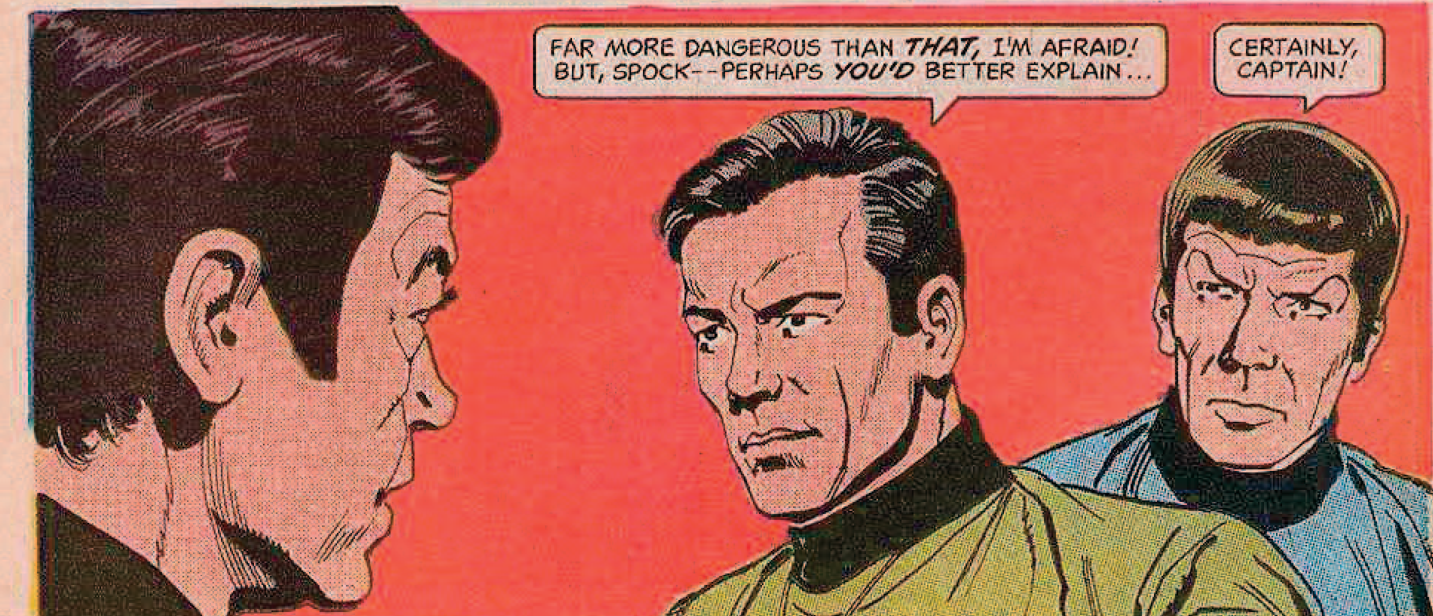

SWIFTLY, SILENTLY, THE UNSEEN IMAGES DRIFT ACROSS THE BRIDGE--AND VANISH INTO THE BODIES OF THE UNSUSPECTING STAR-ROVERS...
LT. UHURA--ATTEMPT COMMUNICATION WITH THE PLANET'S SURFACE!
CAPTAIN, I'VE COMPLETED THE PERSONNEL CHECK! EVERY MEMBER OF THE CREW REPORTS IN A-OK--EXCEPT *ONE*!..
WHO IS IT, MR. SPOCK?
A *YEOMAN PANDORA TRASK*, SIR--WE *CAN'T* SEEM TO LOCATE HER!
DORRIE TRASK? BUT SHE'S DOWN ON *LEVEL 7*! I SENT HER THERE *MYSELF*!
LEVEL 7! CAPTAIN, THAT GIRL--IT'S POSSIBLE SHE...
DON'T *SAY* IT, SPOCK! I'M GOING DOWN THERE AFTER HER...
I ONLY PRAY I'M *NOT* TOO LATE!

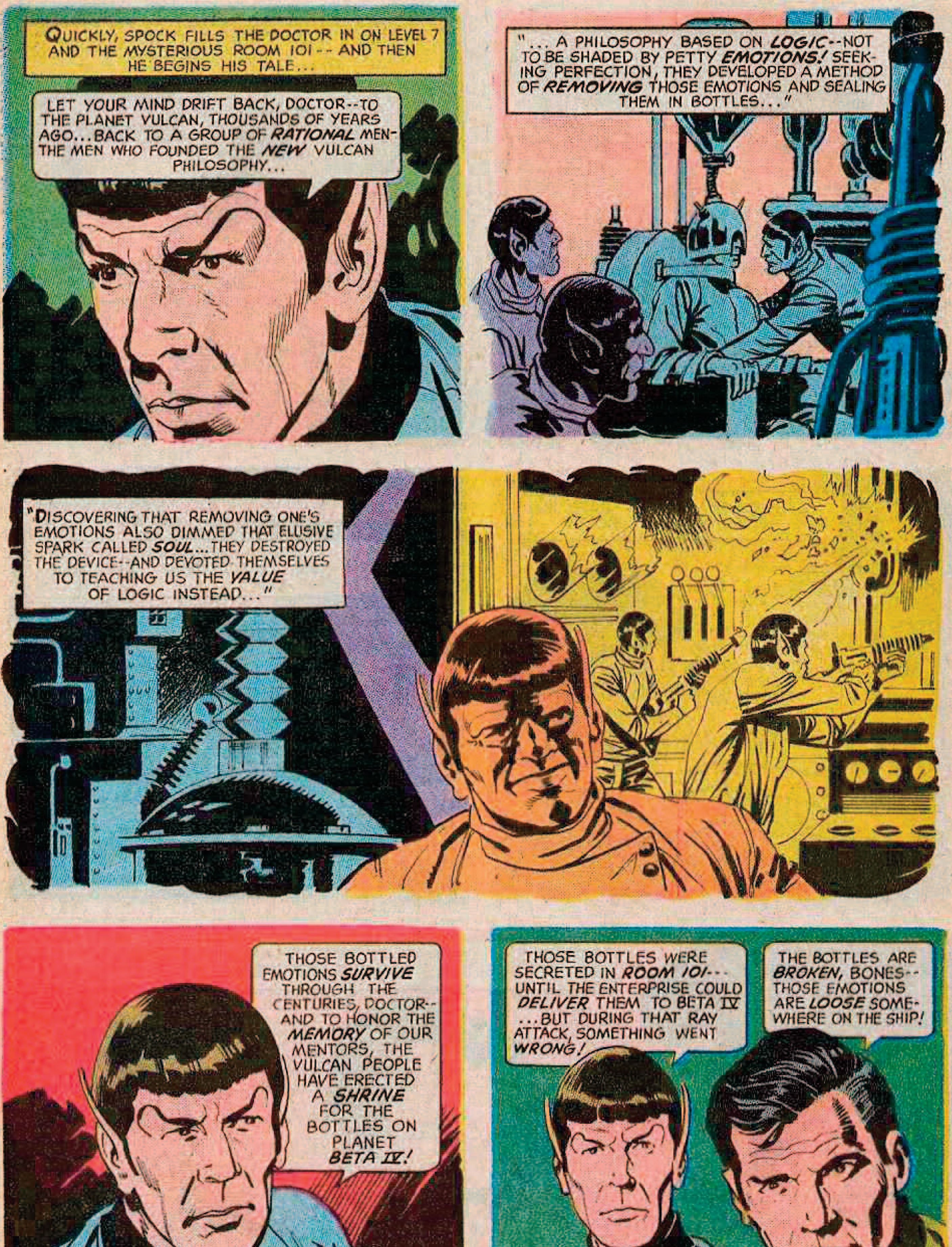

THE SLEEK ELEVATOR HUMS DOWN THROUGH THE GREAT STARSHIP STOPPING ON THE 7TH LEVEL...
YEOMAN TRASK!! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? CAN YOU ...OH NO...I'M TOO LATE!
C-CAPTAIN..? IS IT YOU? I-I WAS...

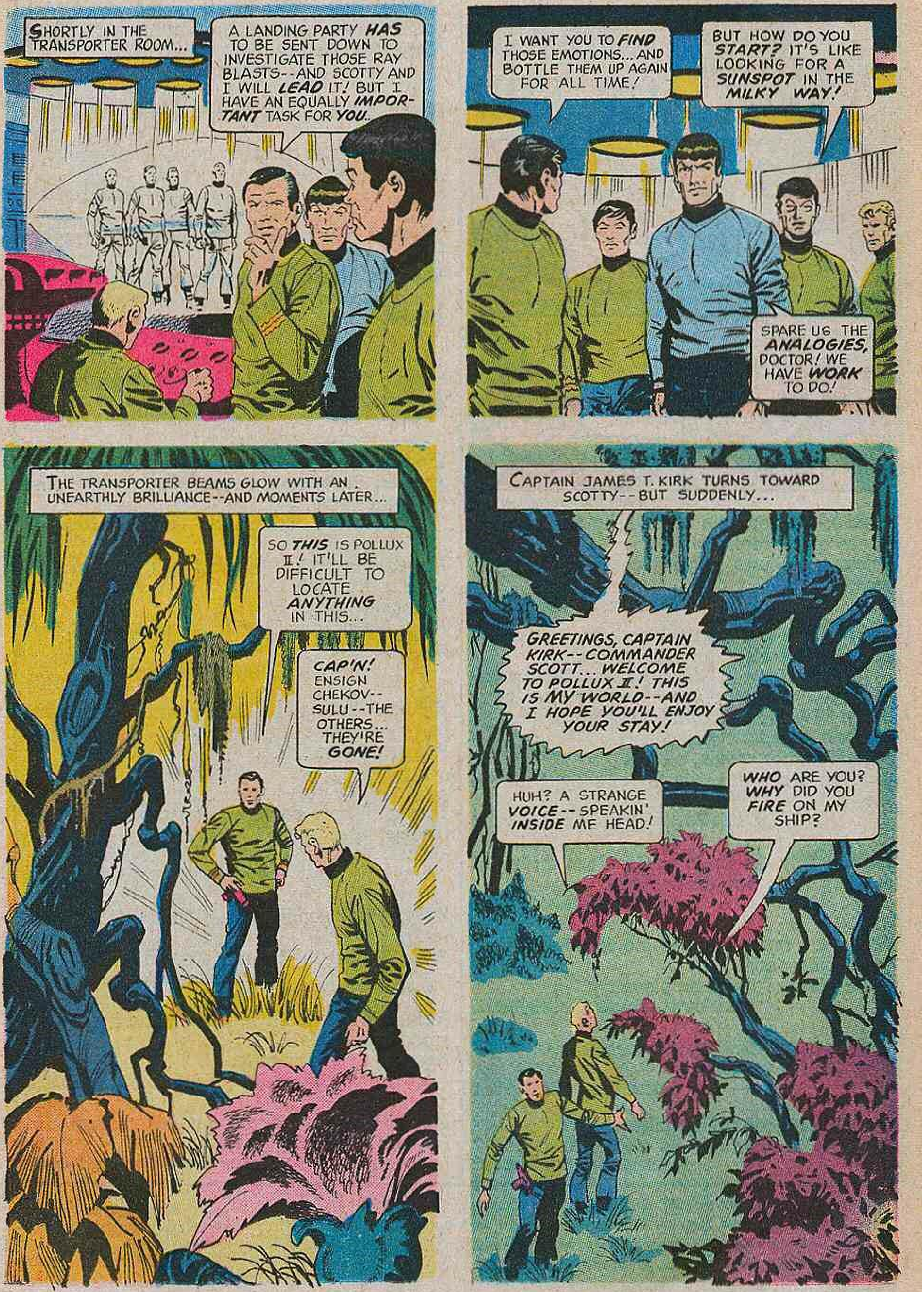

HELPING THE CONFUSED GIRL TO HER FEET, JAMES KIRK SURVEYS THE SHATTERED RUINS OF ROOM 101 --AND RACES TOWARD A COMMUNICATOR...

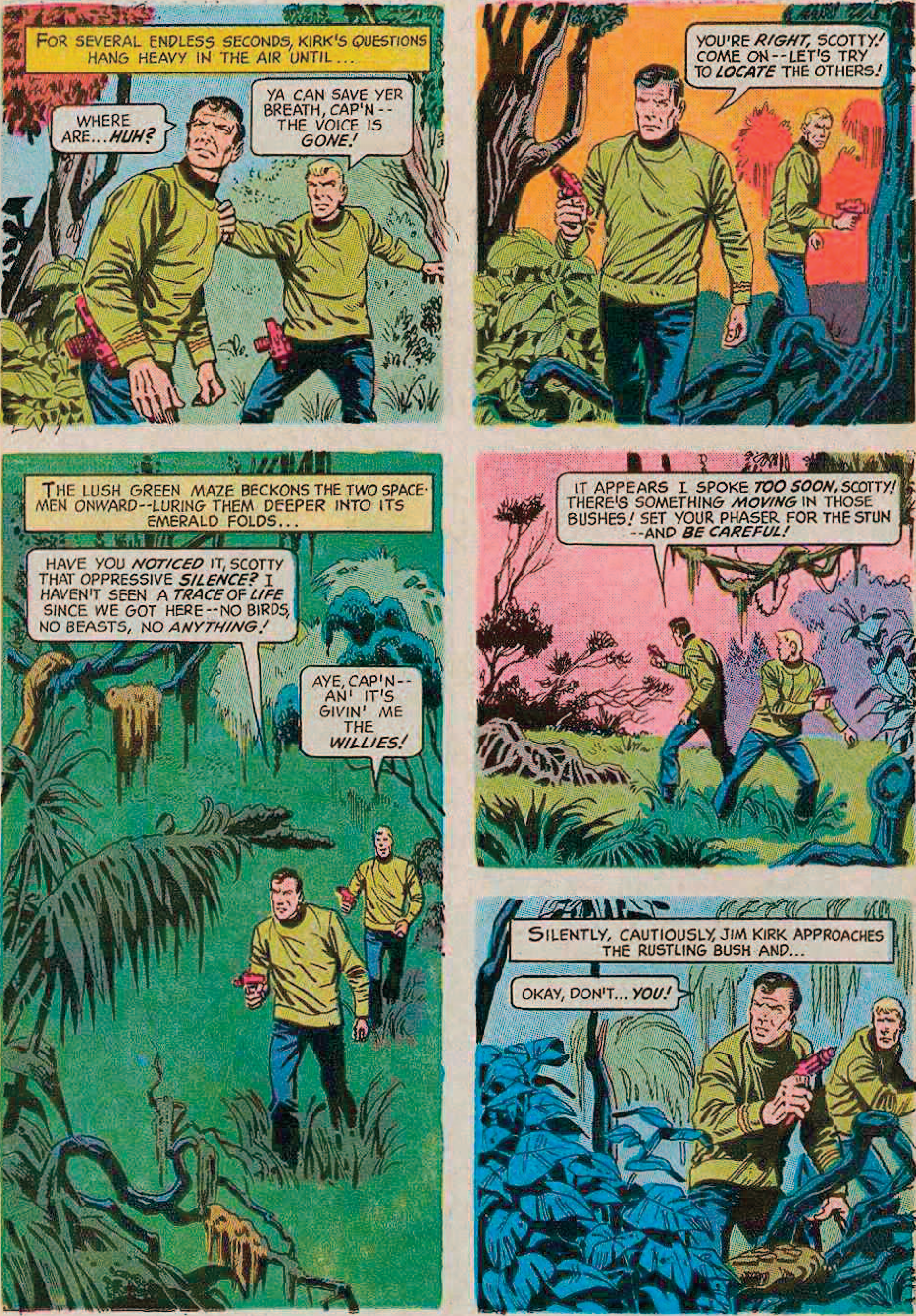

SO I SURMISED, CAPTAIN! HAVE YOU CONSIDERED OUR NEXT MOVE?
I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T KEEP THE ROOM'S CONTENTS A SECRET ANY LONGER, SPOCK! MEET ME IN THE SICK BAY! IT'S TIME DR. McCOY WAS TOLD EVERYTHING!

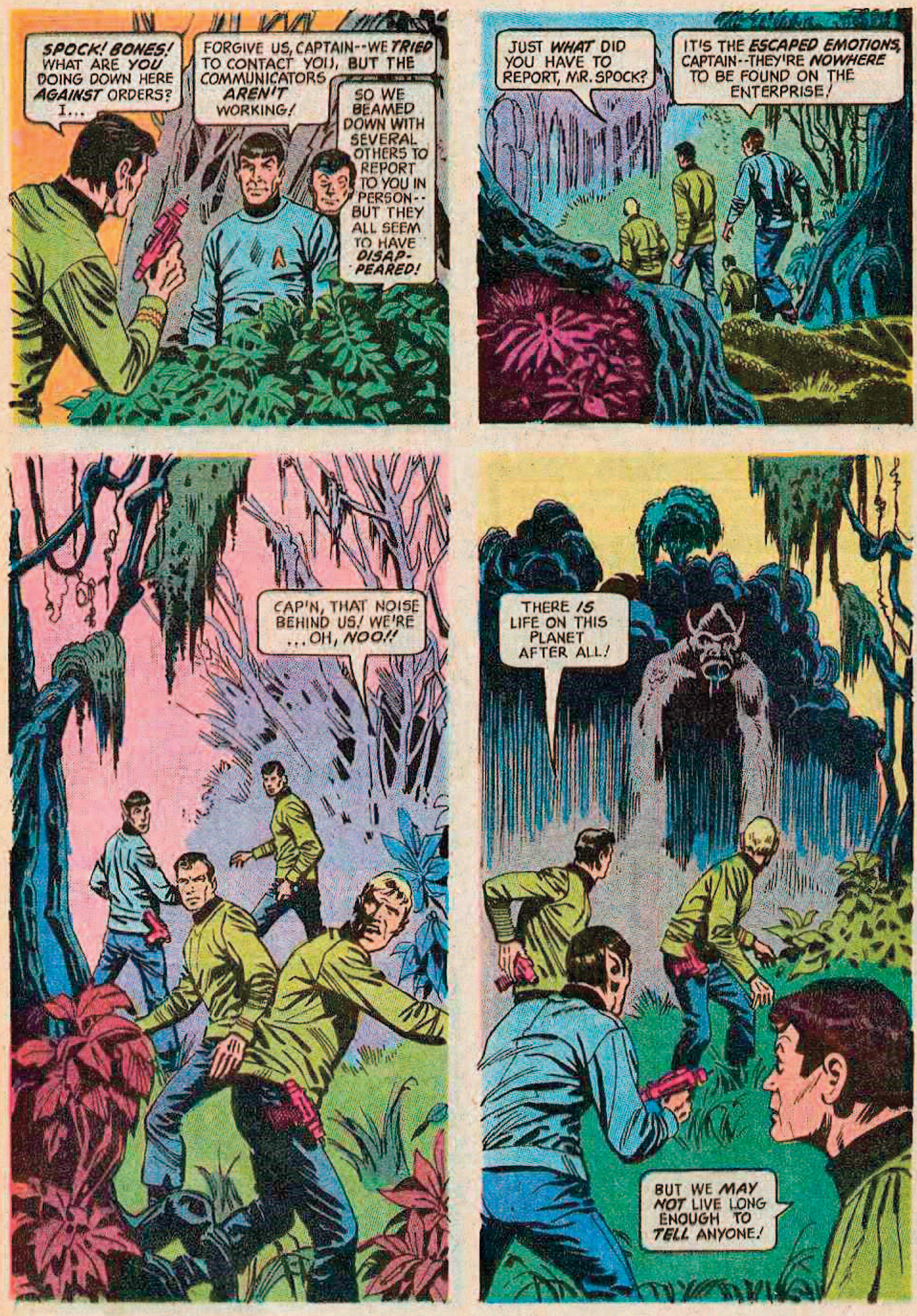

AND SOON AFTER IN SICK BAY...
BONES, WE'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY ON OUR HANDS--AND WE NEED YOUR HELP!
I KNEW IT! YOU'VE STARTED SEEING SPACE SNAKES!

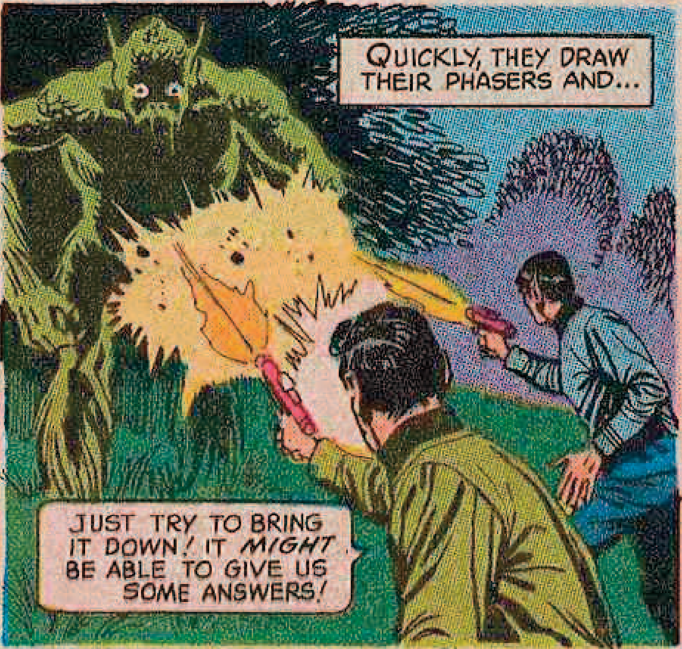

FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN THAT, I'M AFRAID! BUT, SPOCK--PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN...
CERTAINLY, CAPTAIN!

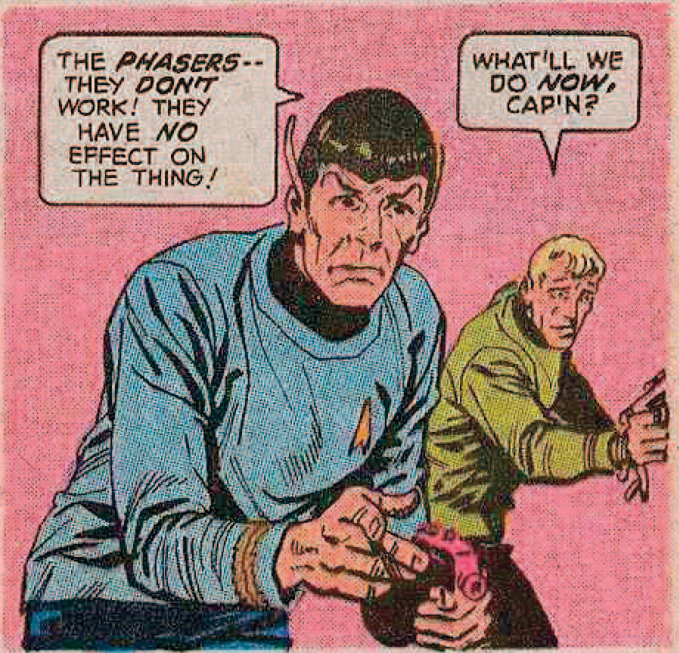

QUICKLY, SPOCK FILLS THE DOCTOR IN ON LEVEL 7 AND THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM 101-- AND THEN HE BEGINS HIS TALE...
LET YOUR MIND DRIFT BACK, DOCTOR--TO THE PLANET VULCAN, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO...BACK TO A GROUP OF *RATIONAL* MEN--THE MEN WHO FOUNDED THE *NEW* VULCAN PHILOSOPHY...
"... A PHILOSOPHY BASED ON *LOGIC*--NOT TO BE SHADED BY PETTY *EMOTIONS!* SEEKING PERFECTION, THEY DEVELOPED A METHOD OF *REMOVING* THOSE EMOTIONS AND SEALING THEM IN BOTTLES..."
"DISCOVERING THAT REMOVING ONE'S EMOTIONS ALSO DIMMED THAT ELUSIVE SPARK CALLED *SOUL*...THEY DESTROYED THE DEVICE--AND DEVOTED THEMSELVES TO TEACHING US THE *VALUE* OF LOGIC INSTEAD..."
THOSE BOTTLED EMOTIONS *SURVIVE* THROUGH THE CENTURIES, DOCTOR--AND TO HONOR THE *MEMORY* OF OUR MENTORS, THE VULCAN PEOPLE HAVE ERECTED A *SHRINE* FOR THE BOTTLES ON PLANET *BETA IV!*
THOSE BOTTLES WERE SECRETED IN *ROOM 101*--UNTIL THE ENTERPRISE COULD *DELIVER* THEM TO BETA IV ...BUT DURING THAT RAY ATTACK, SOMETHING WENT *WRONG!*
THE BOTTLES ARE *BROKEN*, BONES--THOSE EMOTIONS ARE *LOOSE* SOMEWHERE ON THE SHIP!

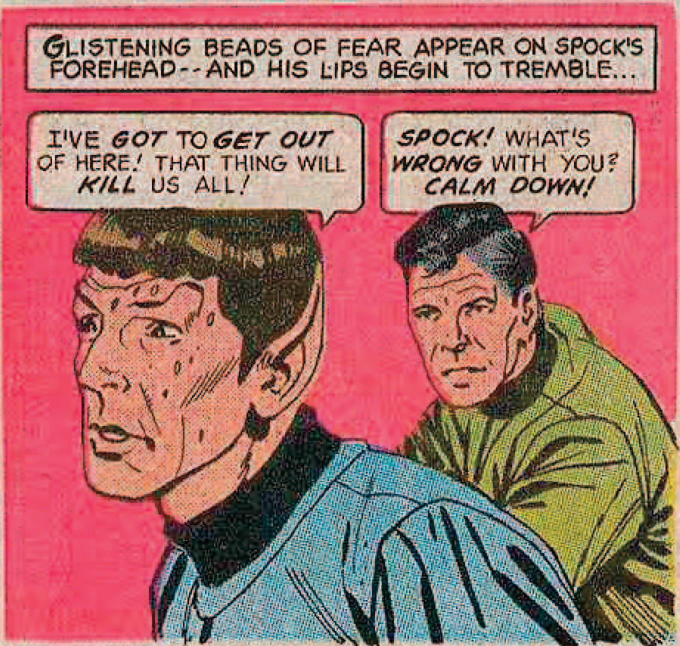

SHORTLY IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM...
A LANDING PARTY HAS TO BE SENT DOWN TO INVESTIGATE THOSE RAY BLASTS--AND SCOTTY AND I WILL LEAD IT! BUT I HAVE AN EQUALLY IMPORTANT TASK FOR YOU..
I WANT YOU TO FIND THOSE EMOTIONS...AND BOTTLE THEM UP AGAIN FOR ALL TIME!
BUT HOW DO YOU START? IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR A SUNSPOT IN THE MILKY WAY!
SPARE US THE ANALOGIES, DOCTOR! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!
THE TRANSPORTER BEAMS GLOW WITH AN UNEARTHLY BRILLIANCE--AND MOMENTS LATER...
SO THIS IS POLLUX II! IT'LL BE DIFFICULT TO LOCATE ANYTHING IN THIS...
CAP'N! ENSIGN CHEKOV--SULU--THE OTHERS...THEY'RE GONE!
CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK TURNS TOWARD SCOTTY--BUT SUDDENLY...
GREETINGS, CAPTAIN KIRK--COMMANDER SCOTT...WELCOME TO POLLUX II! THIS IS MY WORLD--AND I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR STAY!
HUH? A STRANGE VOICE--SPEAKIN' INSIDE ME HEAD!
WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU FIRE ON MY SHIP?

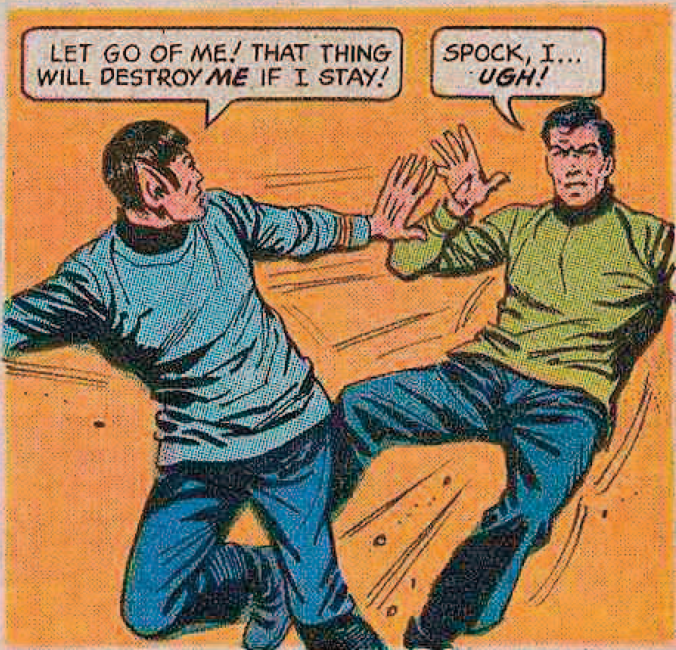

FOR SEVERAL ENDLESS SECONDS, KIRK'S QUESTIONS HANG HEAVY IN THE AIR UNTIL...
WHERE ARE... HUH?
YA CAN SAVE YER BREATH, CAP'N -- THE VOICE IS GONE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SCOTTY! COME ON -- LET'S TRY TO LOCATE THE OTHERS!
THE LUSH GREEN MAZE BECKONS THE TWO SPACEMEN ONWARD -- LURING THEM DEEPER INTO ITS EMERALD FOLDS...
HAVE YOU NOTICED IT, SCOTTY THAT OPPRESSIVE SILENCE? I HAVEN'T SEEN A TRACE OF LIFE SINCE WE GOT HERE -- NO BIRDS, NO BEASTS, NO ANYTHING!
AYE, CAP'N -- AN' IT'S GIVIN' ME THE WILLIES!
IT APPEARS I SPOKE TOO SOON, SCOTTY! THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THOSE BUSHES! SET YOUR PHASER FOR THE STUN -- AND BE CAREFUL!
SILENTLY, CAUTIOUSLY, JIM KIRK APPROACHES THE RUSTLING BUSH AND...
OKAY, DON'T... YOU!

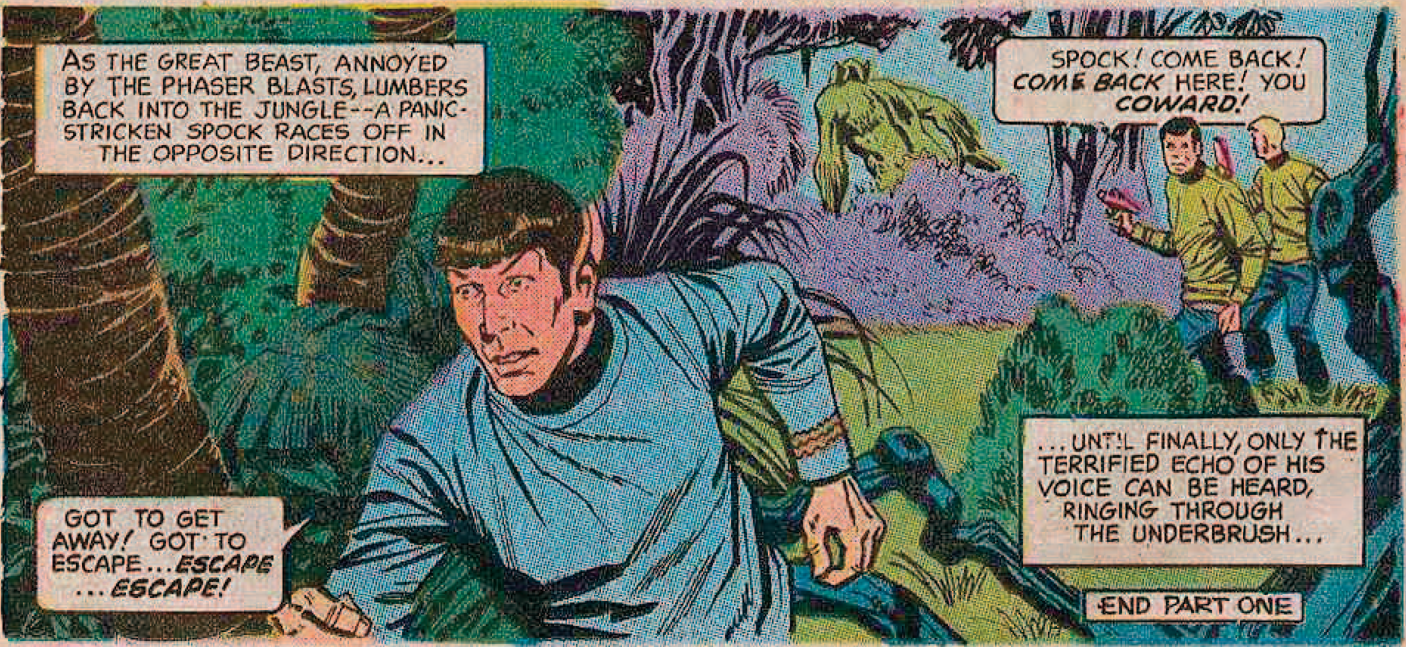

SPOCK! BONES! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE AGAINST ORDERS? I...
FORGIVE US, CAPTAIN--WE TRIED TO CONTACT YOU, BUT THE COMMUNICATORS AREN'T WORKING!
SO WE BEAMED DOWN WITH SEVERAL OTHERS TO REPORT TO YOU IN PERSON--BUT THEY ALL SEEM TO HAVE DISAPPEARED!
JUST WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO REPORT, MR. SPOCK?
IT'S THE ESCAPED EMOTIONS, CAPTAIN--THEY'RE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND ON THE ENTERPRISE!
CAP'N, THAT NOISE BEHIND US! WE'RE ...OH, NOO!!
THERE IS LIFE ON THIS PLANET AFTER ALL!
BUT WE MAY NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ANYONE!

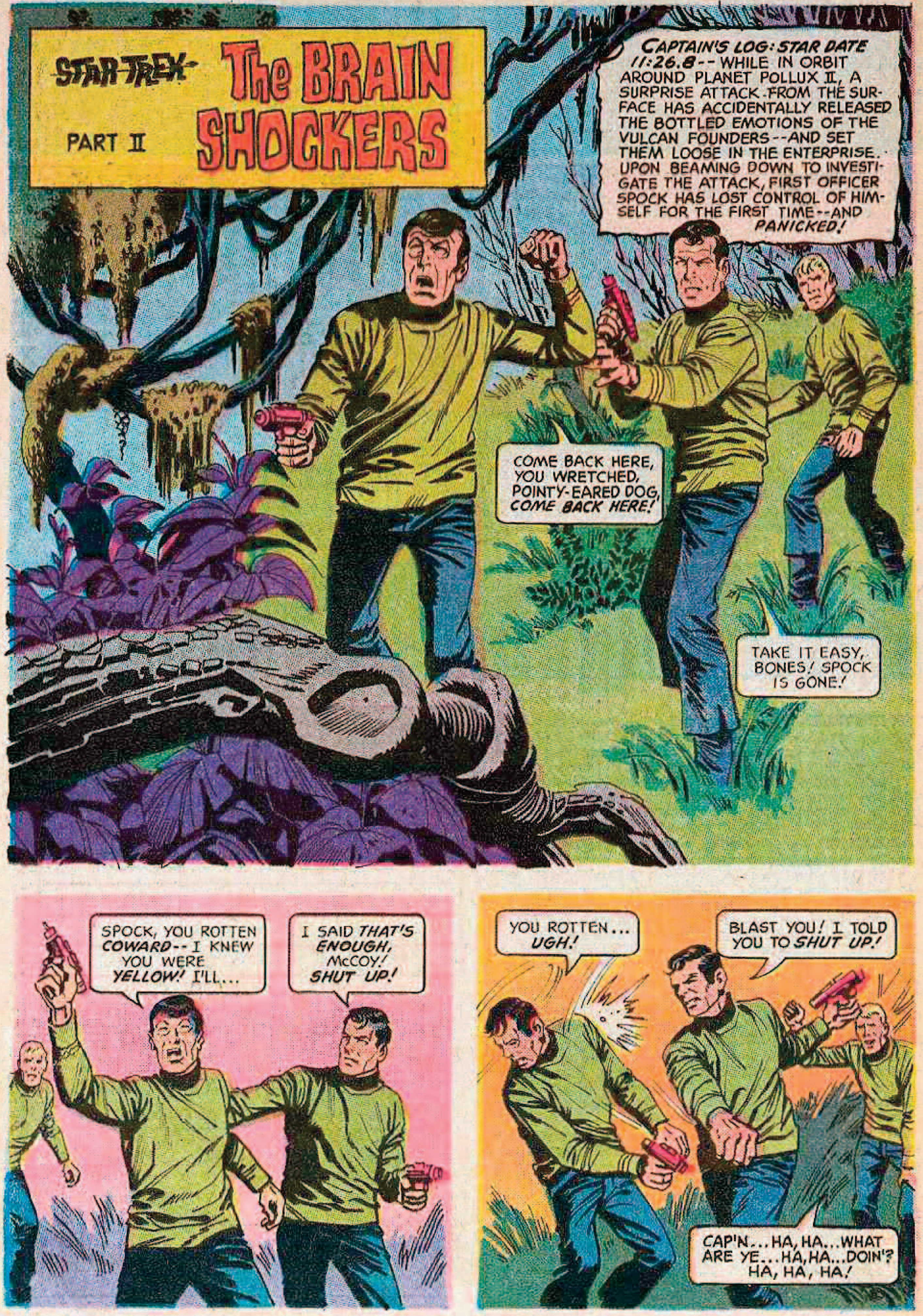

QUICKLY, THEY DRAW THEIR PHASERS AND...
JUST TRY TO BRING IT DOWN! IT MIGHT BE ABLE TO GIVE US SOME ANSWERS!

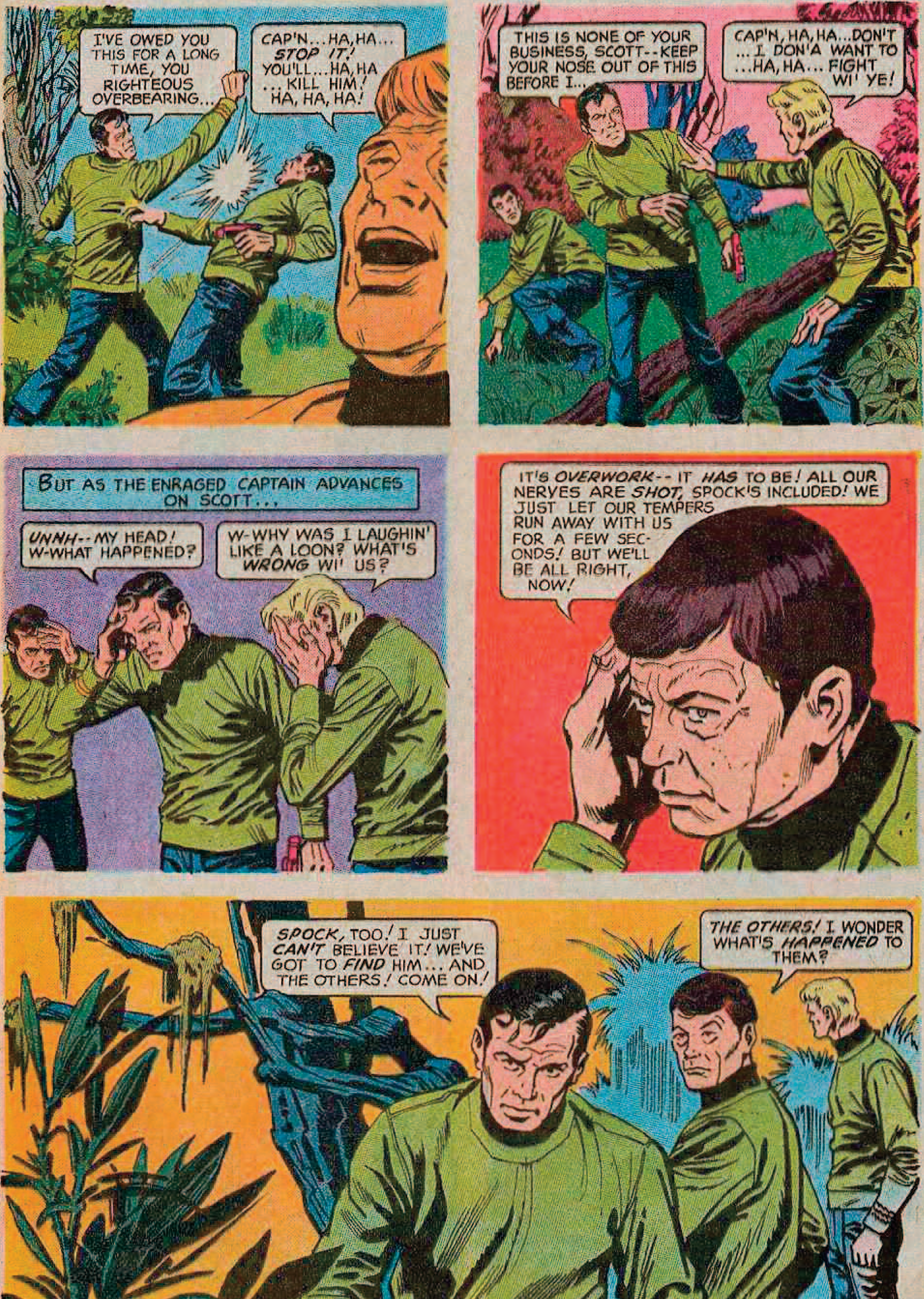

THE PHASERS-- THEY DON'T WORK! THEY HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE THING!
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, CAP'N?

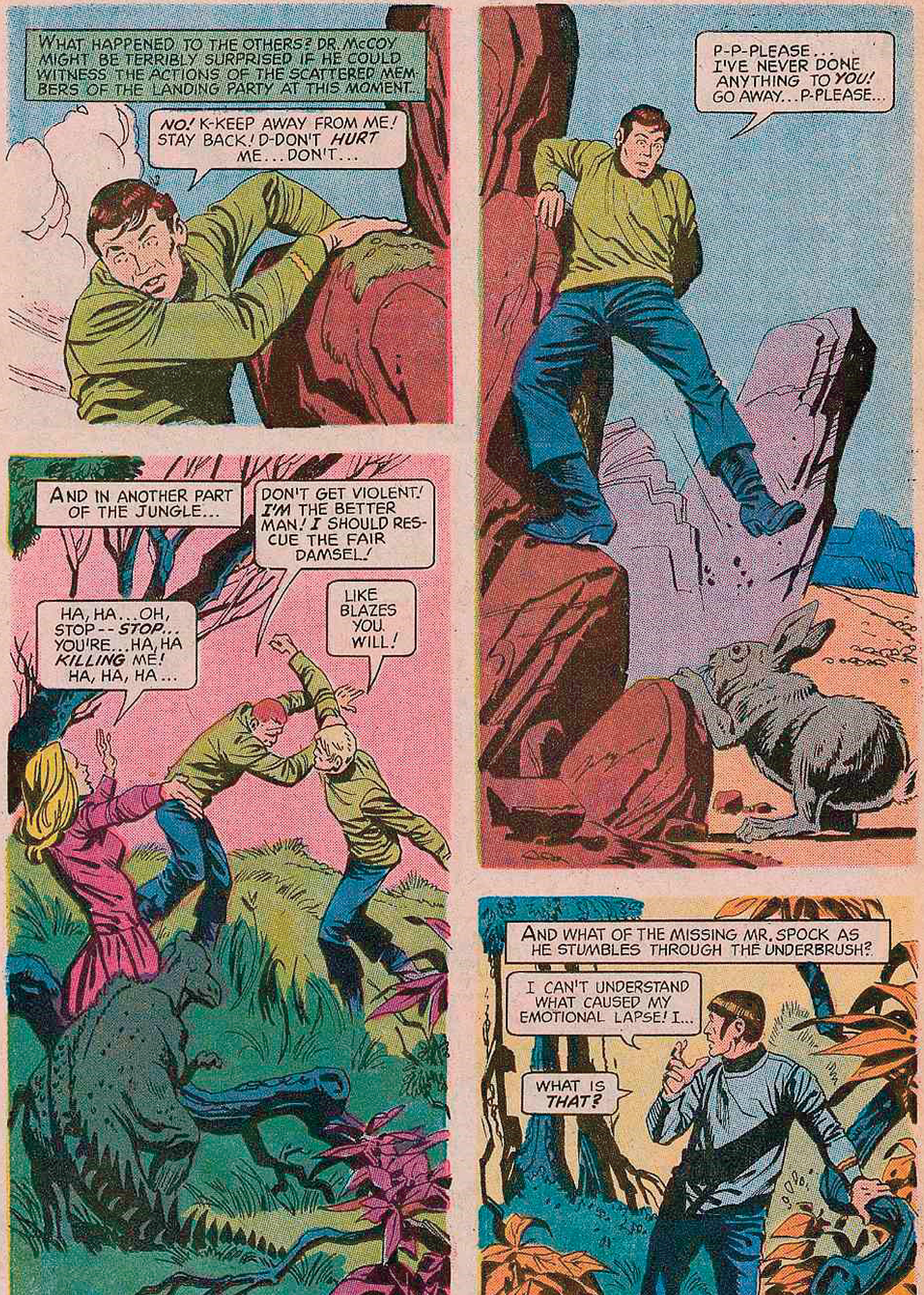

GLISTENING BEADS OF FEAR APPEAR ON SPOCK'S FOREHEAD--AND HIS LIPS BEGIN TO TREMBLE...
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THAT THING WILL KILL US ALL!
SPOCK! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? CALM DOWN!

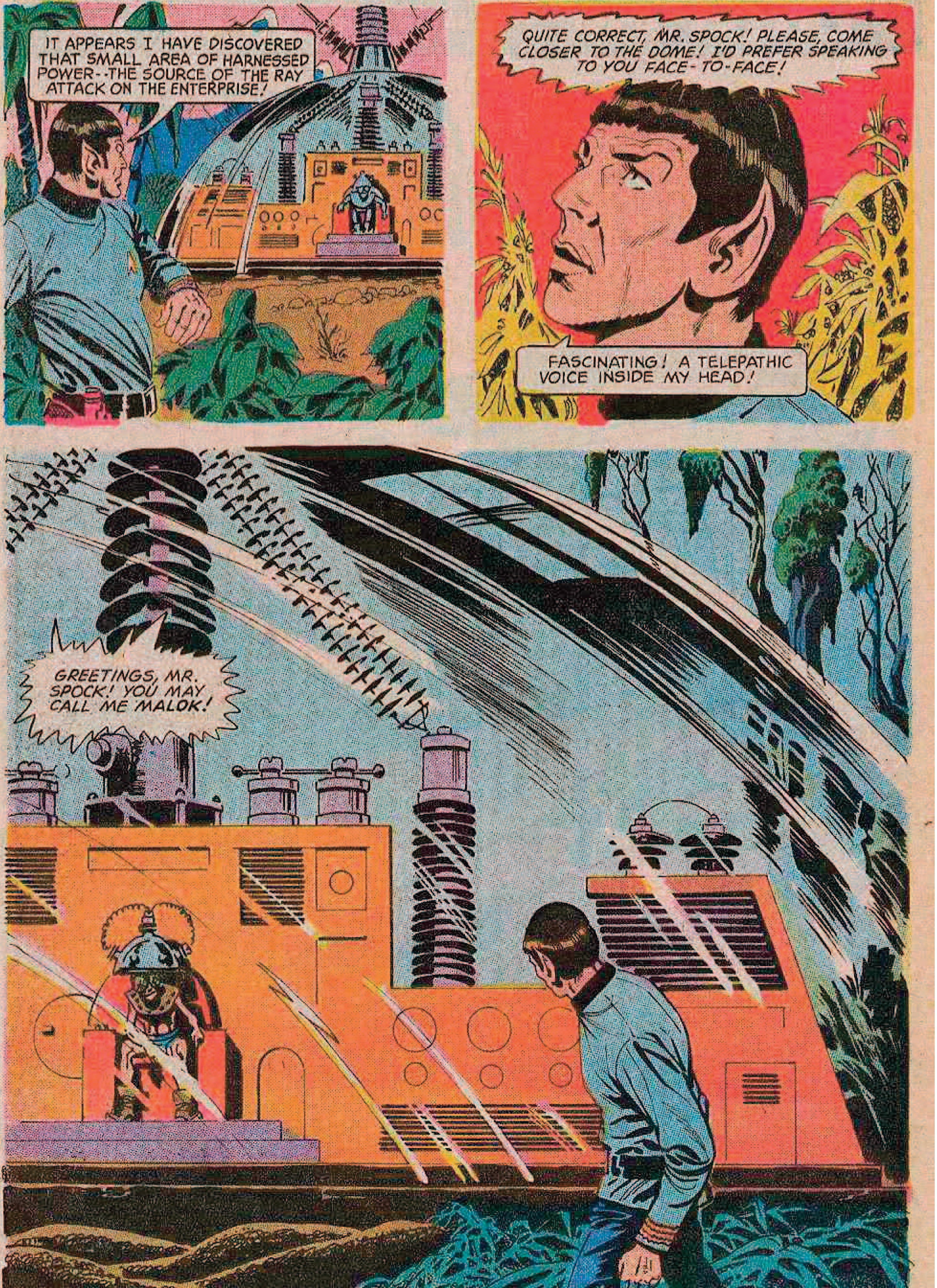

LET GO OF ME! THAT THING WILL DESTROY ME IF I STAY!
SPOCK, I... UGH!

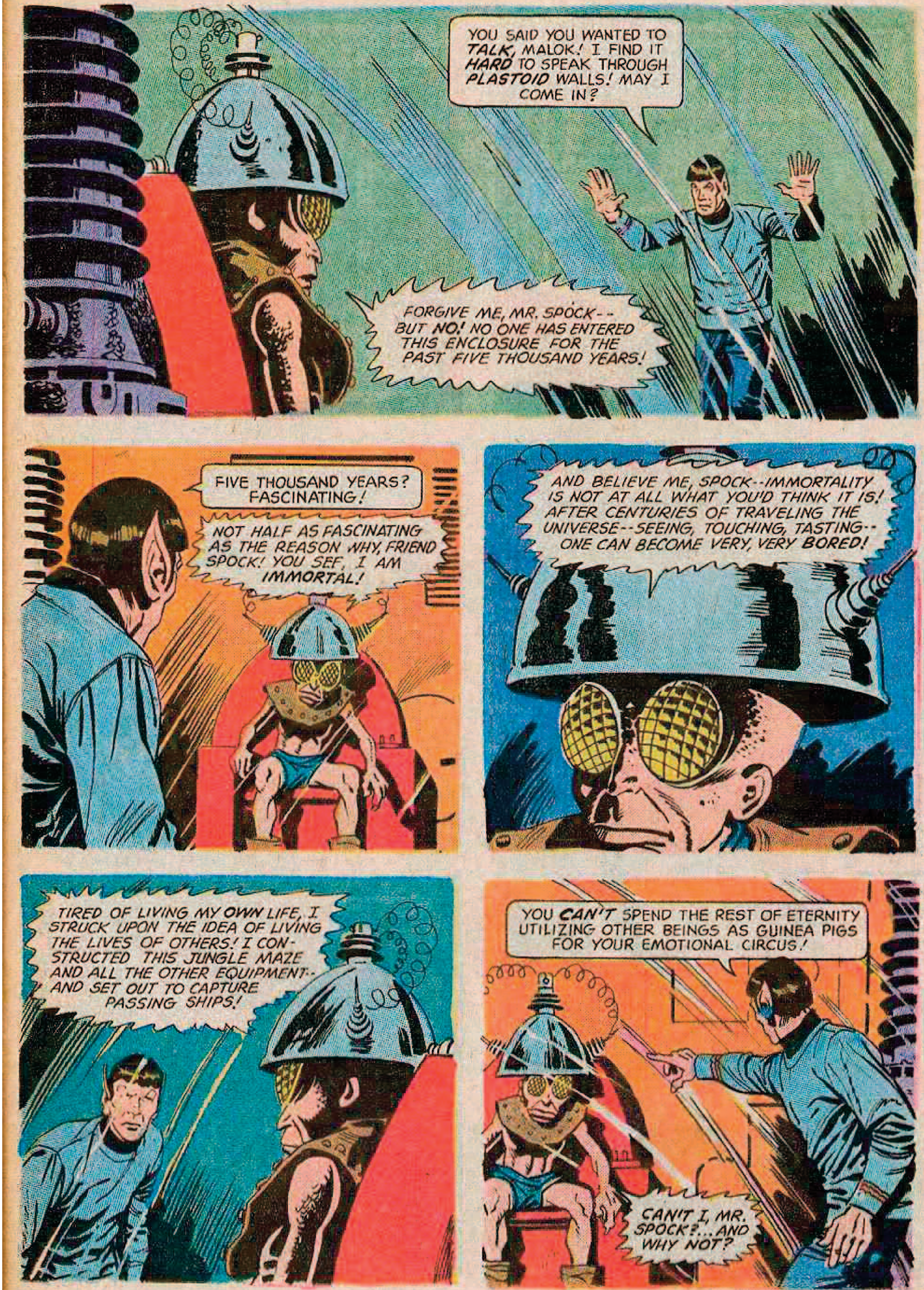

AS THE GREAT BEAST, ANNOYED BY THE PHASER BLASTS, LUMBERS BACK INTO THE JUNGLE--A PANIC-STRICKEN SPOCK RACES OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...
SPOCK! COME BACK! COME BACK HERE! YOU COWARD!
GOT TO GET AWAY! GOT TO ESCAPE... ESCAPE ...ESCAPE!
...UNTIL FINALLY, ONLY THE TERRIFIED ECHO OF HIS VOICE CAN BE HEARD, RINGING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH...
END PART ONE

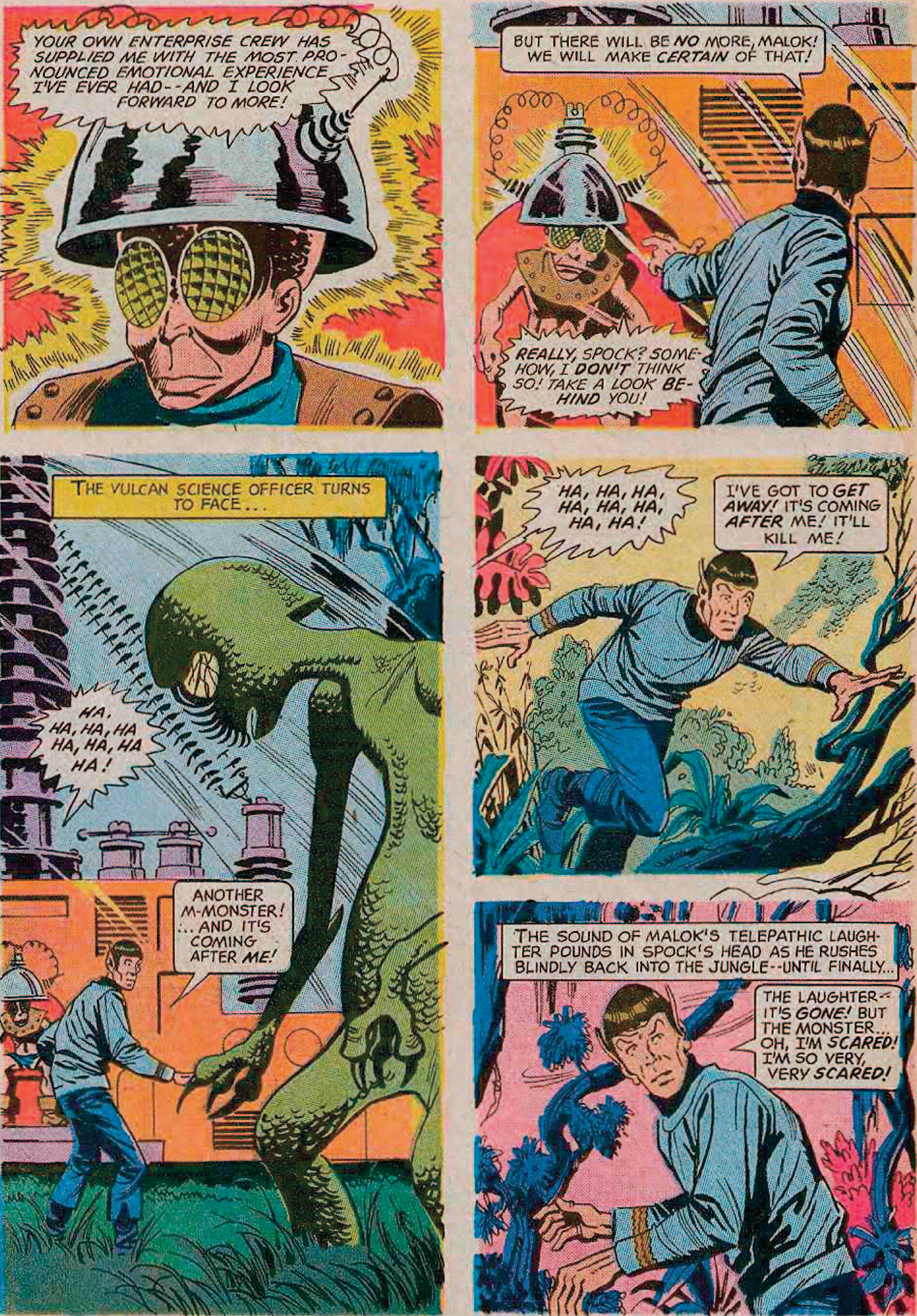

STAR TREK
The BRAIN SHOCKERS
PART II
CAPTAIN'S LOG: STAR DATE 11:26.8-- WHILE IN ORBIT AROUND PLANET POLLUX II, A SURPRISE ATTACK FROM THE SURFACE HAS ACCIDENTALLY RELEASED THE BOTTLED EMOTIONS OF THE VULCAN FOUNDERS--AND SET THEM LOOSE IN THE ENTERPRISE. UPON BEAMING DOWN TO INVESTIGATE THE ATTACK, FIRST OFFICER SPOCK HAS LOST CONTROL OF HIMSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME--AND *PANICKED!*
COME BACK HERE, YOU WRETCHED, POINTY-EARED DOG, *COME BACK HERE!*
TAKE IT EASY, BONES! SPOCK IS GONE!
SPOCK, YOU ROTTEN *COWARD*-- I KNEW YOU WERE *YELLOW!* I'LL...
I SAID *THAT'S ENOUGH,* McCOY! *SHUT UP!*
YOU ROTTEN... *UGH!*
BLAST YOU! I TOLD YOU TO *SHUT UP!*
CAP'N...HA, HA...WHAT ARE YE...HA, HA...DOIN'? HA, HA, HA!

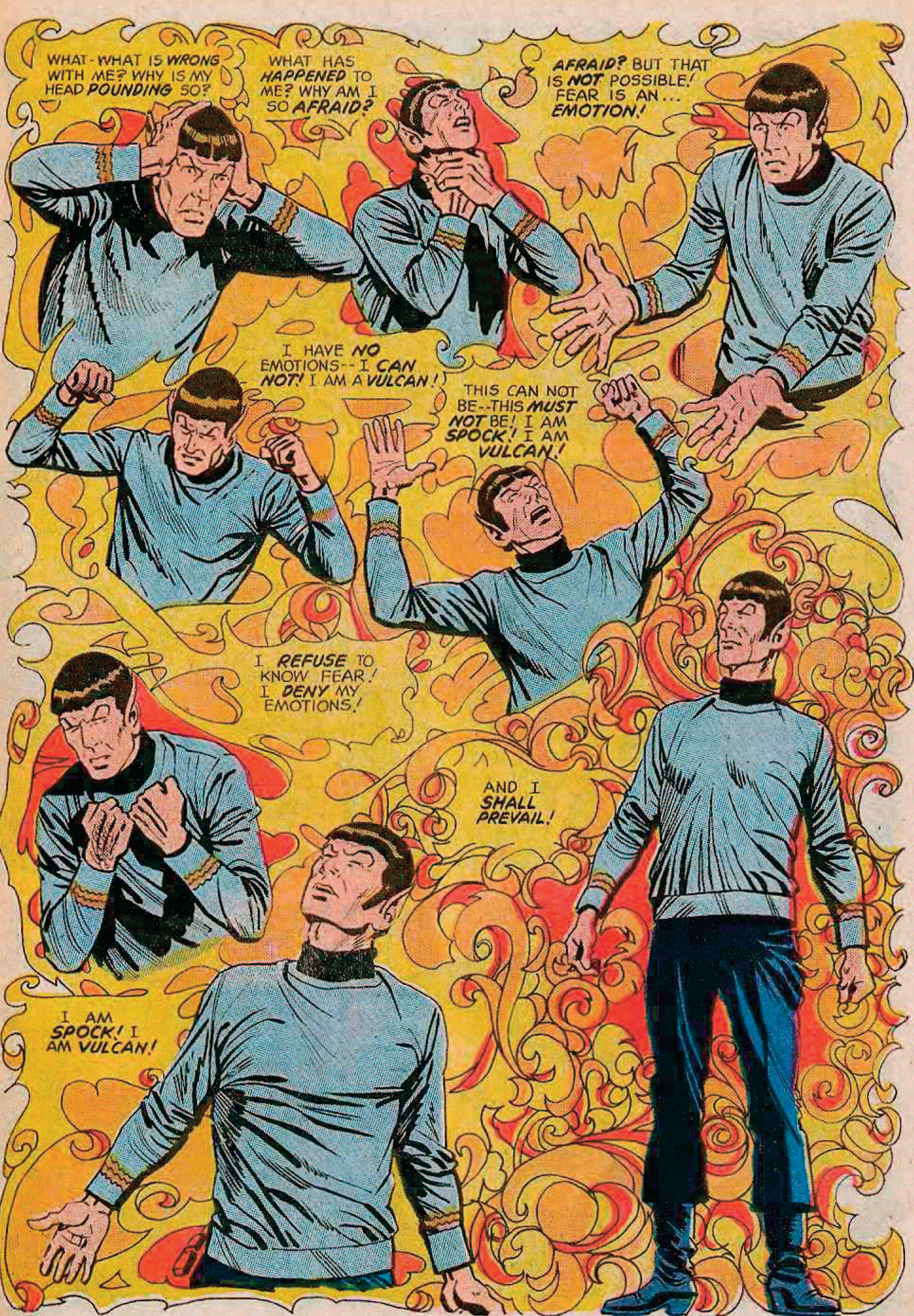

I'VE OWED YOU THIS FOR A LONG TIME, YOU RIGHTEOUS OVERBEARING...
CAP'N...HA, HA... *STOP IT!* YOU'LL...HA, HA ...KILL HIM! HA, HA, HA!
THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, SCOTT--KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THIS BEFORE I...
CAP'N, HA, HA...DON'T ...I DON'A WANT TO ...HA, HA... FIGHT WI' YE!
BUT AS THE ENRAGED CAPTAIN ADVANCES ON SCOTT...
UNNH--MY HEAD! W-WHAT HAPPENED?
W-WHY WAS I LAUGHIN' LIKE A LOON? WHAT'S *WRONG* WI' US?
IT'S *OVERWORK*-- IT *HAS* TO BE! ALL OUR NERVES ARE *SHOT,* SPOCK'S INCLUDED! WE JUST LET OUR TEMPERS RUN AWAY WITH US FOR A FEW SECONDS! BUT WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW!
SPOCK, TOO! I JUST *CAN'T* BELIEVE IT! WE'VE GOT TO *FIND* HIM... AND THE OTHERS! COME ON!
THE OTHERS! I WONDER WHAT'S *HAPPENED* TO THEM?

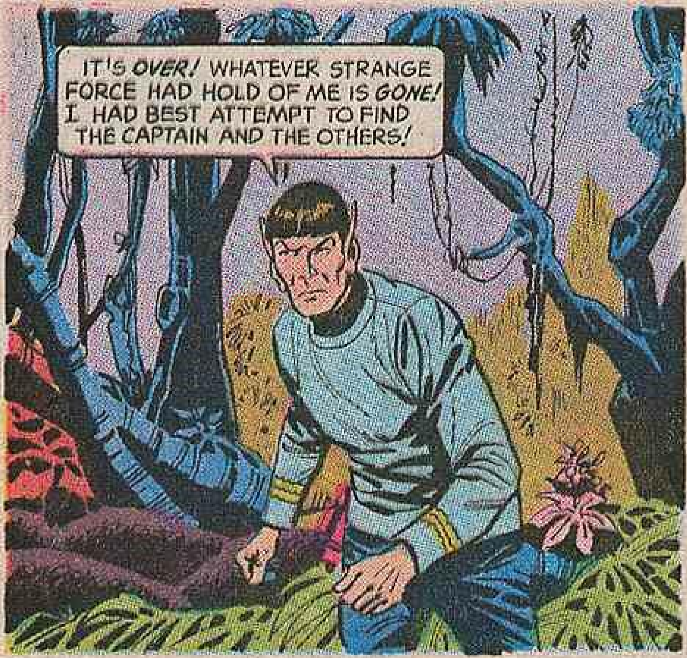

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS? DR. McCOY MIGHT BE TERRIBLY SURPRISED IF HE COULD WITNESS THE ACTIONS OF THE SCATTERED MEMBERS OF THE LANDING PARTY AT THIS MOMENT...
NO! K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME! STAY BACK! D-DON'T HURT ME... DON'T...
P-P-PLEASE... I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO YOU! GO AWAY... P-PLEASE...
AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE...
DON'T GET VIOLENT! I'M THE BETTER MAN! I SHOULD RESCUE THE FAIR DAMSEL!
LIKE BLAZES YOU WILL!
HA, HA... OH, STOP-- STOP... YOU'RE... HA, HA KILLING ME! HA, HA, HA...
AND WHAT OF THE MISSING MR. SPOCK AS HE STUMBLES THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH?
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT CAUSED MY EMOTIONAL LAPSE! I...
WHAT IS THAT?

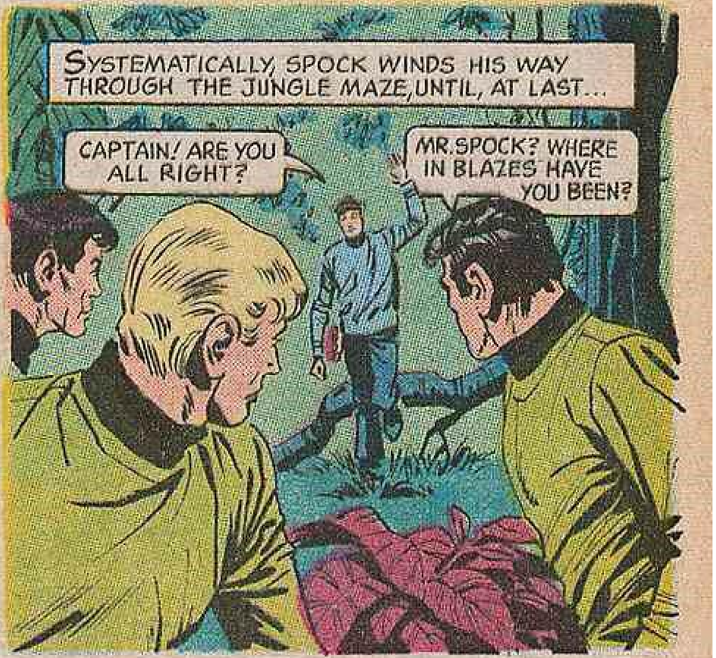

IT APPEARS I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT SMALL AREA OF HARNESSED POWER--THE SOURCE OF THE RAY ATTACK ON THE ENTERPRISE!
QUITE CORRECT, MR. SPOCK! PLEASE, COME CLOSER TO THE DOME! I'D PREFER SPEAKING TO YOU FACE-TO-FACE!
FASCINATING! A TELEPATHIC VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD!
GREETINGS, MR. SPOCK! YOU MAY CALL ME MALOK!

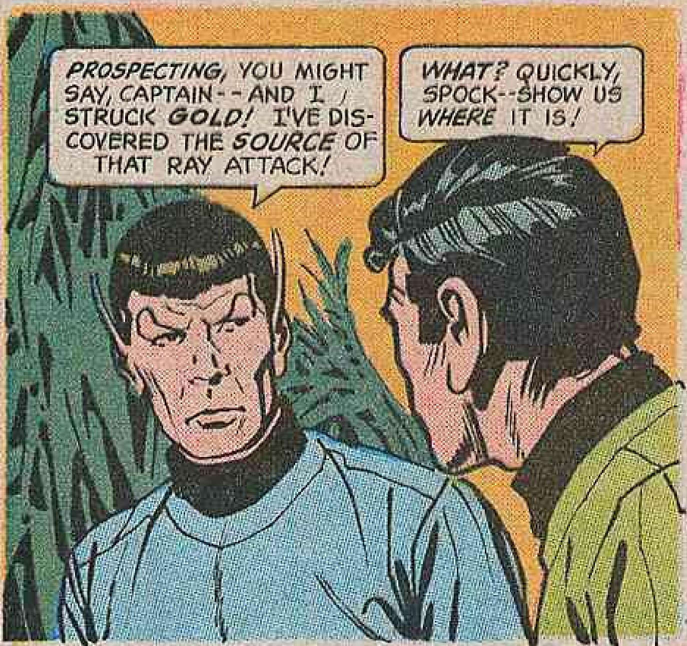

YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TALK, MALOK! I FIND IT HARD TO SPEAK THROUGH PLASTOID WALLS! MAY I COME IN?
FORGIVE ME, MR. SPOCK-- BUT NO! NO ONE HAS ENTERED THIS ENCLOSURE FOR THE PAST FIVE THOUSAND YEARS!
FIVE THOUSAND YEARS? FASCINATING!
NOT HALF AS FASCINATING AS THE REASON WHY, FRIEND SPOCK! YOU SEE, I AM IMMORTAL!
AND BELIEVE ME, SPOCK--IMMORTALITY IS NOT AT ALL WHAT YOU'D THINK IT IS! AFTER CENTURIES OF TRAVELING THE UNIVERSE--SEEING, TOUCHING, TASTING-- ONE CAN BECOME VERY, VERY BORED!
TIRED OF LIVING MY OWN LIFE, I STRUCK UPON THE IDEA OF LIVING THE LIVES OF OTHERS! I CONSTRUCTED THIS JUNGLE MAZE AND ALL THE OTHER EQUIPMENT-- AND SET OUT TO CAPTURE PASSING SHIPS!
YOU CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF ETERNITY UTILIZING OTHER BEINGS AS GUINEA PIGS FOR YOUR EMOTIONAL CIRCUS!
CAN'T I, MR. SPOCK?... AND WHY NOT?

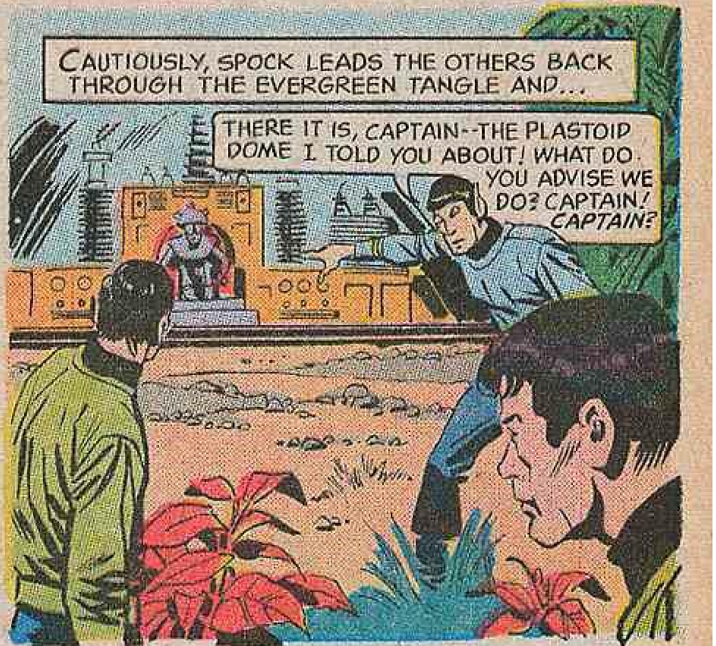

YOUR OWN ENTERPRISE CREW HAS SUPPLIED ME WITH THE MOST PRONOUNCED EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE I'VE EVER HAD--AND I LOOK FORWARD TO MORE!
BUT THERE WILL BE NO MORE, MALOK! WE WILL MAKE CERTAIN OF THAT!
REALLY, SPOCK? SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK SO! TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YOU!
THE VULCAN SCIENCE OFFICER TURNS TO FACE...
HA, HA, HA, HA HA, HA, HA HA!
ANOTHER M-MONSTER! ...AND IT'S COMING AFTER ME!
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! IT'S COMING AFTER ME! IT'LL KILL ME!
THE SOUND OF MALOK'S TELEPATHIC LAUGHTER POUNDS IN SPOCK'S HEAD AS HE RUSHES BLINDLY BACK INTO THE JUNGLE--UNTIL FINALLY...
THE LAUGHTER-- IT'S GONE! BUT THE MONSTER... OH, I'M SCARED! I'M SO VERY, VERY SCARED!

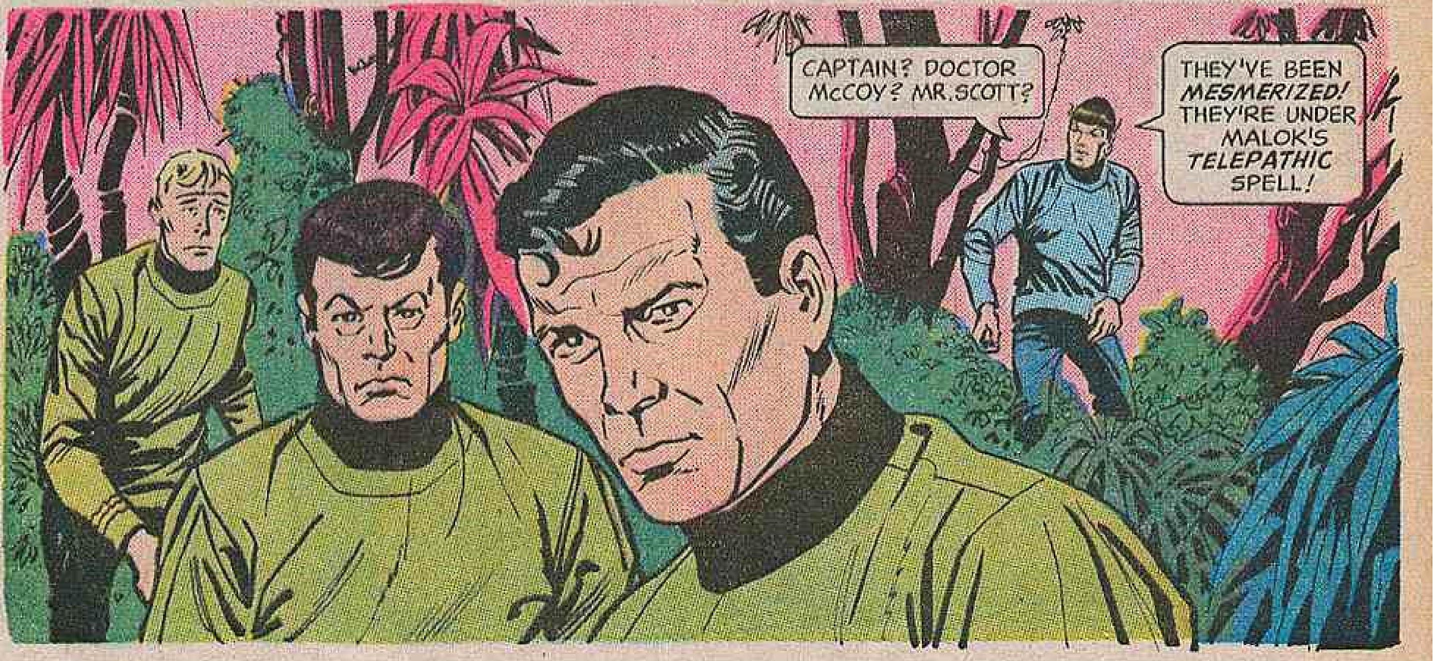

WHAT-WHAT IS **WRONG** WITH ME? WHY IS MY HEAD **POUNDING** SO?
WHAT HAS **HAPPENED** TO ME? WHY AM I SO **AFRAID?**
AFRAID? BUT THAT IS **NOT** POSSIBLE! FEAR IS AN... **EMOTION!**
I HAVE **NO** EMOTIONS--I **CAN NOT!** I AM A **VULCAN!**
THIS CAN NOT BE--THIS **MUST NOT** BE! I AM **SPOCK!** I AM **VULCAN!**
I **REFUSE** TO KNOW FEAR! I **DENY** MY EMOTIONS!
AND I **SHALL PREVAIL!**
I AM **SPOCK!** I AM **VULCAN!**

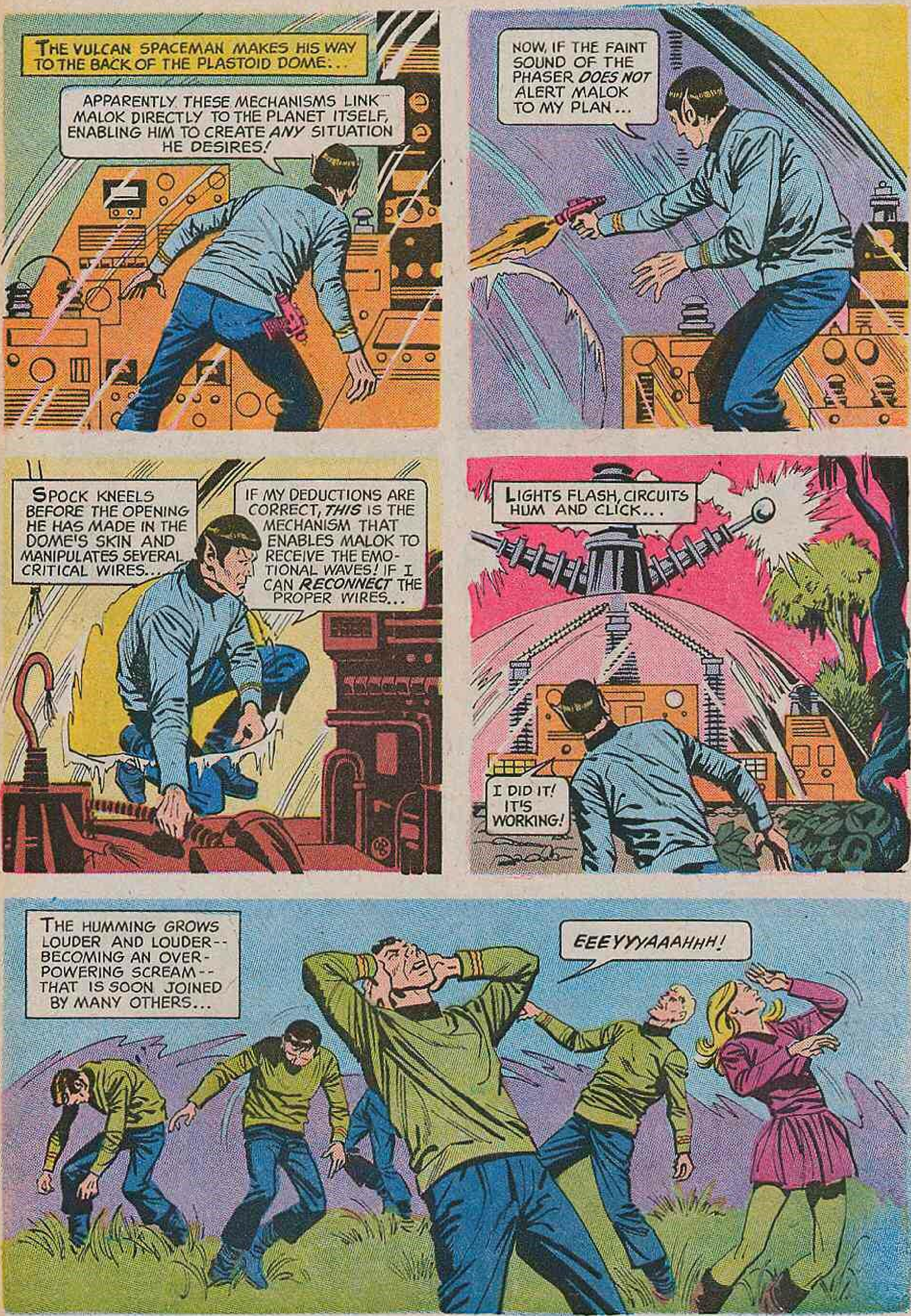

IT'S *OVER!* WHATEVER STRANGE FORCE HAD HOLD OF ME IS *GONE!* I HAD BEST ATTEMPT TO FIND THE CAPTAIN AND THE OTHERS!

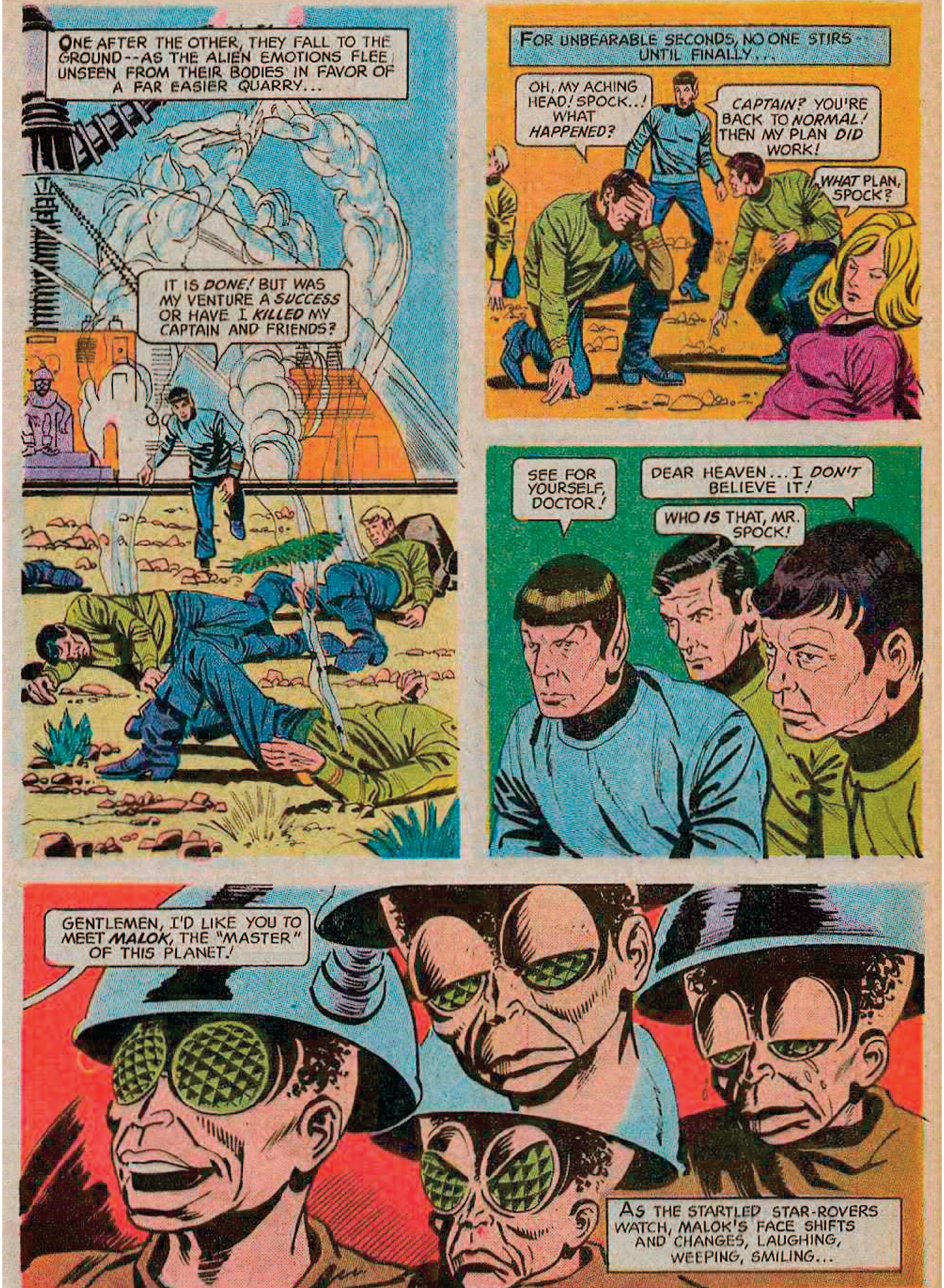

SYSTEMATICALLY, SPOCK WINDS HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE MAZE, UNTIL, AT LAST...
CAPTAIN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
MR. SPOCK? WHERE IN BLAZES HAVE YOU BEEN?

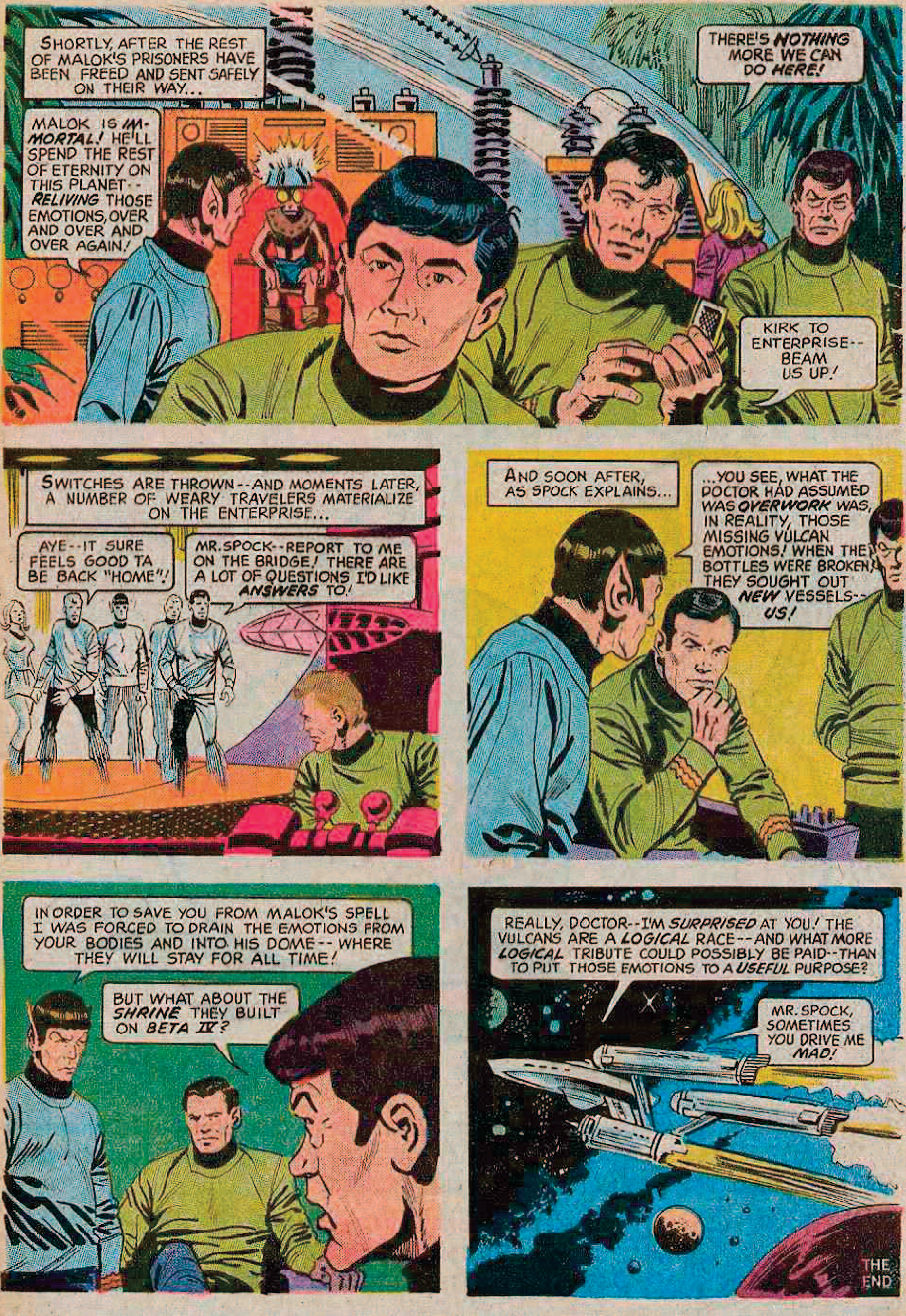

PROSPECTING, YOU MIGHT SAY, CAPTAIN--AND I STRUCK *GOLD!* I'VE DISCOVERED THE *SOURCE* OF THAT RAY ATTACK!
WHAT? QUICKLY, SPOCK--SHOW US *WHERE* IT IS!

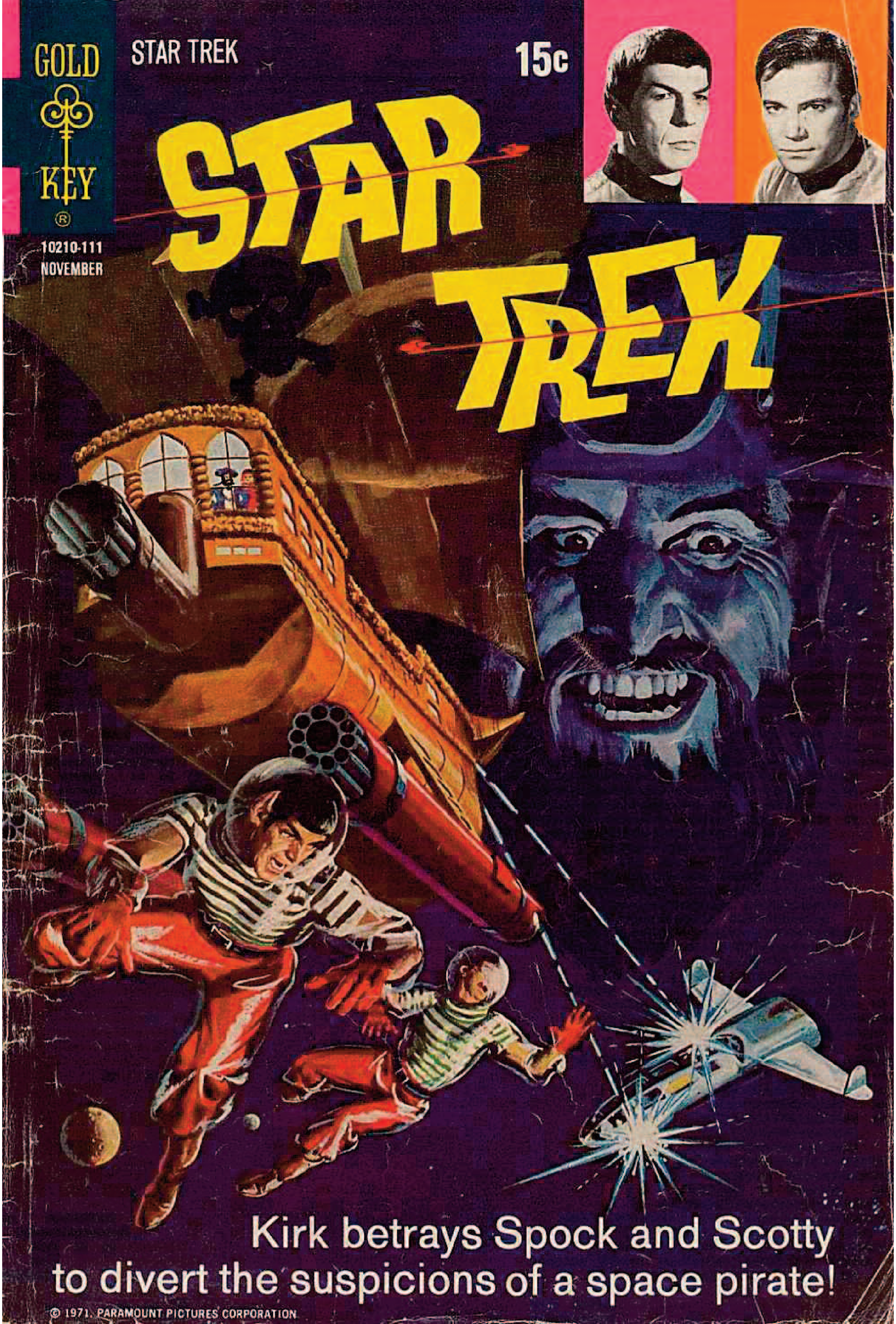

CAUTIOUSLY, SPOCK LEADS THE OTHERS BACK THROUGH THE EVERGREEN TANGLE AND...
THERE IT IS, CAPTAIN--THE PLASTOID DOME I TOLD YOU ABOUT! WHAT DO YOU ADVISE WE DO? CAPTAIN! *CAPTAIN?*


CAPTAIN? DOCTOR McCOY? MR. SCOTT?
THEY'VE BEEN *MESMERIZED!* THEY'RE UNDER MALOK'S *TELEPATHIC* SPELL!


THE VULCAN SPACEMAN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BACK OF THE PLASTOID DOME...
APPARENTLY THESE MECHANISMS LINK MALOK DIRECTLY TO THE PLANET ITSELF, ENABLING HIM TO CREATE *ANY* SITUATION HE DESIRES!
NOW, IF THE FAINT SOUND OF THE PHASER *DOES NOT* ALERT MALOK TO MY PLAN...
SPOCK KNEELS BEFORE THE OPENING HE HAS MADE IN THE DOME'S SKIN AND MANIPULATES SEVERAL CRITICAL WIRES...
IF MY DEDUCTIONS ARE CORRECT, *THIS* IS THE MECHANISM THAT ENABLES MALOK TO RECEIVE THE EMOTIONAL WAVES! IF I CAN *RECONNECT* THE PROPER WIRES...
LIGHTS FLASH, CIRCUITS HUM AND CLICK...
I DID IT! IT'S WORKING!
THE HUMMING GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER-- BECOMING AN OVERPOWERING SCREAM-- THAT IS SOON JOINED BY MANY OTHERS...
EEEYYYAAAHHH!


ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THEY FALL TO THE GROUND--AS THE ALIEN EMOTIONS FLEE UNSEEN FROM THEIR BODIES IN FAVOR OF A FAR EASIER QUARRY...
IT IS *DONE!* BUT WAS MY VENTURE A *SUCCESS* OR HAVE I *KILLED* MY CAPTAIN AND FRIENDS?
FOR UNBEARABLE SECONDS, NO ONE STIRS -- UNTIL FINALLY...
OH, MY ACHING HEAD! SPOCK..! WHAT *HAPPENED?*
CAPTAIN? YOU'RE BACK TO *NORMAL!* THEN MY PLAN *DID* WORK!
WHAT PLAN, SPOCK?
SEE FOR YOURSELF, DOCTOR!
DEAR HEAVEN... I *DON'T* BELIEVE IT!
WHO *IS* THAT, MR. SPOCK!
GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET *MALOK*, THE "MASTER" OF THIS PLANET!
AS THE STARTLED STAR-ROVERS WATCH, MALOK'S FACE SHIFTS AND CHANGES, LAUGHING, WEEPING, SMILING...


SHORTLY, AFTER THE REST OF MALOK'S PRISONERS HAVE BEEN FREED AND SENT SAFELY ON THEIR WAY...
MALOK IS IMMORTAL! HE'LL SPEND THE REST OF ETERNITY ON THIS PLANET--RELIVING THOSE EMOTIONS, OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN!
THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE!
KIRK TO ENTERPRISE--BEAM US UP!
SWITCHES ARE THROWN--AND MOMENTS LATER, A NUMBER OF WEARY TRAVELERS MATERIALIZE ON THE ENTERPRISE...
AYE--IT SURE FEELS GOOD TA BE BACK "HOME"!
MR. SPOCK--REPORT TO ME ON THE BRIDGE! THERE ARE A LOT OF QUESTIONS I'D LIKE ANSWERS TO!
AND SOON AFTER, AS SPOCK EXPLAINS...
...YOU SEE, WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD ASSUMED WAS OVERWORK WAS, IN REALITY, THOSE MISSING VULCAN EMOTIONS! WHEN THE BOTTLES WERE BROKEN, THEY SOUGHT OUT NEW VESSELS--US!
IN ORDER TO SAVE YOU FROM MALOK'S SPELL I WAS FORCED TO DRAIN THE EMOTIONS FROM YOUR BODIES AND INTO HIS DOME--WHERE THEY WILL STAY FOR ALL TIME!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SHRINE THEY BUILT ON BETA IV?
REALLY, DOCTOR--I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! THE VULCANS ARE A LOGICAL RACE--AND WHAT MORE LOGICAL TRIBUTE COULD POSSIBLY BE PAID--THAN TO PUT THOSE EMOTIONS TO A USEFUL PURPOSE?
MR. SPOCK, SOMETIMES YOU DRIVE ME MAD!
THE END


GOLD KEY
STAR TREK
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NOVEMBER
STAR TREK
Kirk betrays Spock and Scotty to divert the suspicions of a space pirate!
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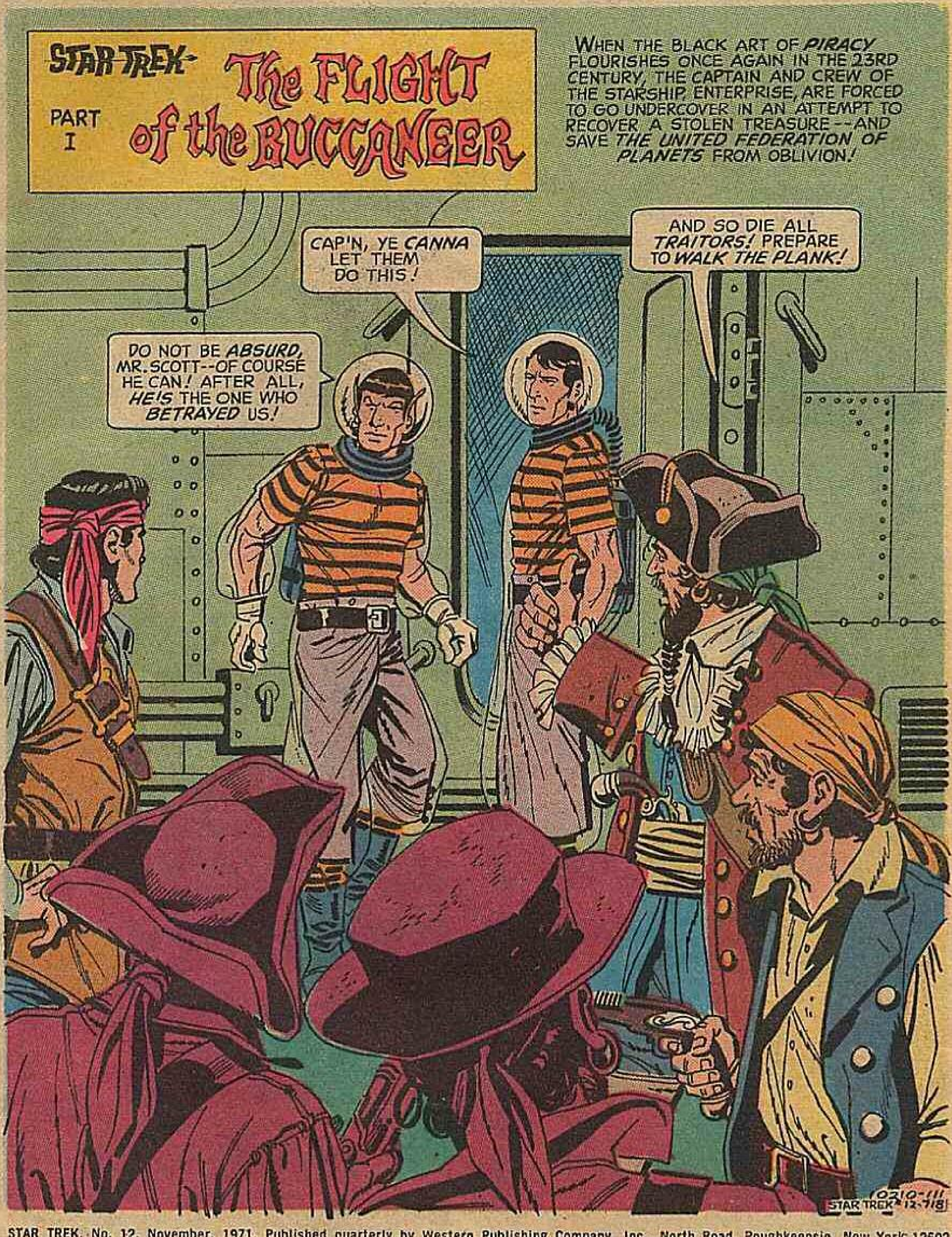
STAR TREK
PART I
The FLIGHT of the BUCCANEER
WHEN THE BLACK ART OF PIRACY FLOURISHES ONCE AGAIN IN THE 23RD CENTURY, THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE, ARE FORCED TO GO UNDERCOVER IN AN ATTEMPT TO RECOVER A STOLEN TREASURE--AND SAVE THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS FROM OBLIVION!
CAP'N, YE CANNA LET THEM DO THIS!
AND SO DIE ALL TRAITORS! PREPARE TO WALK THE PLANK!
DO NOT BE ABSURD, MR. SCOTT--OF COURSE HE CAN! AFTER ALL, HE'S THE ONE WHO BETRAYED US!
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STAR TREK 12-718

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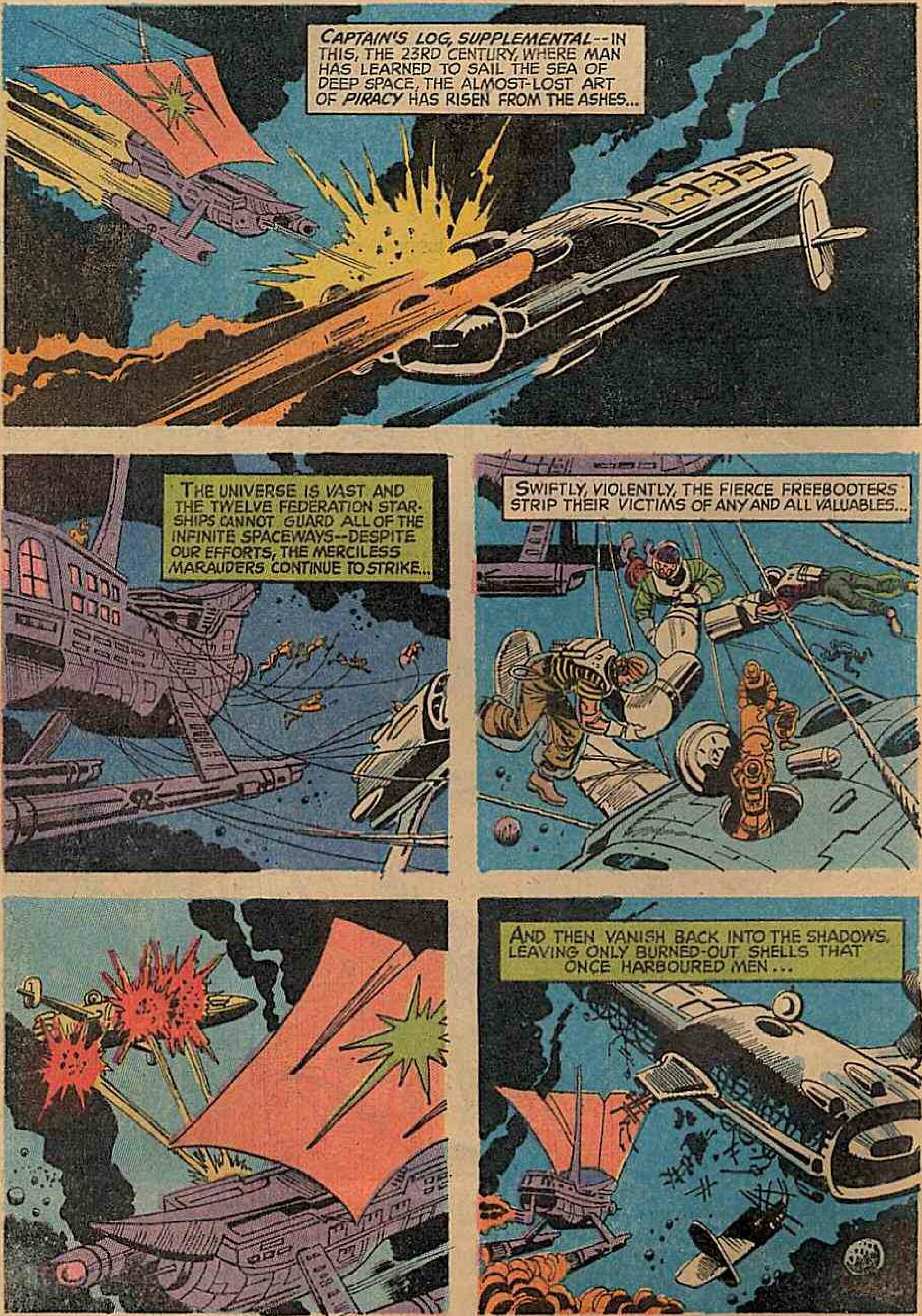
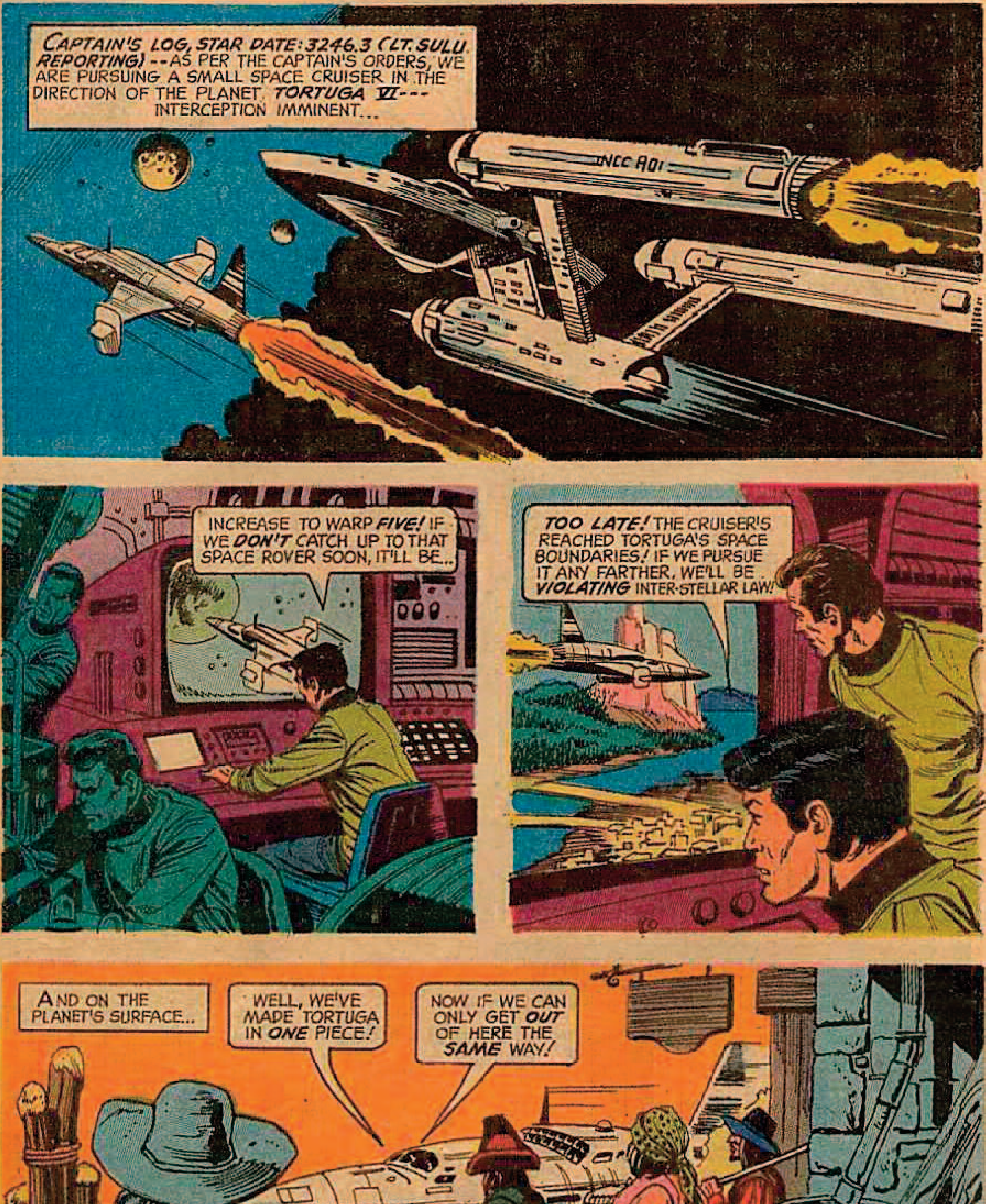
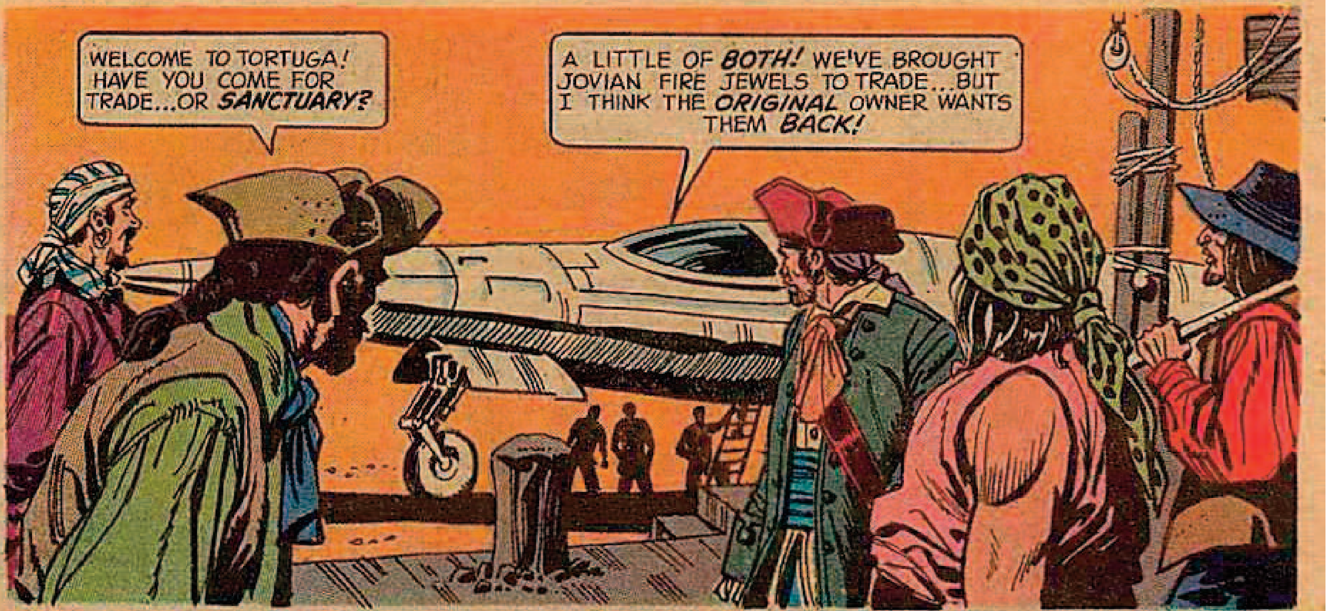
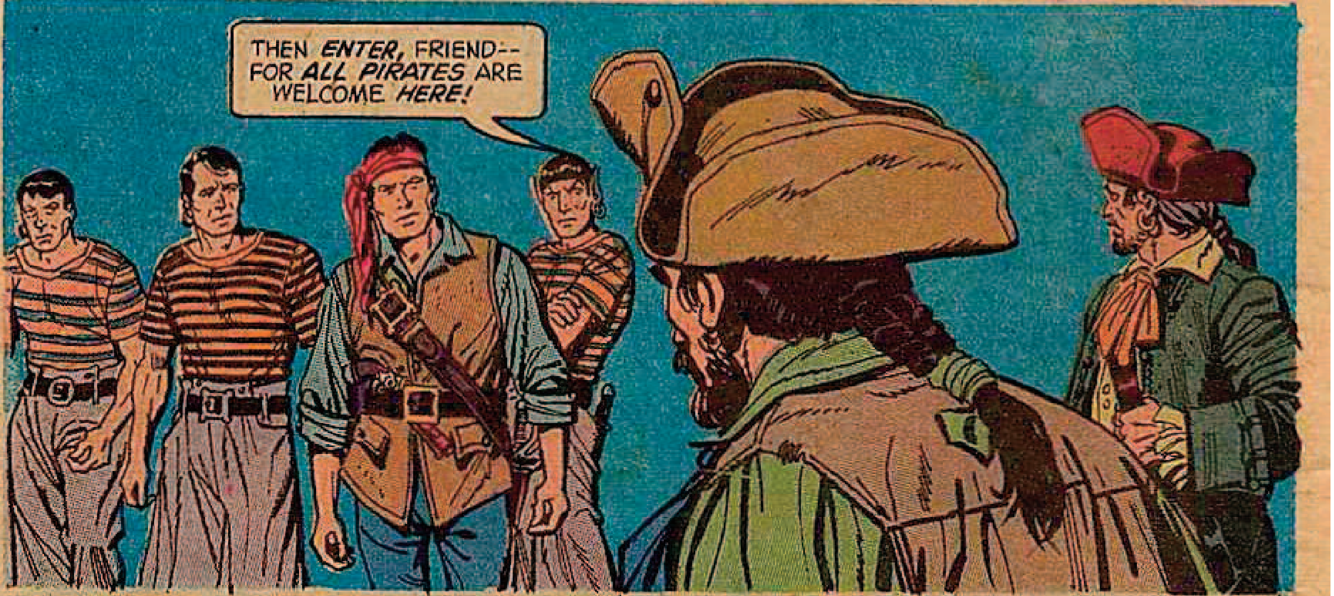
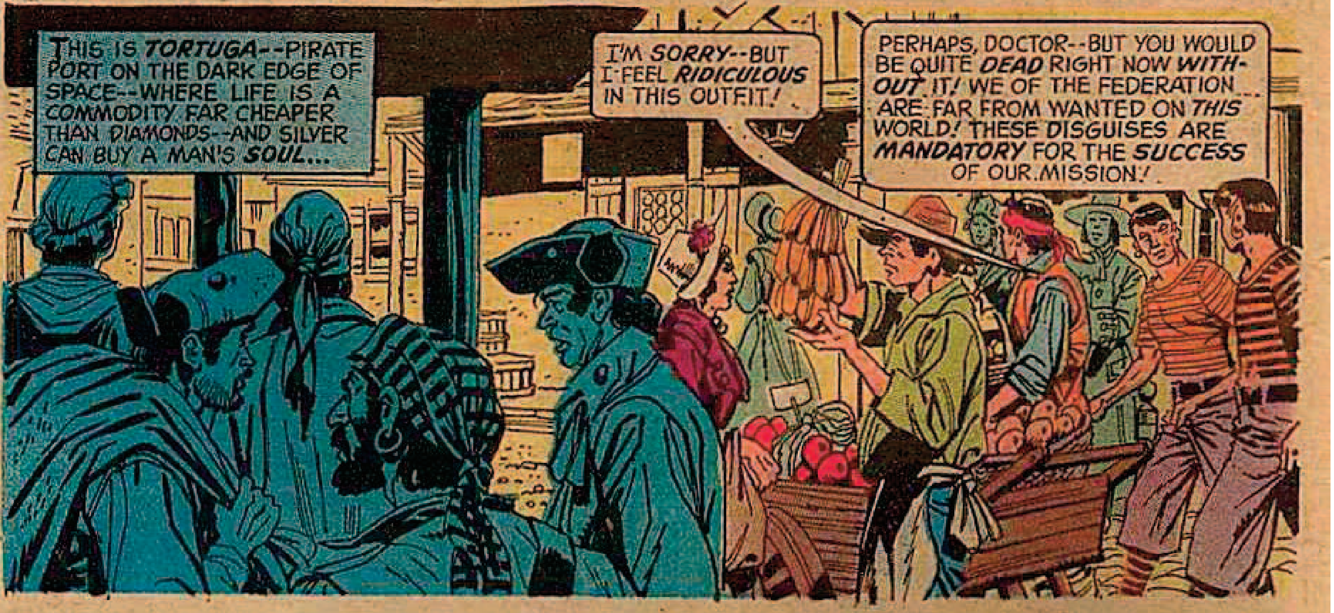
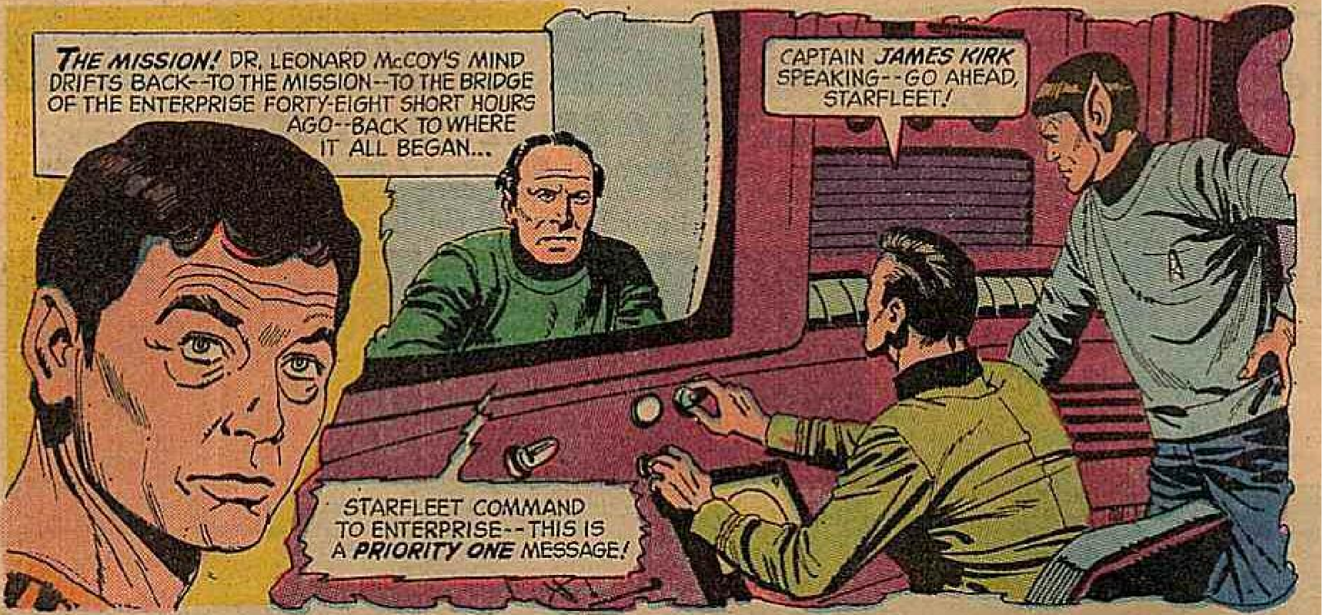

CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL--IN THIS, THE 23RD CENTURY, WHERE MAN HAS LEARNED TO SAIL THE SEA OF DEEP SPACE, THE ALMOST-LOST ART OF PIRACY HAS RISEN FROM THE ASHES...
THE UNIVERSE IS VAST AND THE TWELVE FEDERATION STARSHIPS CANNOT GUARD ALL OF THE INFINITE SPACEWAYS--DESPITE OUR EFFORTS, THE MERCILESS MARAUDERS CONTINUE TO STRIKE...
SWIFTLY, VIOLENTLY, THE FIERCE FREEBOOTERS STRIP THEIR VICTIMS OF ANY AND ALL VALUABLES...
AND THEN VANISH BACK INTO THE SHADOWS, LEAVING ONLY BURNED-OUT SHELLS THAT ONCE HARBOURED MEN...

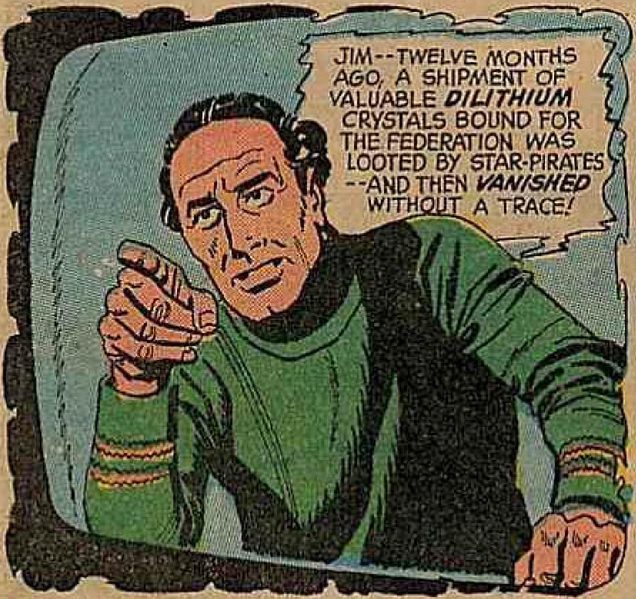

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE: 3246.3 (LT. SULU REPORTING) -- AS PER THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS, WE ARE PURSUING A SMALL SPACE CRUISER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PLANET, TORTUGA VI--- INTERCEPTION IMMINENT...
NCC 1701
INCREASE TO WARP FIVE! IF WE DON'T CATCH UP TO THAT SPACE ROVER SOON, IT'LL BE...
TOO LATE! THE CRUISER'S REACHED TORTUGA'S SPACE BOUNDARIES! IF WE PURSUE IT ANY FARTHER, WE'LL BE VIOLATING INTER-STELLAR LAW!
AND ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE...
WELL, WE'VE MADE TORTUGA IN ONE PIECE!
NOW IF WE CAN ONLY GET OUT OF HERE THE SAME WAY!

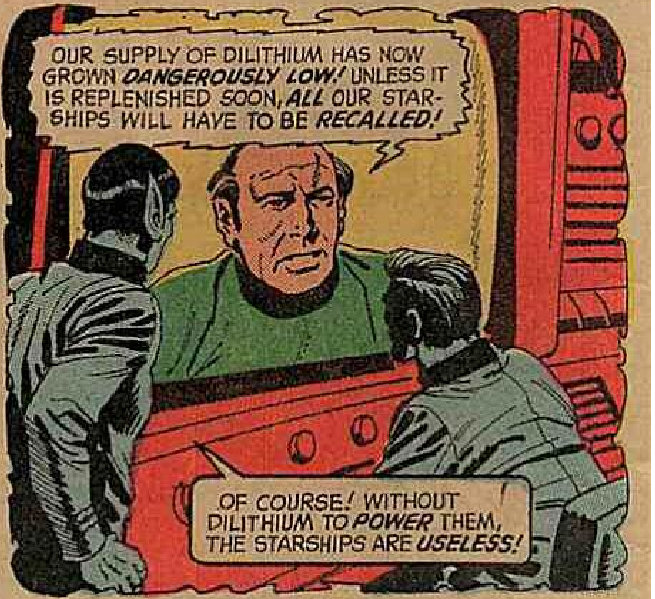

WELCOME TO TORTUGA! HAVE YOU COME FOR TRADE...OR *SANCTUARY?*
A LITTLE OF *BOTH!* WE'VE BROUGHT JOVIAN FIRE JEWELS TO TRADE...BUT I THINK THE *ORIGINAL* OWNER WANTS THEM *BACK!*

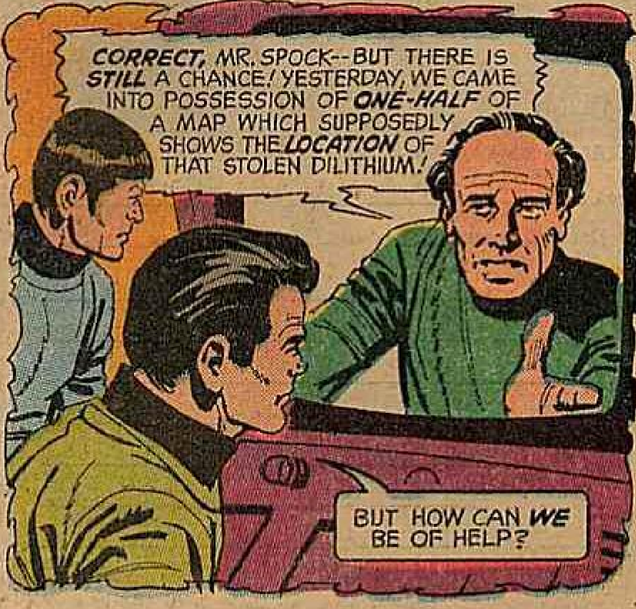

THEN *ENTER,* FRIEND-- FOR *ALL PIRATES* ARE WELCOME *HERE!*

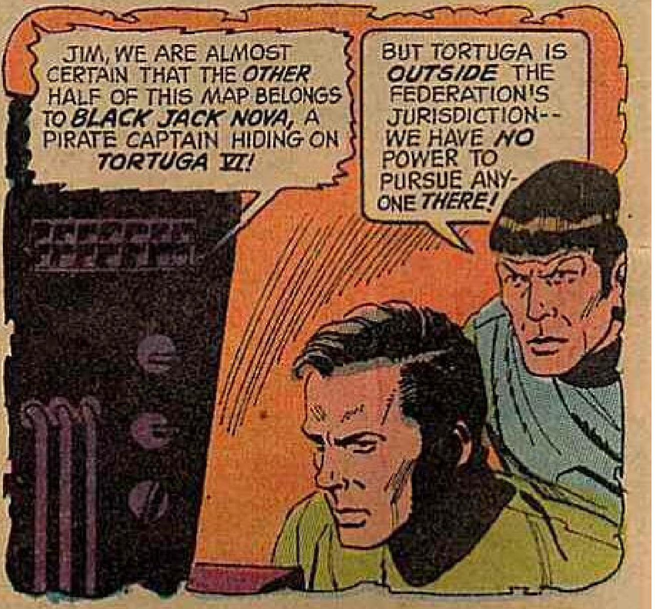

THIS IS *TORTUGA*--PIRATE PORT ON THE DARK EDGE OF SPACE--WHERE LIFE IS A COMMODITY FAR CHEAPER THAN DIAMONDS--AND SILVER CAN BUY A MAN'S *SOUL*...
I'M *SORRY*--BUT I FEEL *RIDICULOUS* IN THIS OUTFIT!
PERHAPS, DOCTOR--BUT YOU WOULD BE QUITE *DEAD* RIGHT NOW *WITHOUT* IT! WE OF THE FEDERATION ARE FAR FROM WANTED ON *THIS* WORLD! THESE DISGUISES ARE *MANDATORY* FOR THE *SUCCESS* OF OUR MISSION!

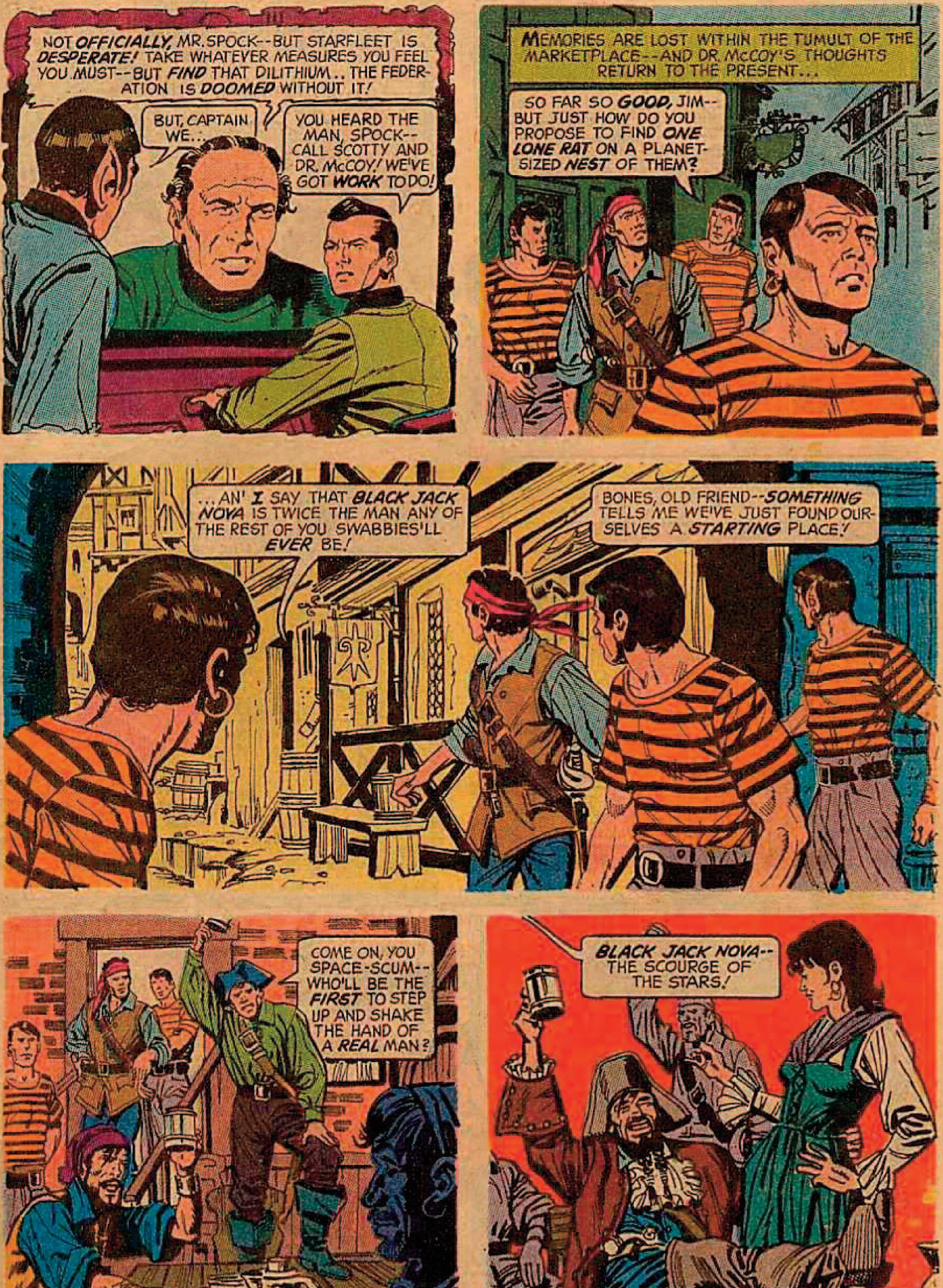

THE MISSION! DR. LEONARD McCOY'S MIND DRIFTS BACK--TO THE MISSION--TO THE BRIDGE OF THE ENTERPRISE FORTY-EIGHT SHORT HOURS AGO--BACK TO WHERE IT ALL BEGAN...
CAPTAIN JAMES KIRK SPEAKING--GO AHEAD, STARFLEET!
STARFLEET COMMAND TO ENTERPRISE--THIS IS A PRIORITY ONE MESSAGE!

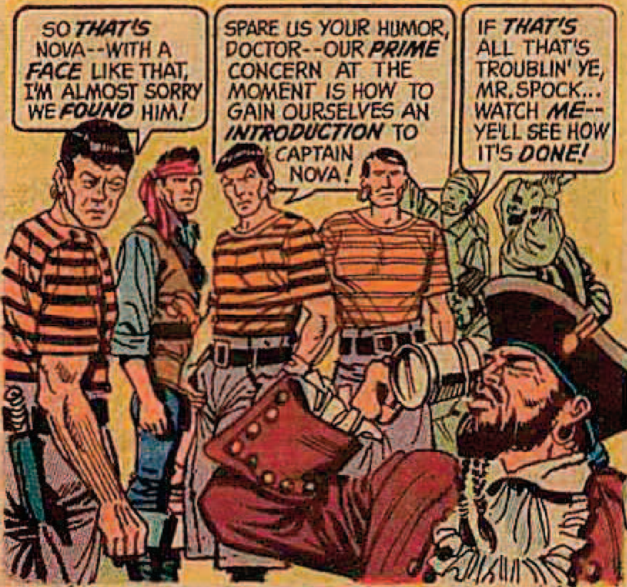

JIM--TWELVE MONTHS AGO, A SHIPMENT OF VALUABLE DILITHIUM CRYSTALS BOUND FOR THE FEDERATION WAS LOOTED BY STAR-PIRATES --AND THEN VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE!

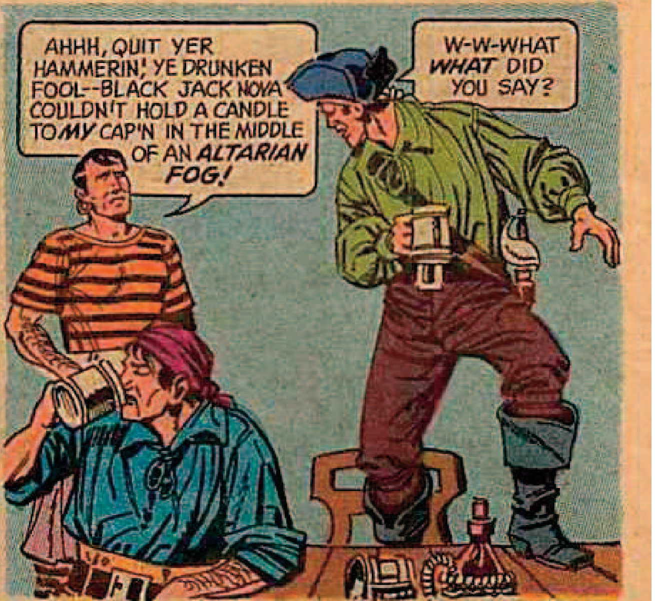

OUR SUPPLY OF DILITHIUM HAS NOW GROWN DANGEROUSLY LOW! UNLESS IT IS REPLENISHED SOON, ALL OUR STAR-SHIPS WILL HAVE TO BE RECALLED!
OF COURSE! WITHOUT DILITHIUM TO POWER THEM, THE STARSHIPS ARE USELESS!

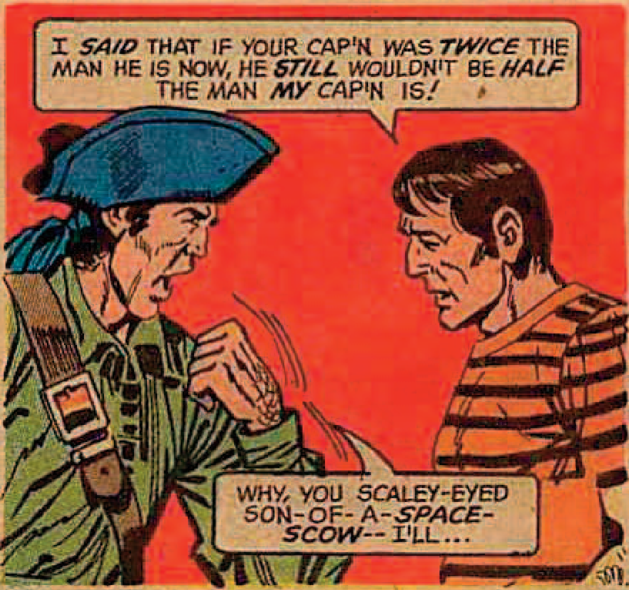

CORRECT, MR. SPOCK--BUT THERE IS STILL A CHANCE! YESTERDAY, WE CAME INTO POSSESSION OF ONE-HALF OF A MAP WHICH SUPPOSEDLY SHOWS THE LOCATION OF THAT STOLEN DILITHIUM!
BUT HOW CAN WE BE OF HELP?

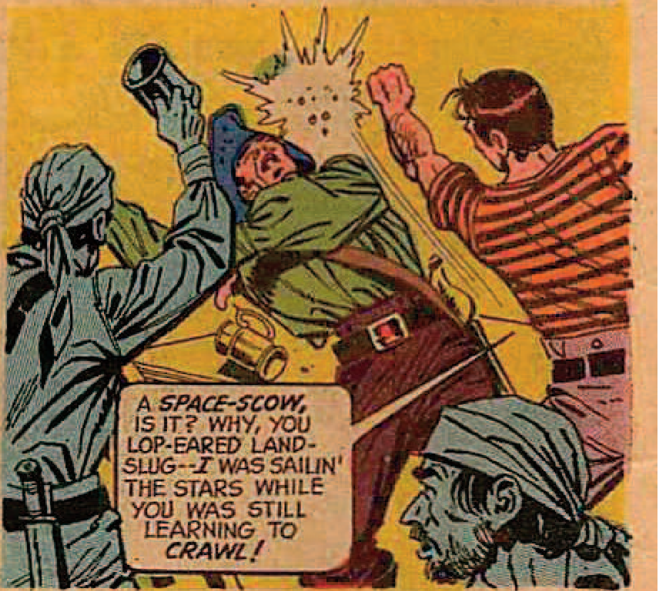

JIM, WE ARE ALMOST CERTAIN THAT THE OTHER HALF OF THIS MAP BELONGS TO BLACK JACK NOVA, A PIRATE CAPTAIN HIDING ON TORTUGA VI!
BUT TORTUGA IS OUTSIDE THE FEDERATION'S JURISDICTION--WE HAVE NO POWER TO PURSUE ANYONE THERE!

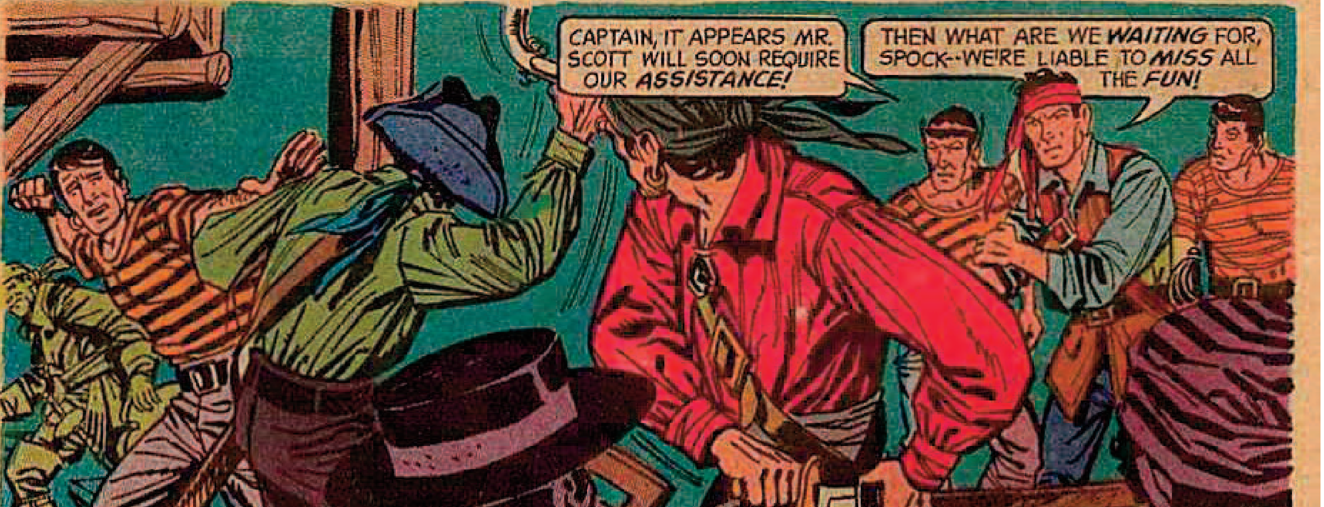

NOT OFFICIALLY, MR. SPOCK--BUT STARFLEET IS DESPERATE! TAKE WHATEVER MEASURES YOU FEEL YOU MUST--BUT FIND THAT DILITHIUM.. THE FEDERATION IS DOOMED WITHOUT IT!
BUT, CAPTAIN WE..
YOU HEARD THE MAN, SPOCK--CALL SCOTTY AND DR. McCOY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
MEMORIES ARE LOST WITHIN THE TUMULT OF THE MARKETPLACE--AND DR. McCOY'S THOUGHTS RETURN TO THE PRESENT...
SO FAR SO GOOD, JIM--BUT JUST HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO FIND ONE LONE RAT ON A PLANET-SIZED NEST OF THEM?
...AN' I SAY THAT BLACK JACK NOVA IS TWICE THE MAN ANY OF THE REST OF YOU SWABBIES'LL EVER BE!
BONES, OLD FRIEND--SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'VE JUST FOUND OURSELVES A STARTING PLACE!
COME ON, YOU SPACE-SCUM--WHO'LL BE THE FIRST TO STEP UP AND SHAKE THE HAND OF A REAL MAN?
BLACK JACK NOVA--THE SCOURGE OF THE STARS!

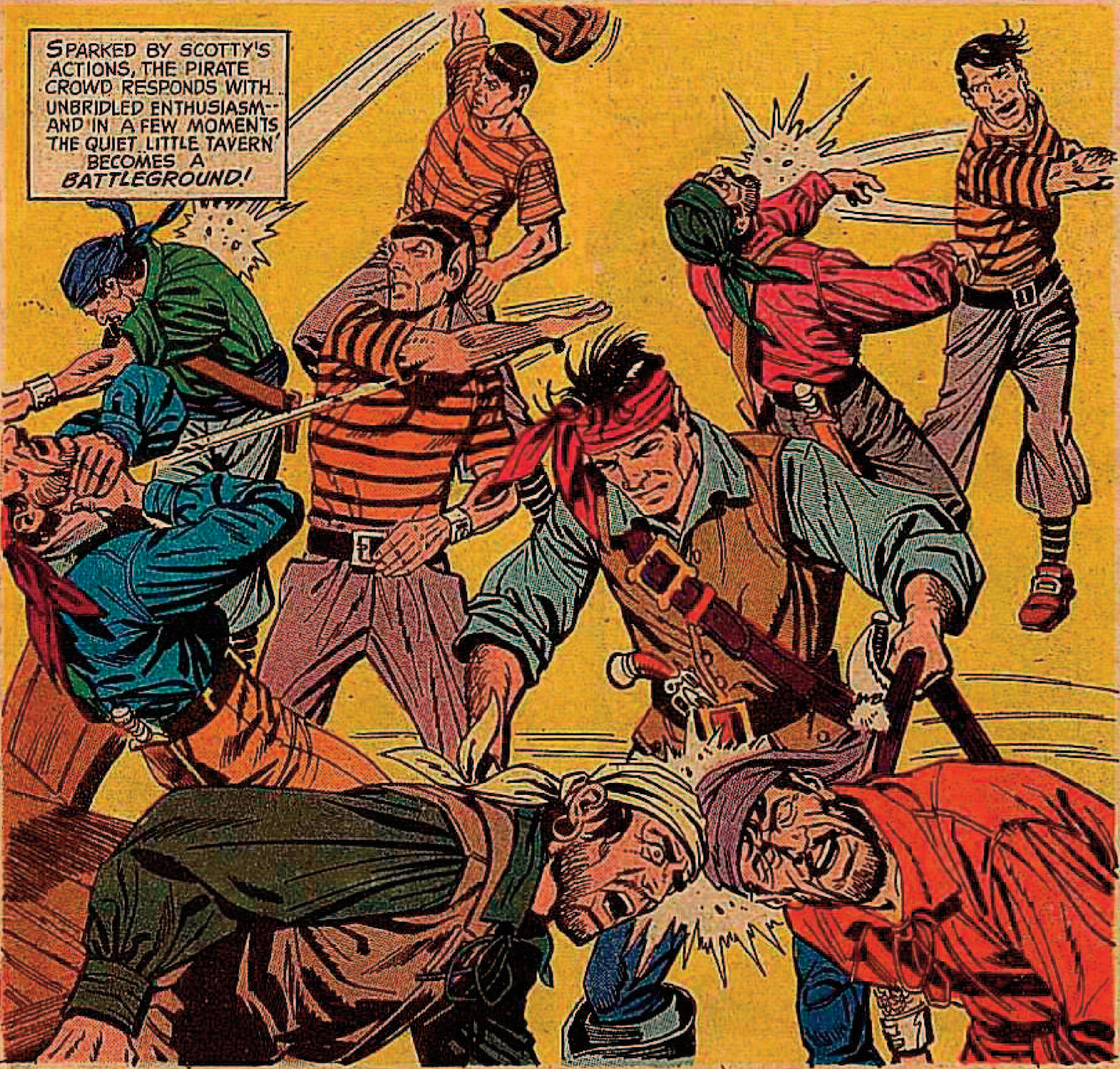

SO *THAT'S* NOVA--WITH A *FACE* LIKE THAT, I'M ALMOST SORRY WE *FOUND* HIM!
SPARE US YOUR HUMOR, DOCTOR--OUR *PRIME* CONCERN AT THE MOMENT IS HOW TO GAIN OURSELVES AN *INTRODUCTION* TO CAPTAIN NOVA!
IF *THAT'S* ALL THAT'S TROUBLIN' YE, MR. SPOCK... WATCH *ME*--YE'LL SEE HOW IT'S *DONE!*

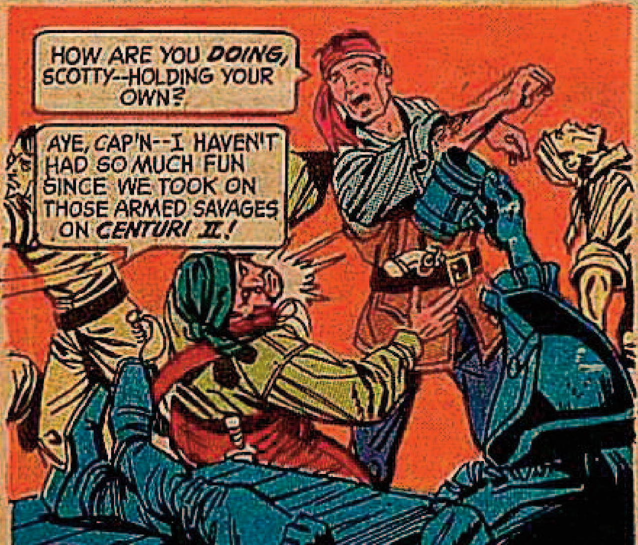

AHHH, QUIT YER HAMMERIN,' YE DRUNKEN FOOL--BLACK JACK NOVA COULDN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO *MY* CAP'N IN THE MIDDLE OF AN *ALTARIAN FOG!*
W-W-WHAT *WHAT* DID YOU SAY?

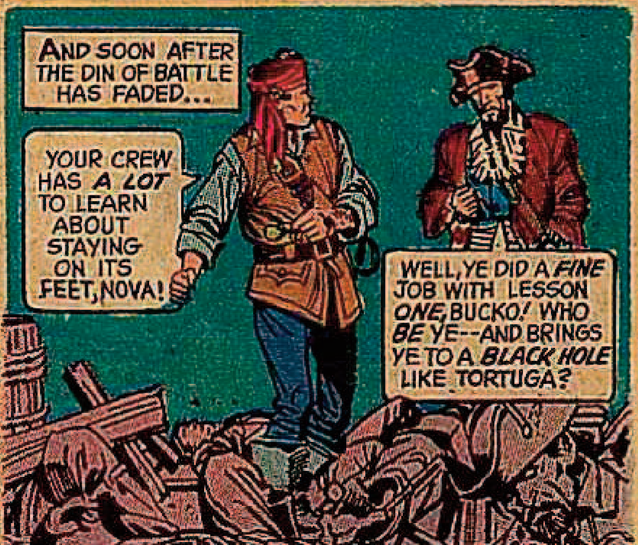

I *SAID* THAT IF YOUR CAP'N WAS *TWICE* THE MAN HE IS NOW, HE *STILL* WOULDN'T BE *HALF* THE MAN *MY* CAP'N IS!
WHY, YOU SCALEY-EYED SON-OF-A-*SPACE-SCOW*--I'LL...

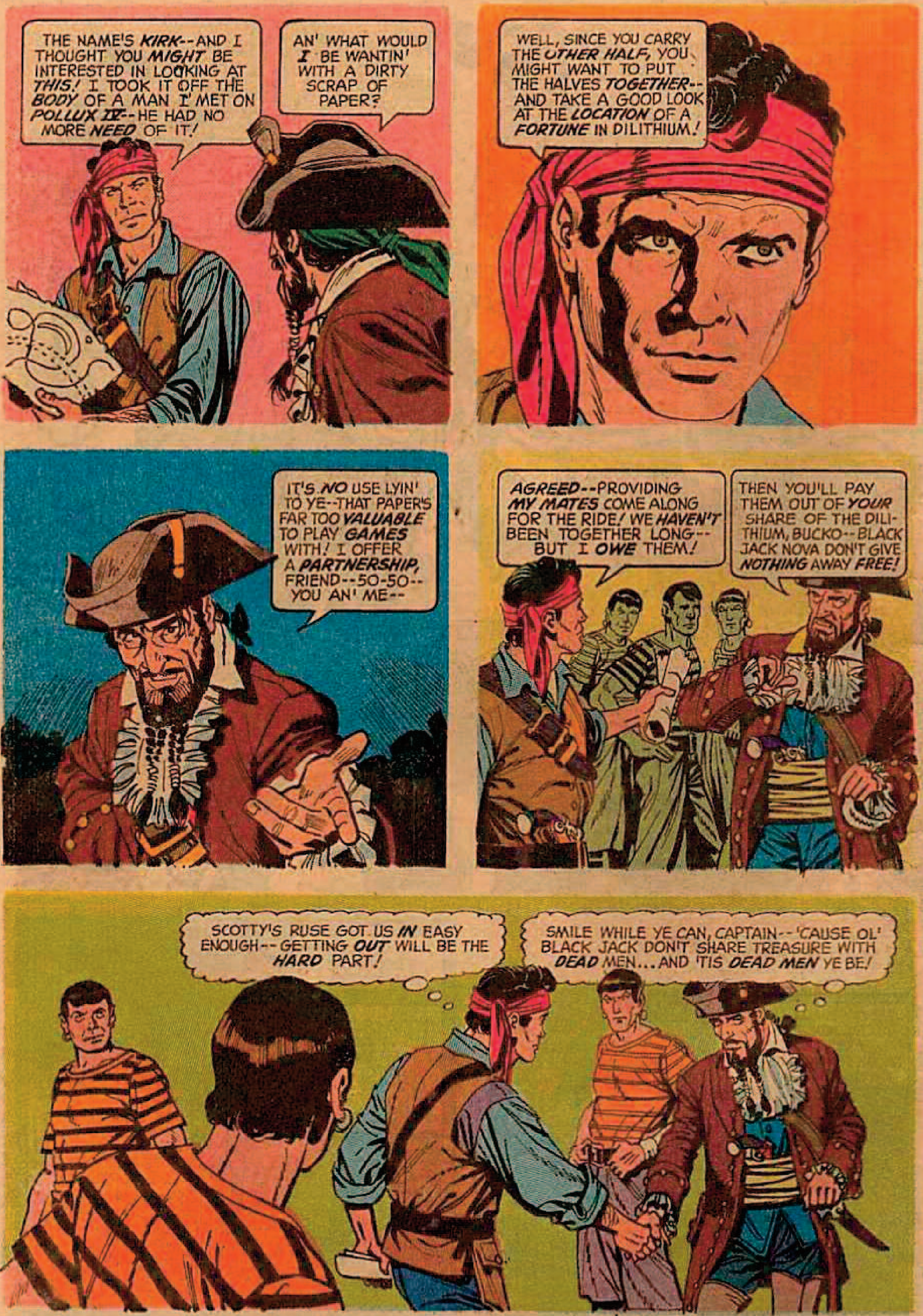

A *SPACE-SCOW,* IS IT? WHY, YOU LOP-EARED LAND-SLUG--*I* WAS SAILIN' THE STARS WHILE YOU WAS STILL LEARNING TO *CRAWL!*

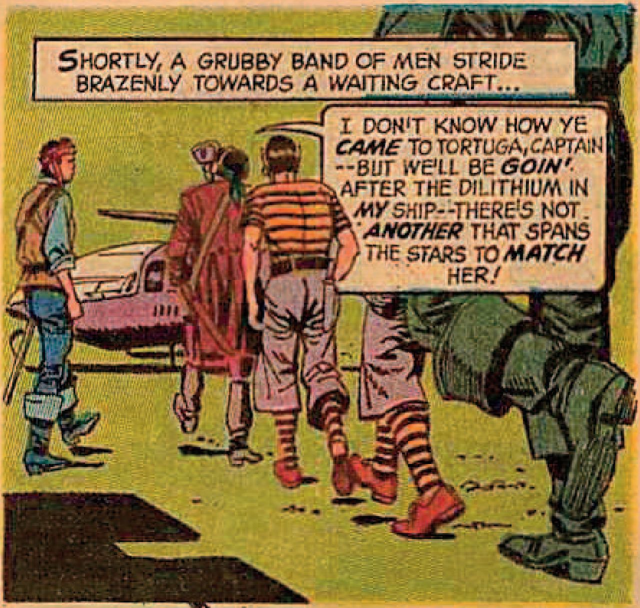

CAPTAIN, IT APPEARS MR. SCOTT WILL SOON REQUIRE OUR *ASSISTANCE!*
THEN WHAT ARE WE *WAITING* FOR, SPOCK--WE'RE LIABLE TO *MISS* ALL THE *FUN!*

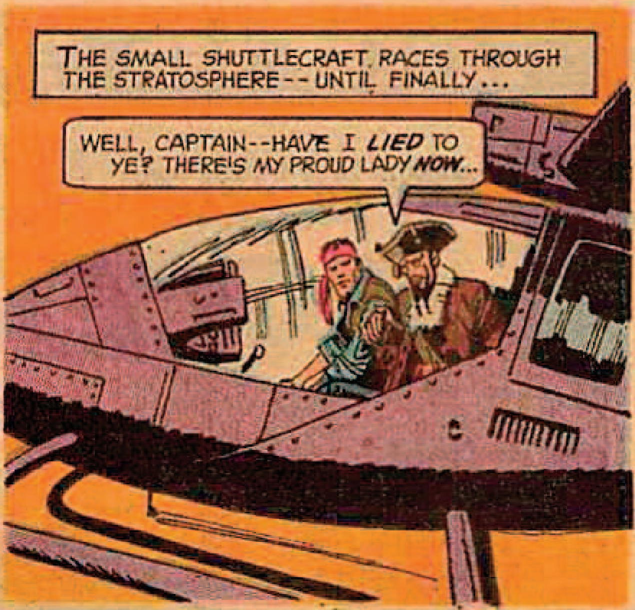

SPARKED BY SCOTTY'S ACTIONS, THE PIRATE CROWD RESPONDS WITH UNBRIDLED ENTHUSIASM-- AND IN A FEW MOMENTS THE QUIET LITTLE TAVERN BECOMES A *BATTLEGROUND!*

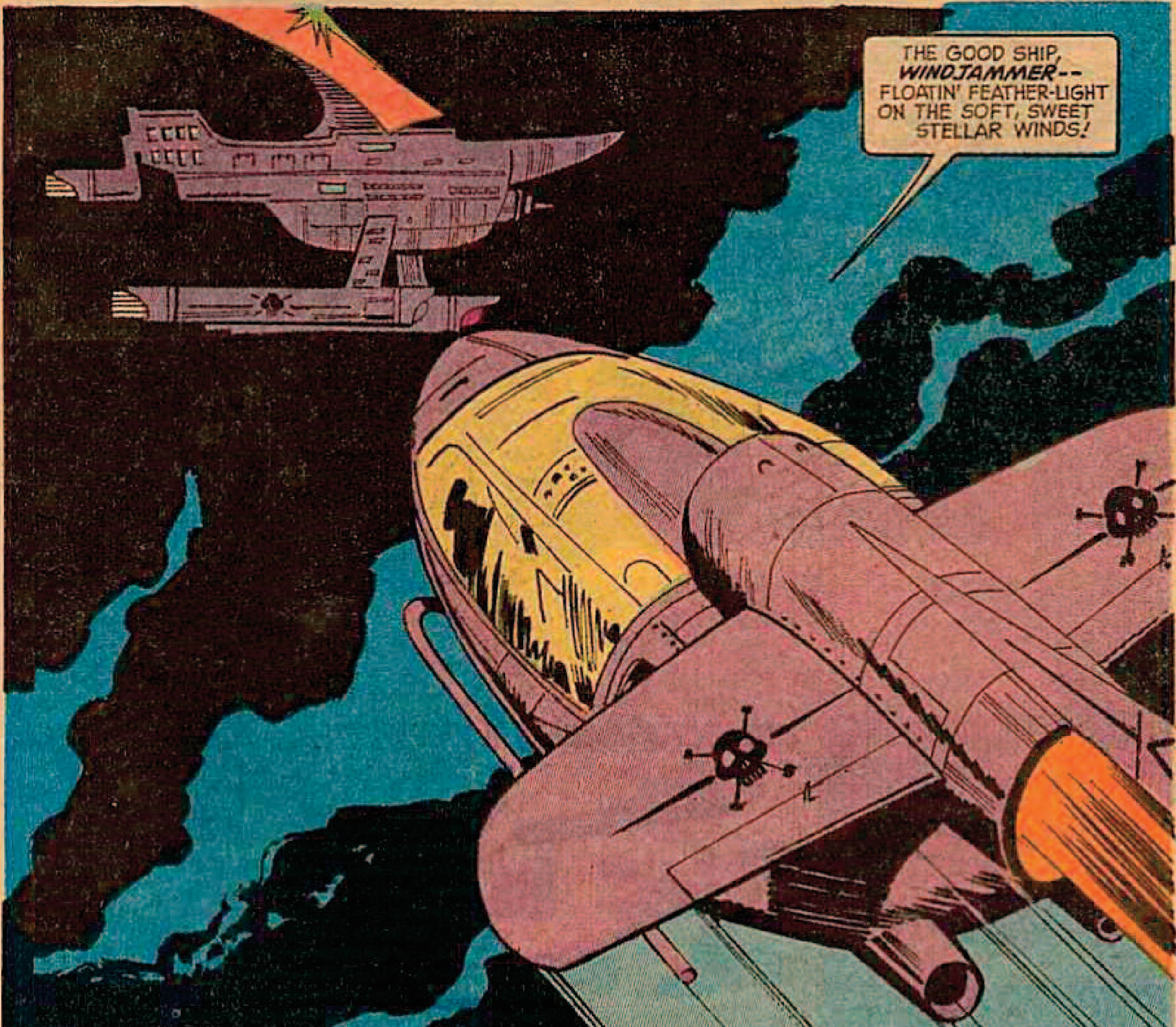

HOW ARE YOU *DOING,* SCOTTY--HOLDING YOUR OWN?
AYE, CAP'N--I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE WE TOOK ON THOSE ARMED SAVAGES ON *CENTURI II!*

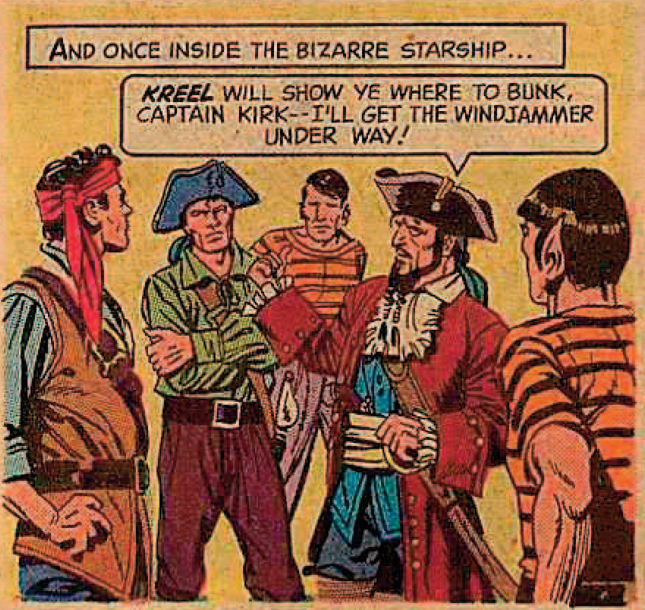

AND SOON AFTER THE DIN OF BATTLE HAS FADED...
YOUR CREW HAS *A LOT* TO LEARN ABOUT STAYING ON ITS FEET, NOVA!
WELL, YE DID A *FINE* JOB WITH LESSON *ONE,* BUCKO! WHO *BE* YE--AND BRINGS YE TO A *BLACK HOLE* LIKE TORTUGA?

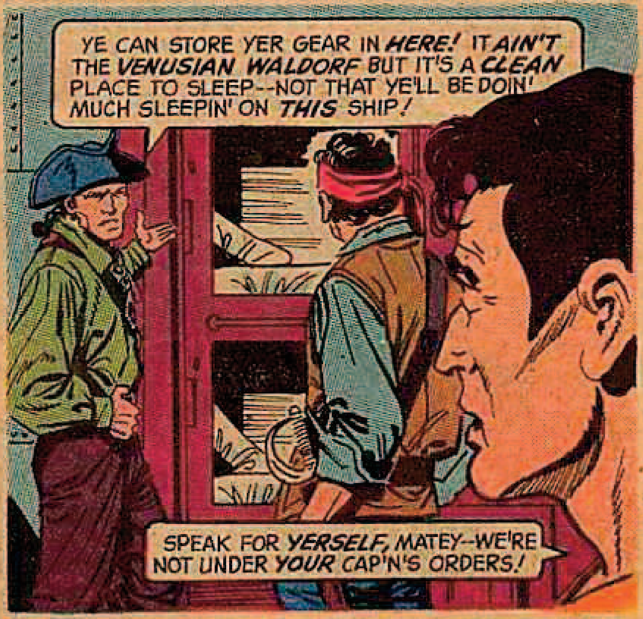

THE NAME'S **KIRK**--AND I THOUGHT YOU **MIGHT** BE INTERESTED IN LOOKING AT **THIS!** I TOOK IT OFF THE **BODY** OF A MAN I MET ON **POLLUX IV**--HE HAD NO MORE **NEED** OF IT!
AN' WHAT WOULD **I** BE WANTIN' WITH A DIRTY SCRAP OF PAPER?
WELL, SINCE YOU CARRY THE **OTHER HALF**, YOU MIGHT WANT TO PUT THE HALVES **TOGETHER**--AND TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE **LOCATION** OF A **FORTUNE** IN DILITHIUM!
IT'S **NO** USE LYIN' TO YE--THAT PAPER'S FAR TOO **VALUABLE** TO PLAY **GAMES** WITH! I OFFER A **PARTNERSHIP**, FRIEND--50-50--YOU AN' ME--
AGREED--PROVIDING **MY MATES** COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE! WE **HAVEN'T** BEEN TOGETHER LONG--BUT I **OWE** THEM!
THEN YOU'LL PAY THEM OUT OF **YOUR** SHARE OF THE DILITHIUM, BUCKO--BLACK JACK NOVA DON'T GIVE **NOTHING** AWAY **FREE!**
SCOTTY'S RUSE GOT US **IN** EASY ENOUGH--GETTING **OUT** WILL BE THE **HARD** PART!
SMILE WHILE YE CAN, CAPTAIN--'CAUSE OL' BLACK JACK DON'T SHARE TREASURE WITH **DEAD** MEN...AND 'TIS **DEAD MEN** YE BE!

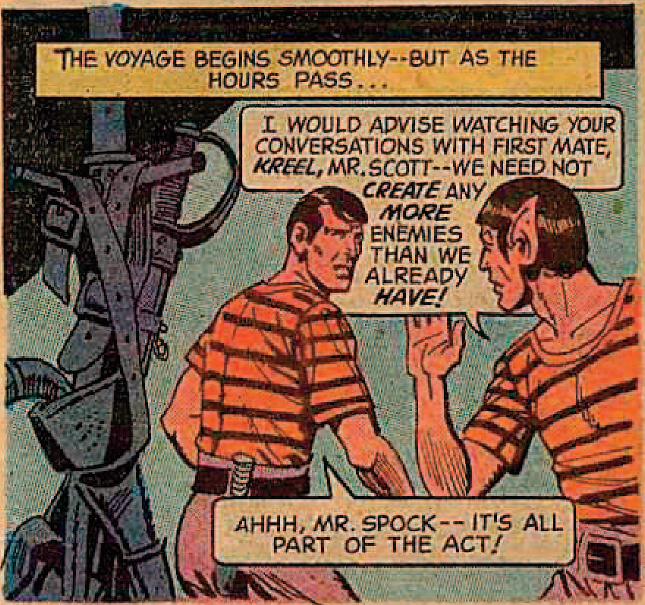

SHORTLY, A GRUBBY BAND OF MEN STRIDE BRAZENLY TOWARDS A WAITING CRAFT...
I DON'T KNOW HOW YE *CAME* TO TORTUGA, CAPTAIN --BUT WE'LL BE *GOIN'* AFTER THE DILITHIUM IN *MY* SHIP--THERE'S NOT *ANOTHER* THAT SPANS THE STARS TO *MATCH* HER!

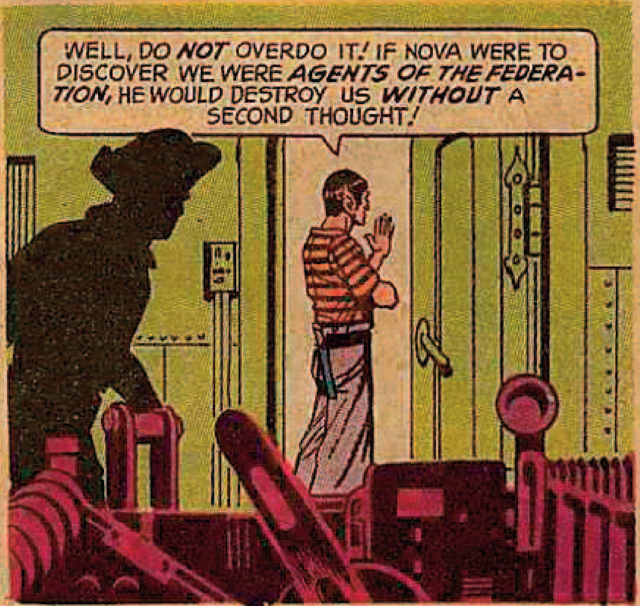

THE SMALL SHUTTLECRAFT RACES THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE--UNTIL FINALLY...
WELL, CAPTAIN--HAVE I *LIED* TO YE? THERE'S MY PROUD LADY *NOW*...

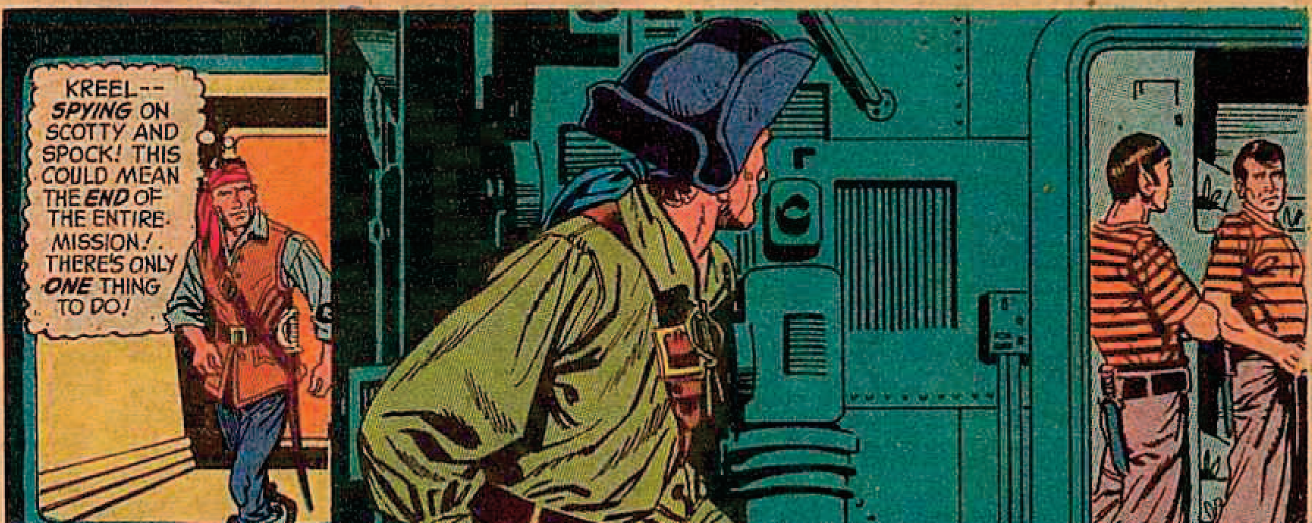

THE GOOD SHIP, *WINDJAMMER*-- FLOATIN' FEATHER-LIGHT ON THE SOFT, SWEET STELLAR WINDS!

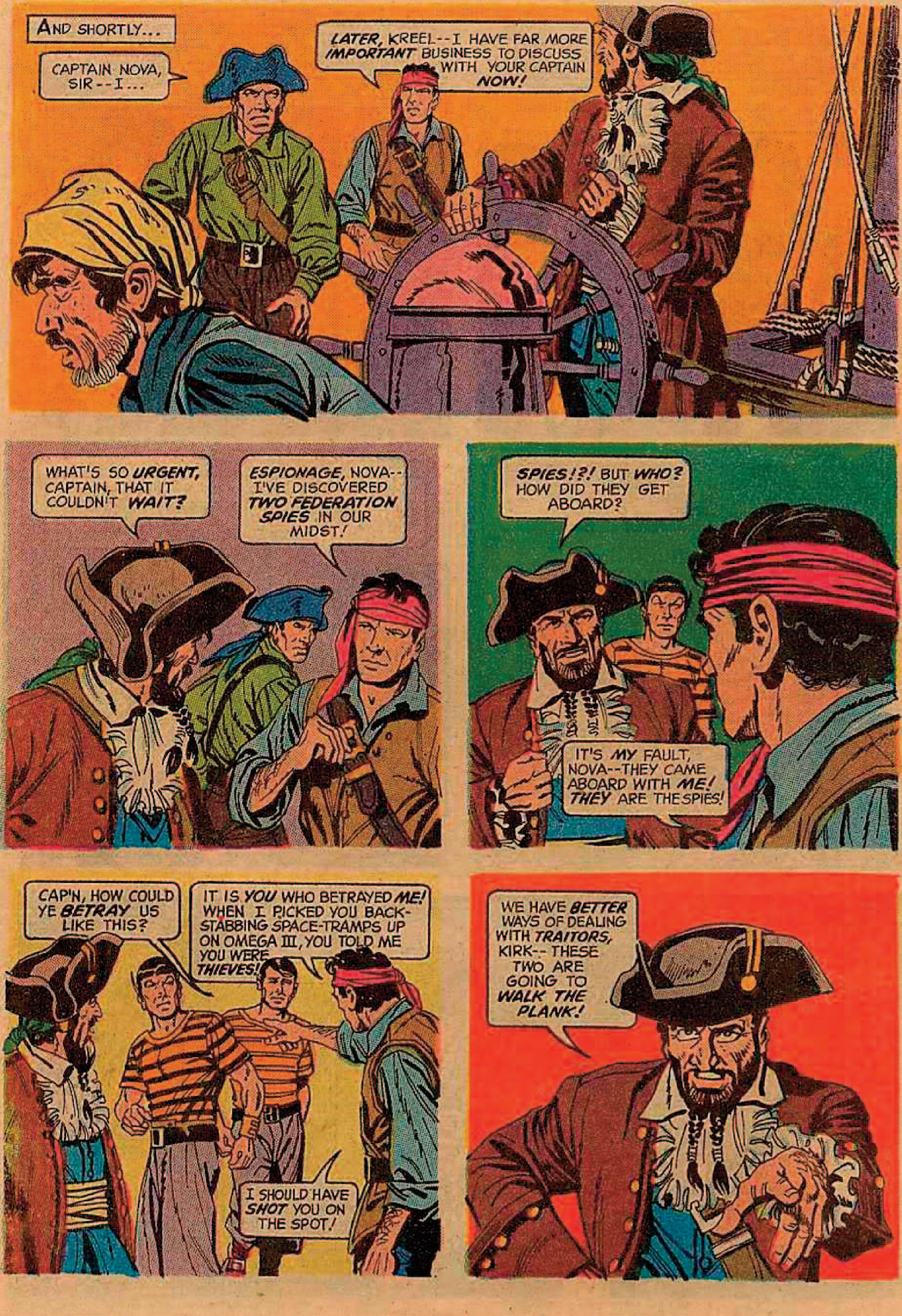

AND ONCE INSIDE THE BIZARRE STARSHIP...
KREEL WILL SHOW YE WHERE TO BUNK, CAPTAIN KIRK--I'LL GET THE WINDJAMMER UNDER WAY!

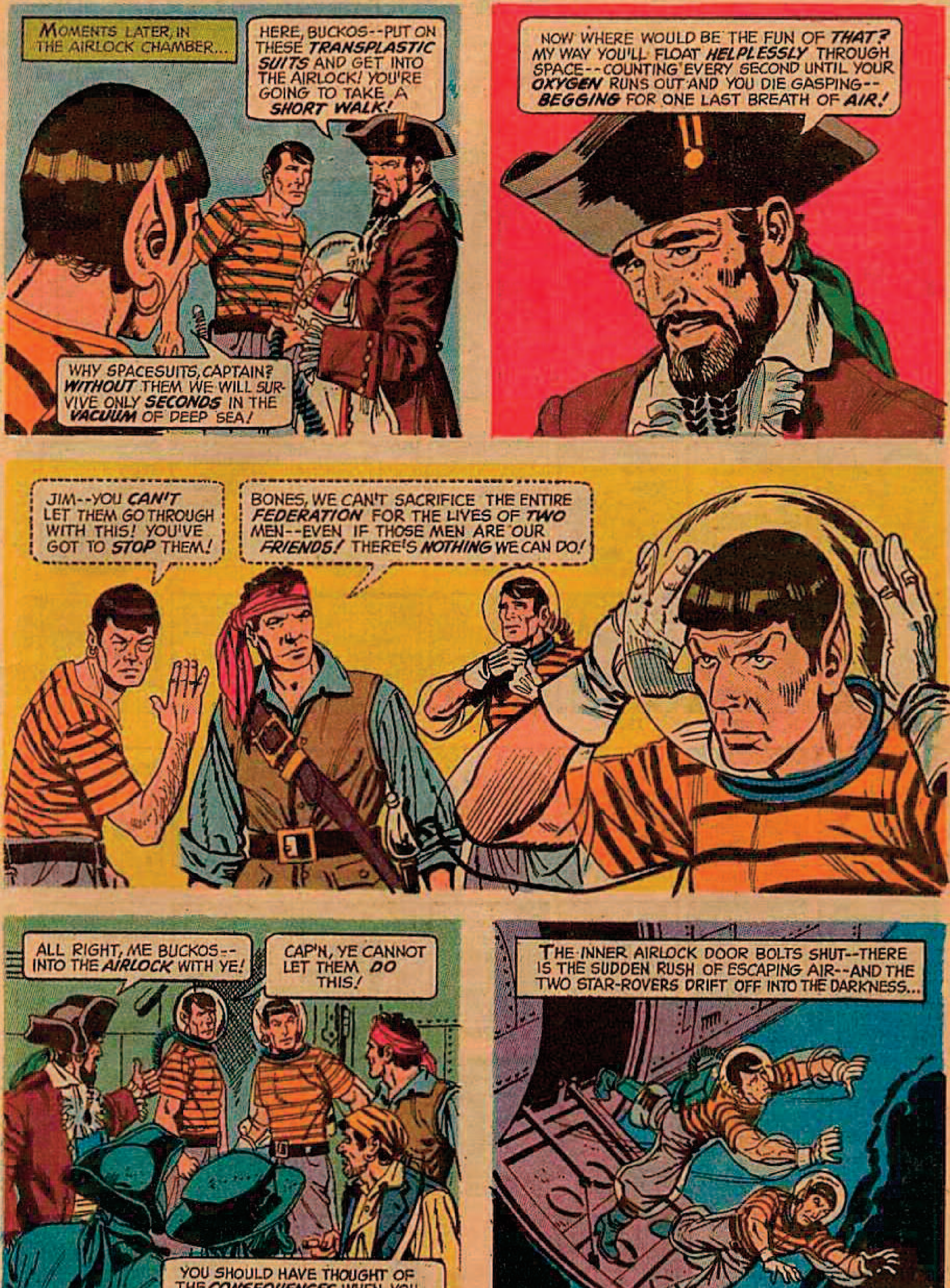

YE CAN STORE YER GEAR IN HERE! IT AIN'T THE VENUSIAN WALDORF BUT IT'S A CLEAN PLACE TO SLEEP--NOT THAT YE'LL BE DOIN' MUCH SLEEPIN' ON THIS SHIP!
SPEAK FOR YERSELF, MATEY--WE'RE NOT UNDER YOUR CAP'N'S ORDERS!


THE VOYAGE BEGINS SMOOTHLY--BUT AS THE HOURS PASS...
I WOULD ADVISE WATCHING YOUR CONVERSATIONS WITH FIRST MATE, KREEL, MR. SCOTT--WE NEED NOT CREATE ANY MORE ENEMIES THAN WE ALREADY HAVE!
AHHH, MR. SPOCK-- IT'S ALL PART OF THE ACT!


WELL, DO NOT OVERDO IT! IF NOVA WERE TO DISCOVER WE WERE AGENTS OF THE FEDERATION, HE WOULD DESTROY US WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT!

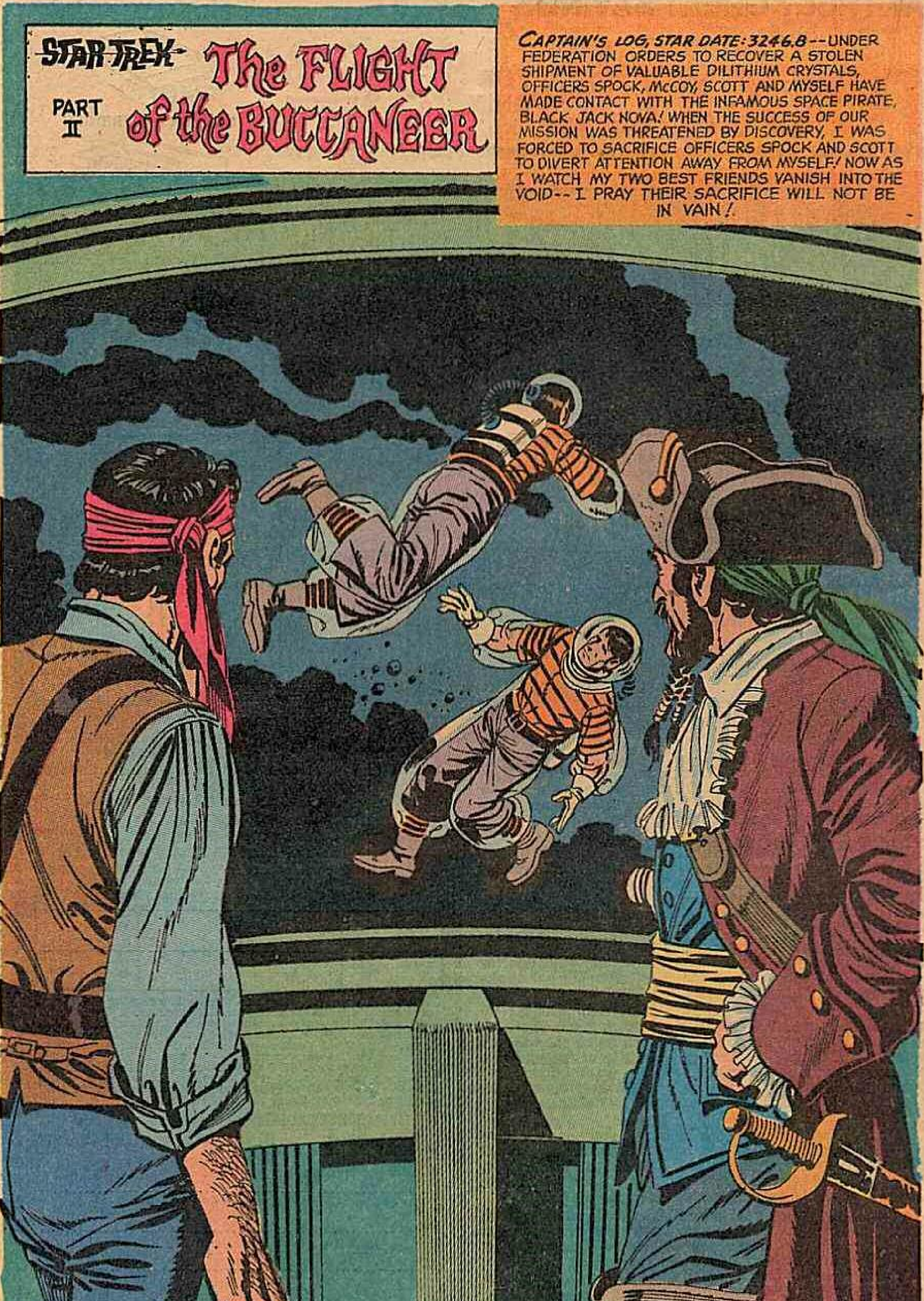

KREEL-- SPYING ON SCOTTY AND SPOCK! THIS COULD MEAN THE END OF THE ENTIRE MISSION! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

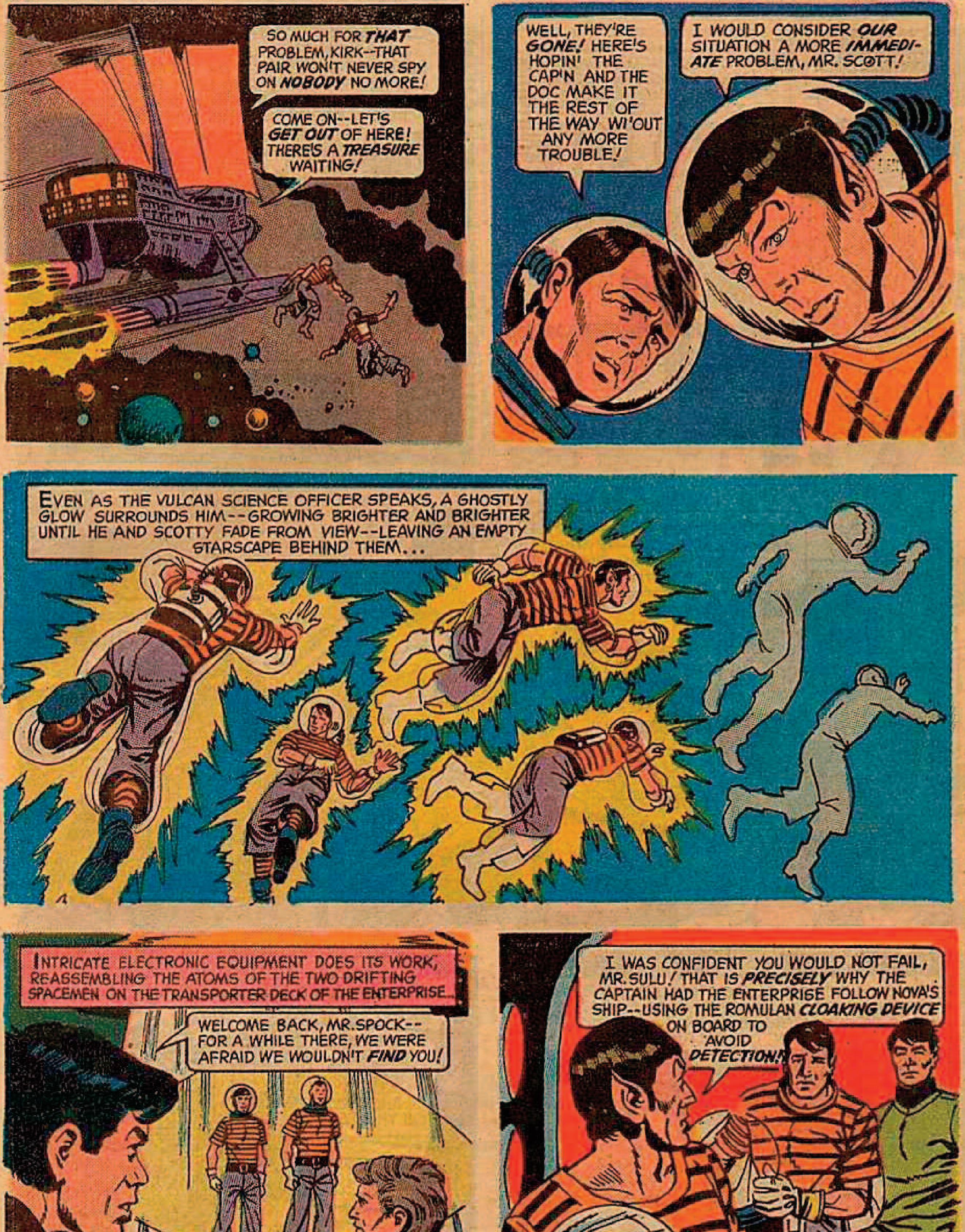

AND SHORTLY...
CAPTAIN NOVA, SIR--I...
LATER, KREEL--I HAVE FAR MORE *IMPORTANT* BUSINESS TO DISCUSS WITH YOUR CAPTAIN *NOW!*
WHAT'S SO *URGENT,* CAPTAIN, THAT IT COULDN'T *WAIT?*
ESPIONAGE, NOVA--I'VE DISCOVERED *TWO FEDERATION SPIES* IN OUR MIDST!
SPIES!?! BUT *WHO?* HOW DID THEY GET ABOARD?
IT'S *MY* FAULT, NOVA--THEY CAME ABOARD WITH *ME! THEY* ARE THE SPIES!
CAP'N, HOW COULD YE *BETRAY* US LIKE THIS?
IT IS *YOU* WHO BETRAYED *ME!* WHEN I PICKED YOU BACK-STABBING SPACE-TRAMPS UP ON OMEGA III, YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE *THIEVES!*
I SHOULD HAVE *SHOT* YOU ON THE SPOT!
WE HAVE *BETTER* WAYS OF DEALING WITH *TRAITORS,* KIRK--THESE TWO ARE GOING TO *WALK THE PLANK!*

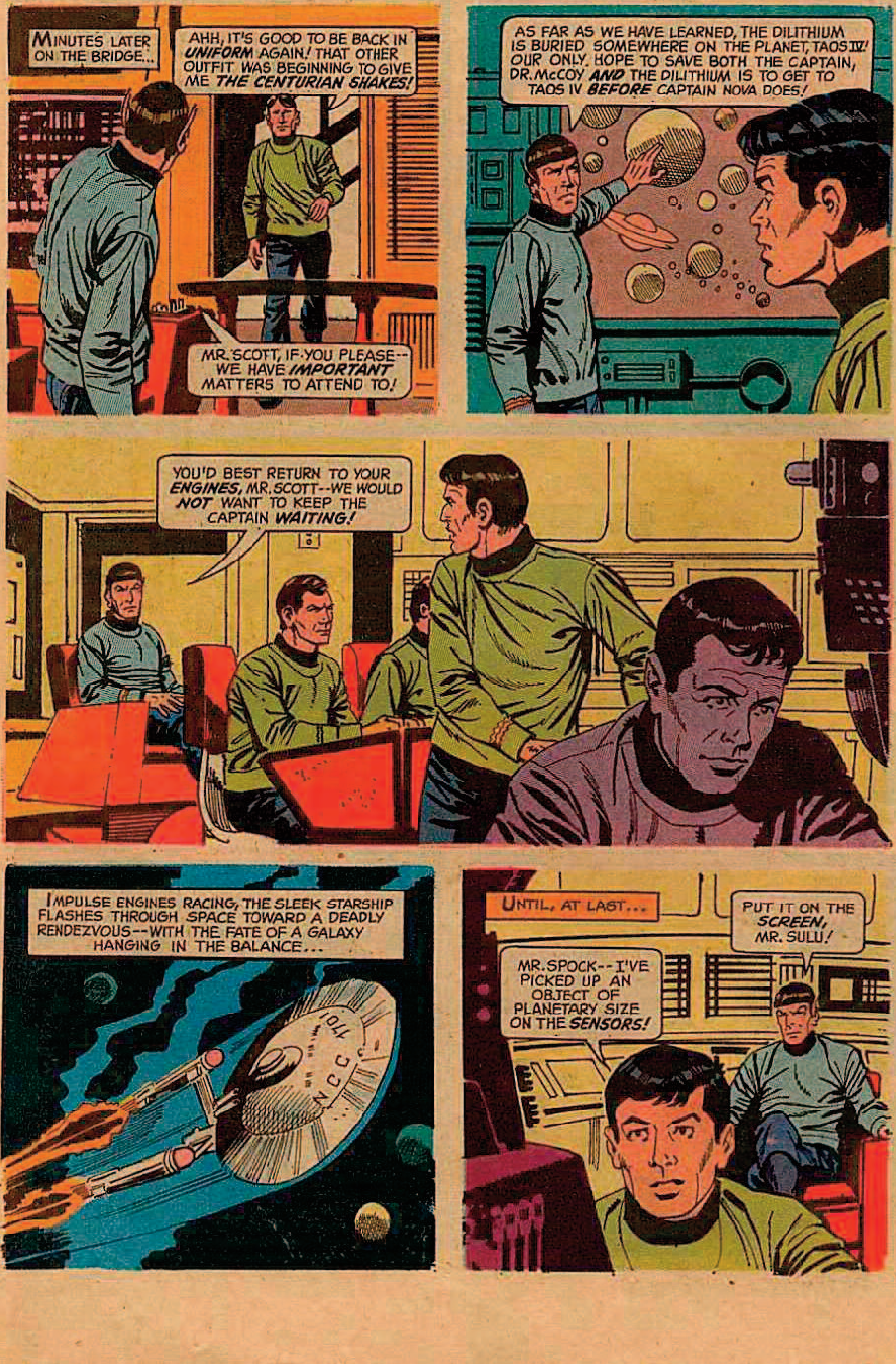

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE AIRLOCK CHAMBER...
HERE, BUCKOS--PUT ON THESE TRANSPLASTIC SUITS AND GET INTO THE AIRLOCK! YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A SHORT WALK!
WHY SPACESUITS, CAPTAIN? WITHOUT THEM WE WILL SURVIVE ONLY SECONDS IN THE VACUUM OF DEEP SEA!
NOW WHERE WOULD BE THE FUN OF THAT? MY WAY YOU'LL FLOAT HELPLESSLY THROUGH SPACE--COUNTING EVERY SECOND UNTIL YOUR OXYGEN RUNS OUT AND YOU DIE GASPING--BEGGING FOR ONE LAST BREATH OF AIR!
JIM--YOU CAN'T LET THEM GO THROUGH WITH THIS! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
BONES, WE CAN'T SACRIFICE THE ENTIRE FEDERATION FOR THE LIVES OF TWO MEN--EVEN IF THOSE MEN ARE OUR FRIENDS! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!
ALL RIGHT, ME BUCKOS--INTO THE AIRLOCK WITH YE!
CAP'N, YE CANNOT LET THEM DO THIS!
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THE CONSEQUENCES WHEN YOU STARTED!--GET RID OF THEM!
THE INNER AIRLOCK DOOR BOLTS SHUT--THERE IS THE SUDDEN RUSH OF ESCAPING AIR--AND THE TWO STAR-ROVERS DRIFT OFF INTO THE DARKNESS...
END PART I

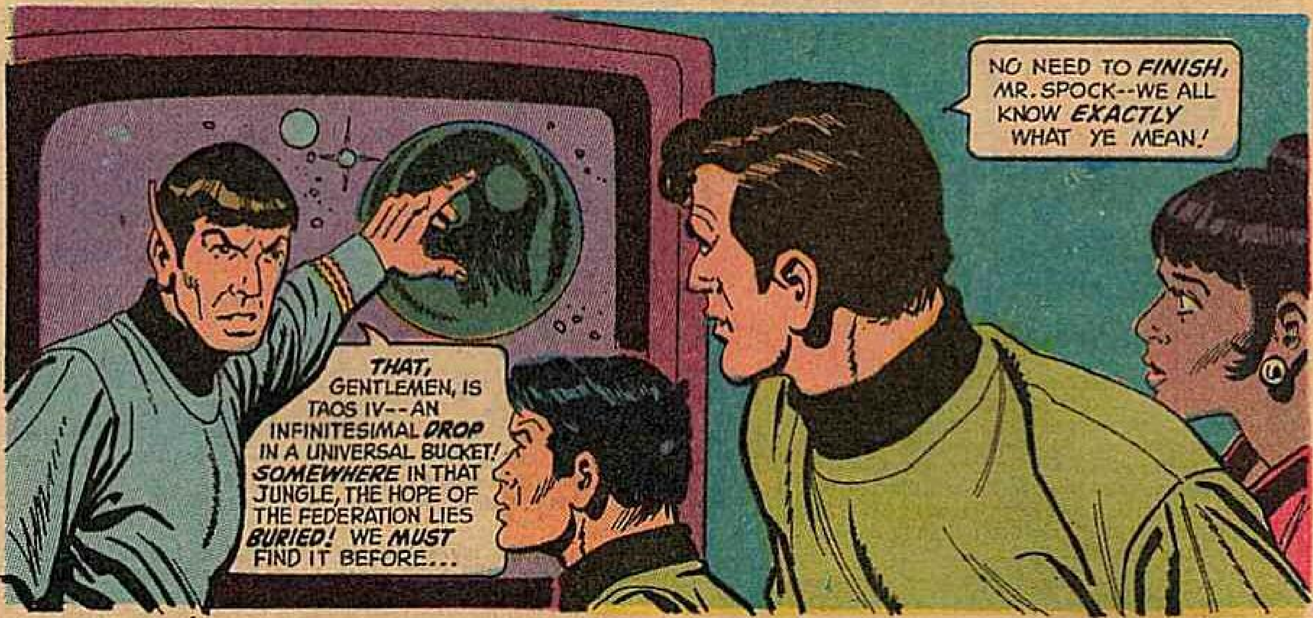
STAR TREK The FLIGHT of the BUCCANEER

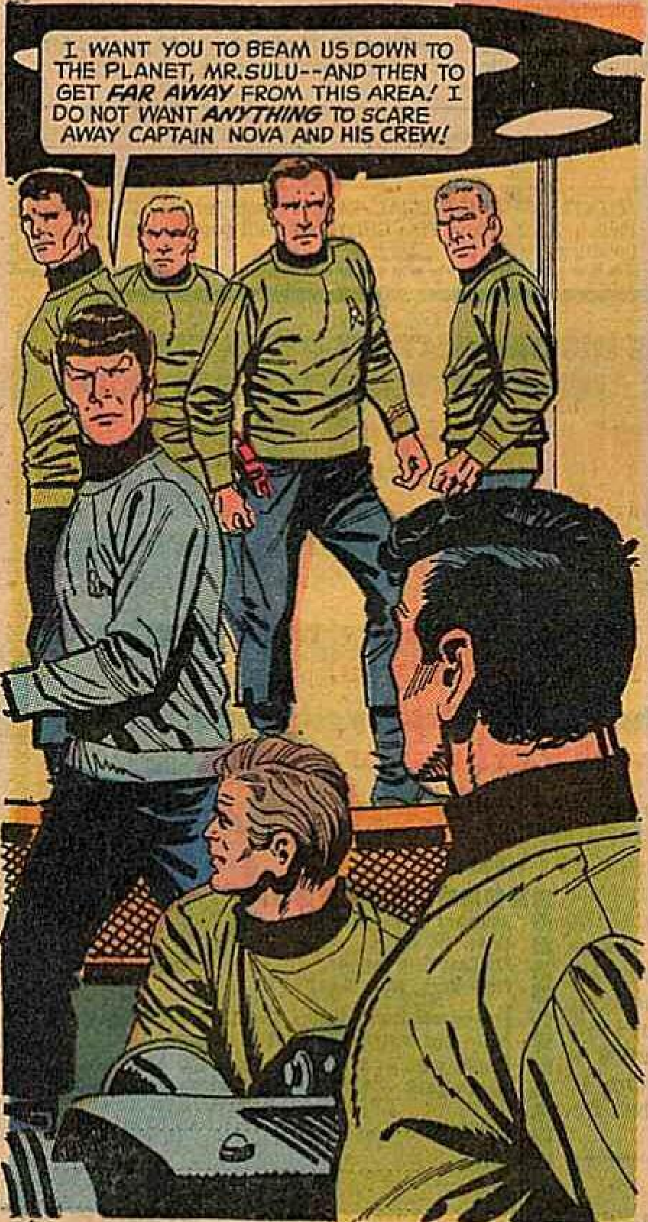
PART II

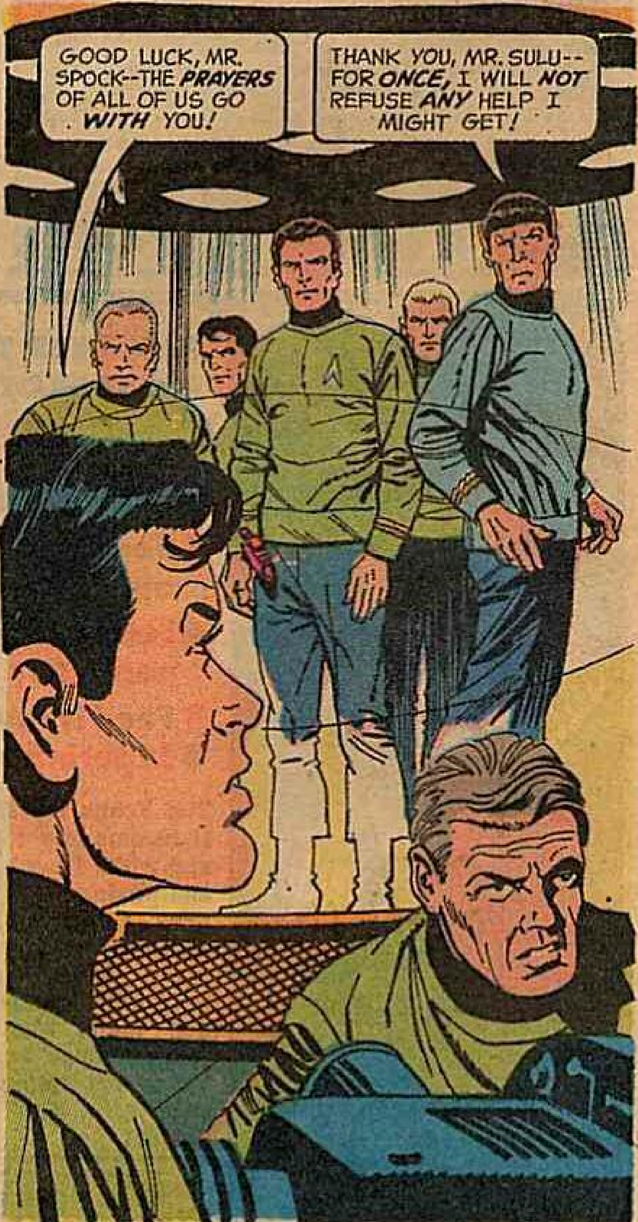

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE: 3246.8 -- UNDER FEDERATION ORDERS TO RECOVER A STOLEN SHIPMENT OF VALUABLE DILITHIUM CRYSTALS, OFFICERS SPOCK, McCOY, SCOTT AND MYSELF HAVE MADE CONTACT WITH THE INFAMOUS SPACE PIRATE, BLACK JACK NOVA! WHEN THE SUCCESS OF OUR MISSION WAS THREATENED BY DISCOVERY, I WAS FORCED TO SACRIFICE OFFICERS SPOCK AND SCOTT TO DIVERT ATTENTION AWAY FROM MYSELF! NOW AS I WATCH MY TWO BEST FRIENDS VANISH INTO THE VOID -- I PRAY THEIR SACRIFICE WILL NOT BE IN VAIN!

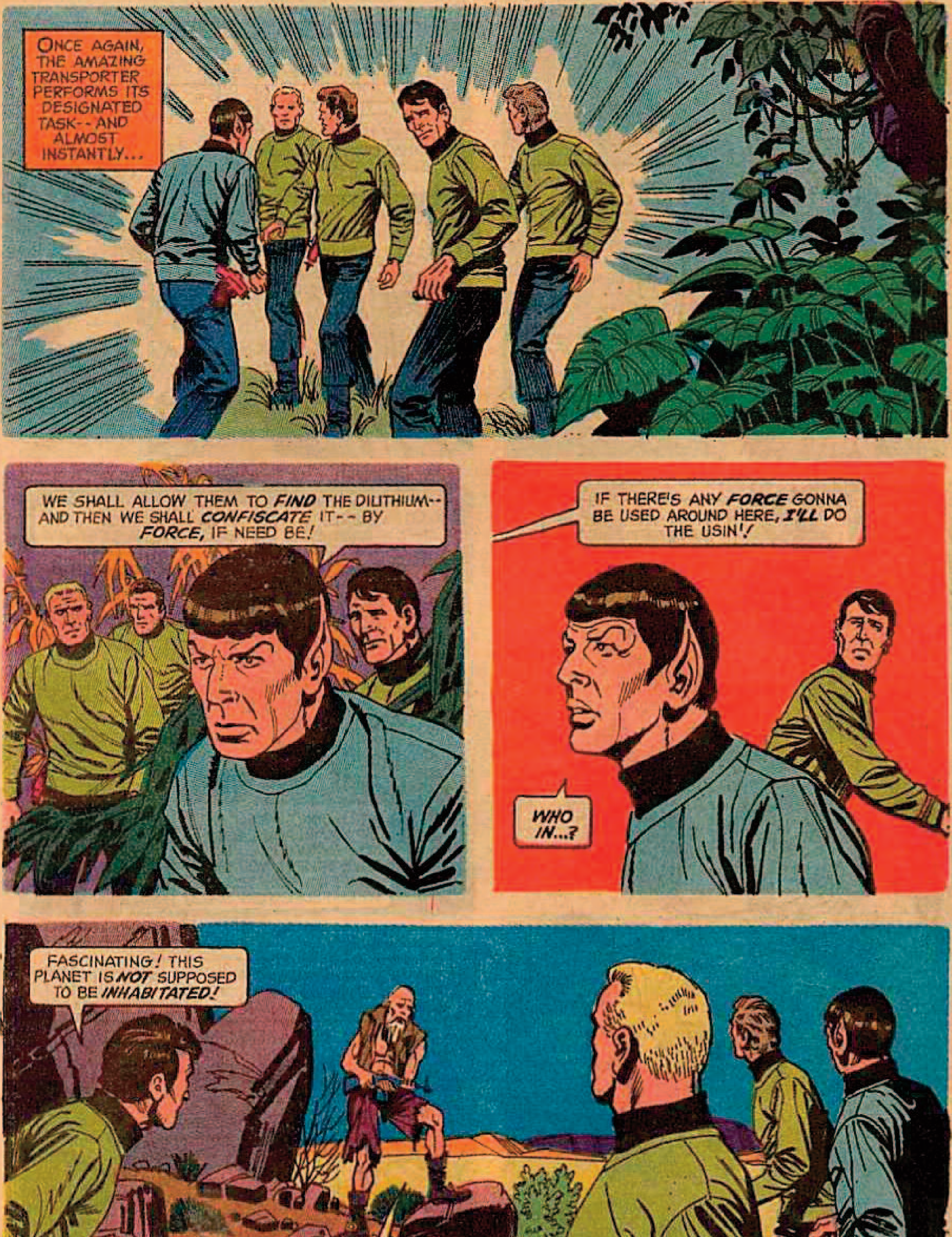

SO MUCH FOR *THAT* PROBLEM, KIRK--THAT PAIR WON'T NEVER SPY ON *NOBODY* NO MORE!
COME ON--LET'S *GET OUT* OF HERE! THERE'S A *TREASURE* WAITING!
WELL, THEY'RE *GONE!* HERE'S HOPIN' THE CAP'N AND THE DOC MAKE IT THE REST OF THE WAY WI'OUT ANY MORE TROUBLE!
I WOULD CONSIDER *OUR* SITUATION A MORE *IMMEDIATE* PROBLEM, MR. SCOTT!
EVEN AS THE VULCAN SCIENCE OFFICER SPEAKS, A GHOSTLY GLOW SURROUNDS HIM--GROWING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER UNTIL HE AND SCOTTY FADE FROM VIEW--LEAVING AN EMPTY STARSCAPE BEHIND THEM...
INTRICATE ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT DOES ITS WORK, REASSEMBLING THE ATOMS OF THE TWO DRIFTING SPACEMEN ON THE TRANSPORTER DECK OF THE ENTERPRISE...
WELCOME BACK, MR.SPOCK--FOR A WHILE THERE, WE WERE AFRAID WE WOULDN'T *FIND* YOU!
I WAS CONFIDENT YOU WOULD NOT FAIL, MR.SULU! THAT IS *PRECISELY* WHY THE CAPTAIN HAD THE ENTERPRISE FOLLOW NOVA'S SHIP--USING THE ROMULAN *CLOAKING DEVICE* ON BOARD TO AVOID *DETECTION!*
BUT JUST WHAT ARE WE GOING TO *DO* ABOUT THE CAPTAIN, MR. SPOCK?

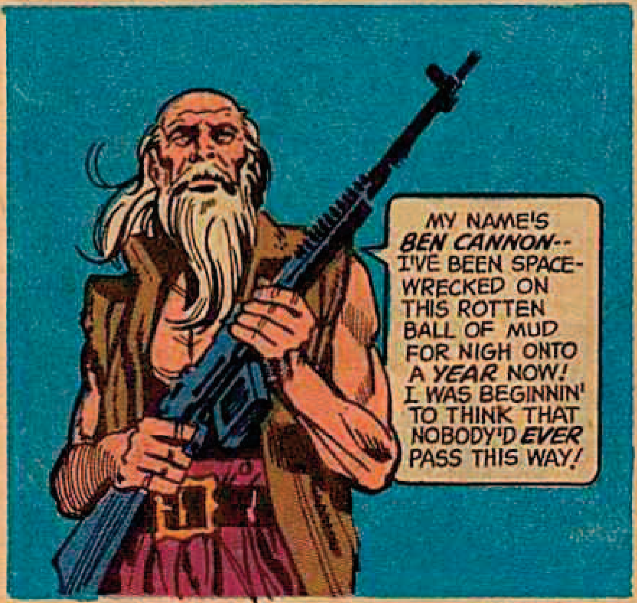

MINUTES LATER ON THE BRIDGE...
AHH, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK IN *UNIFORM* AGAIN! THAT OTHER OUTFIT WAS BEGINNING TO GIVE ME *THE CENTURIAN SHAKES!*
MR. SCOTT, IF YOU PLEASE-- WE HAVE *IMPORTANT* MATTERS TO ATTEND TO!
AS FAR AS WE HAVE LEARNED, THE DILITHIUM IS BURIED SOMEWHERE ON THE PLANET, TAOS IV! OUR ONLY HOPE TO SAVE BOTH THE CAPTAIN, DR. McCOY *AND* THE DILITHIUM IS TO GET TO TAOS IV *BEFORE* CAPTAIN NOVA DOES!
YOU'D BEST RETURN TO YOUR *ENGINES*, MR. SCOTT--WE WOULD *NOT* WANT TO KEEP THE CAPTAIN *WAITING!*
IMPULSE ENGINES RACING, THE SLEEK STARSHIP FLASHES THROUGH SPACE TOWARD A DEADLY RENDEZVOUS--WITH THE FATE OF A GALAXY HANGING IN THE BALANCE...
NCC 1701
UNTIL, AT LAST...
MR. SPOCK--I'VE PICKED UP AN OBJECT OF PLANETARY SIZE ON THE *SENSORS!*
PUT IT ON THE *SCREEN*, MR. SULU!

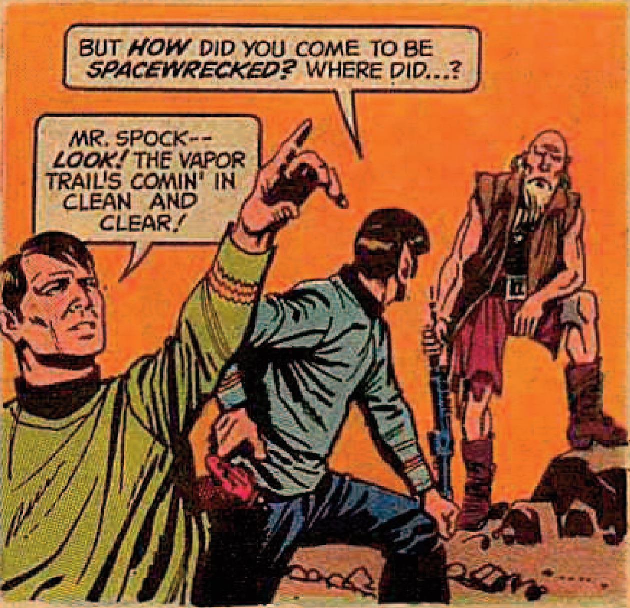

THAT, GENTLEMEN, IS TAOS IV--AN INFINITESIMAL DROP IN A UNIVERSAL BUCKET! SOMEWHERE IN THAT JUNGLE, THE HOPE OF THE FEDERATION LIES BURIED! WE MUST FIND IT BEFORE...
NO NEED TO FINISH, MR. SPOCK--WE ALL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YE MEAN!

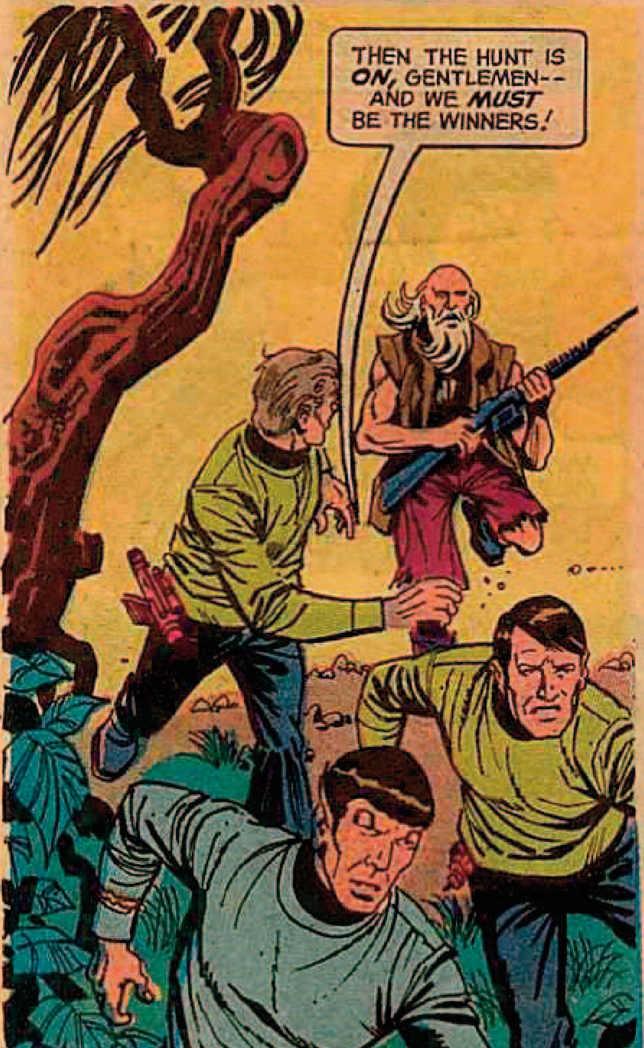

I WANT YOU TO BEAM US DOWN TO THE PLANET, MR. SULU--AND THEN TO GET FAR AWAY FROM THIS AREA! I DO NOT WANT ANYTHING TO SCARE AWAY CAPTAIN NOVA AND HIS CREW!

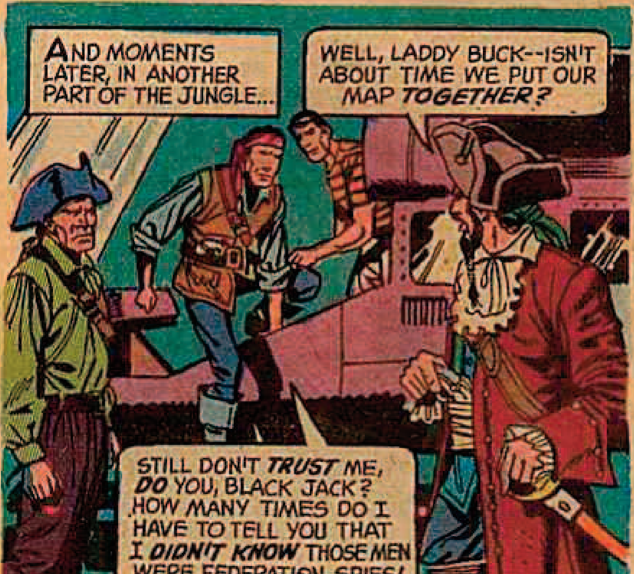

GOOD LUCK, MR. SPOCK--THE PRAYERS OF ALL OF US GO WITH YOU!
THANK YOU, MR. SULU--FOR ONCE, I WILL NOT REFUSE ANY HELP I MIGHT GET!

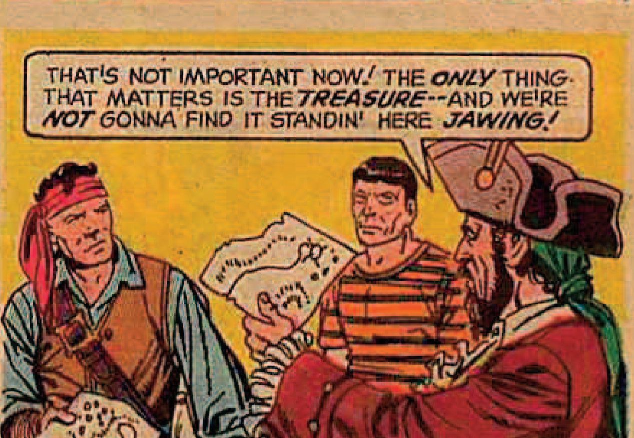

ONCE AGAIN, THE AMAZING TRANSPORTER PERFORMS ITS DESIGNATED TASK--AND ALMOST INSTANTLY...
WE SHALL ALLOW THEM TO FIND THE DILITHIUM--AND THEN WE SHALL CONFISCATE IT--BY FORCE, IF NEED BE!
IF THERE'S ANY FORCE GONNA BE USED AROUND HERE, I'LL DO THE USIN'!
WHO IN...?
FASCINATING! THIS PLANET IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE INHABITATED!
AIN'T NOTHING "FASCINATIN'" ABOUT IT, FELLA--THIS PLANET AIN'T INHABITATED--LESSEN YOU COUNT ME...AN' I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE!

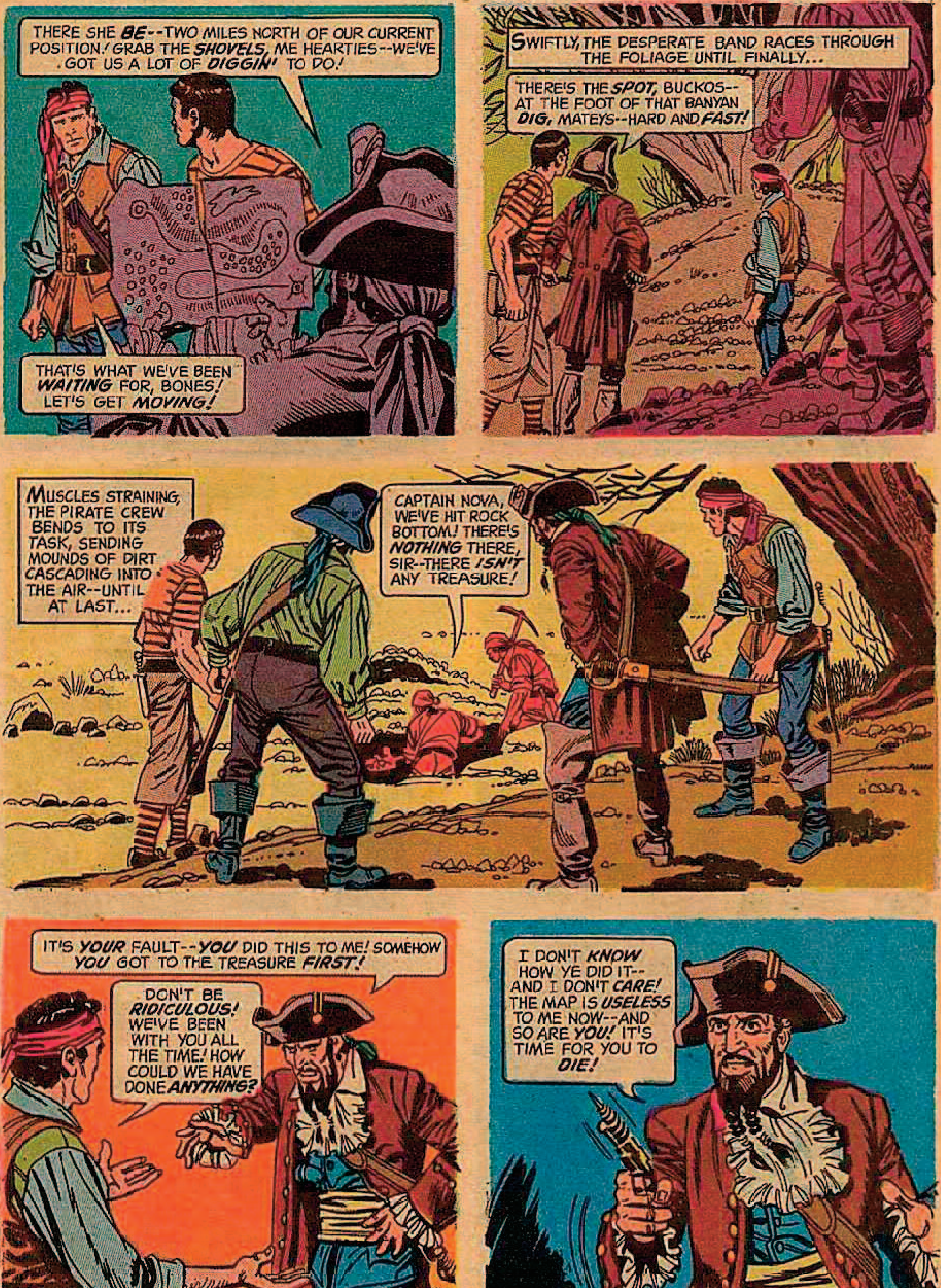

MY NAME'S *BEN CANNON*-- I'VE BEEN SPACE-WRECKED ON THIS ROTTEN BALL OF MUD FOR NIGH ONTO A *YEAR* NOW! I WAS BEGINNIN' TO THINK THAT NOBODY'D *EVER* PASS THIS WAY!

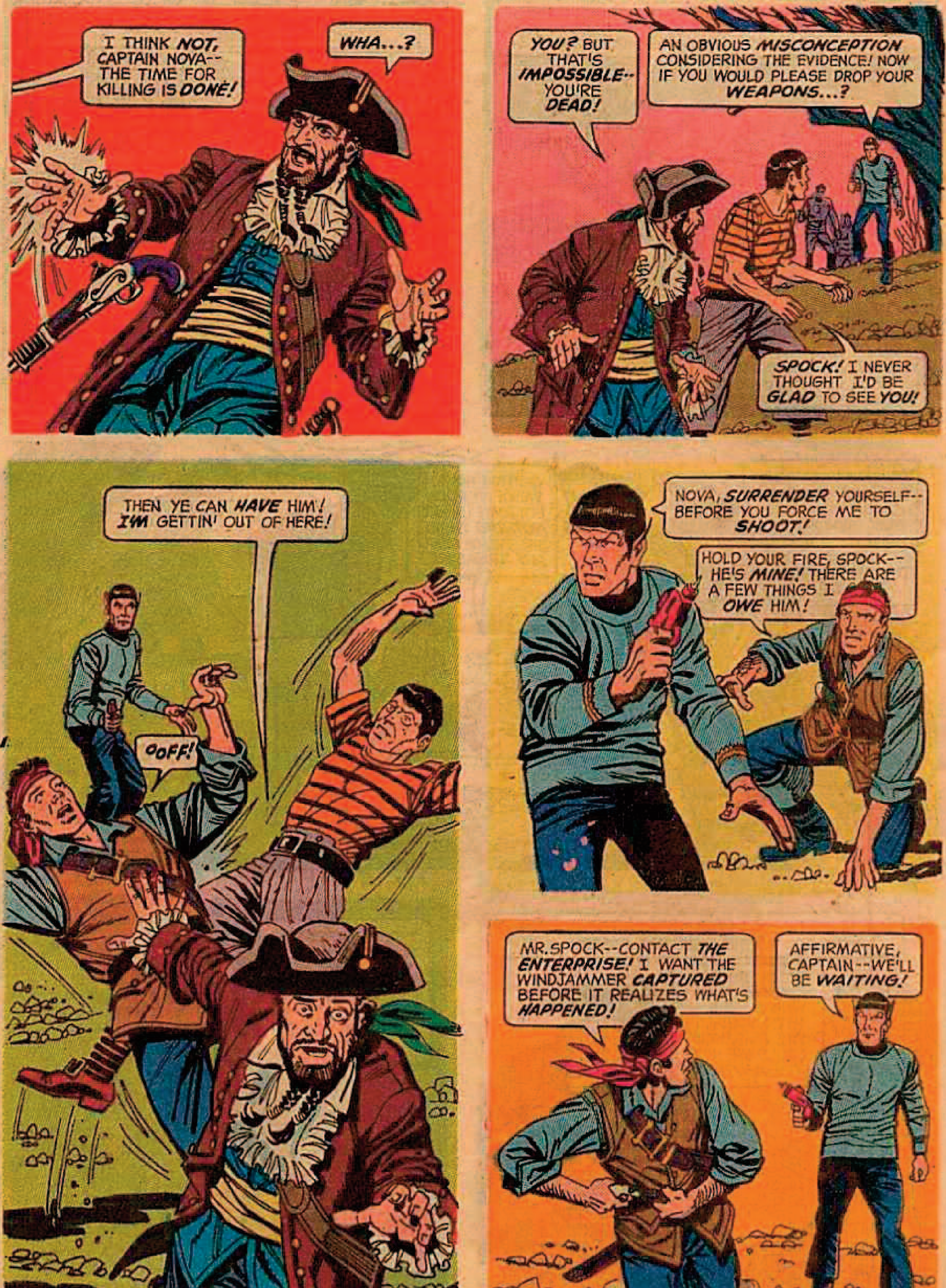

BUT *HOW* DID YOU COME TO BE *SPACEWRECKED?* WHERE DID...?
MR. SPOCK-- *LOOK!* THE VAPOR TRAIL'S COMIN' IN CLEAN AND CLEAR!

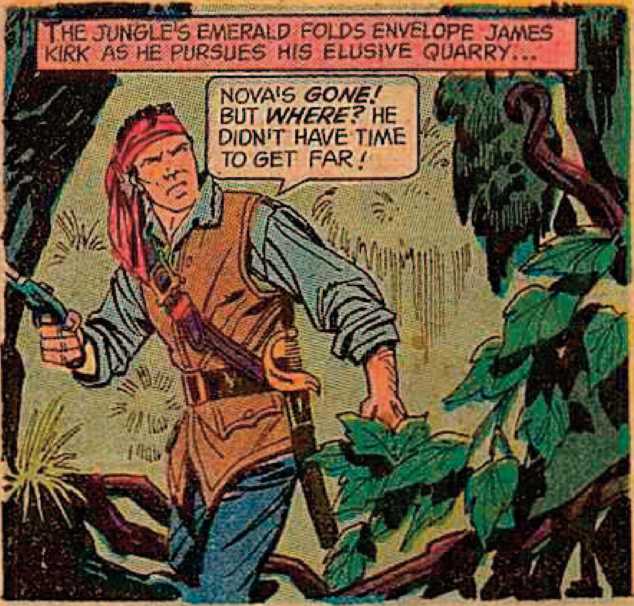

THEN THE HUNT IS *ON*, GENTLEMEN-- AND WE *MUST* BE THE WINNERS!

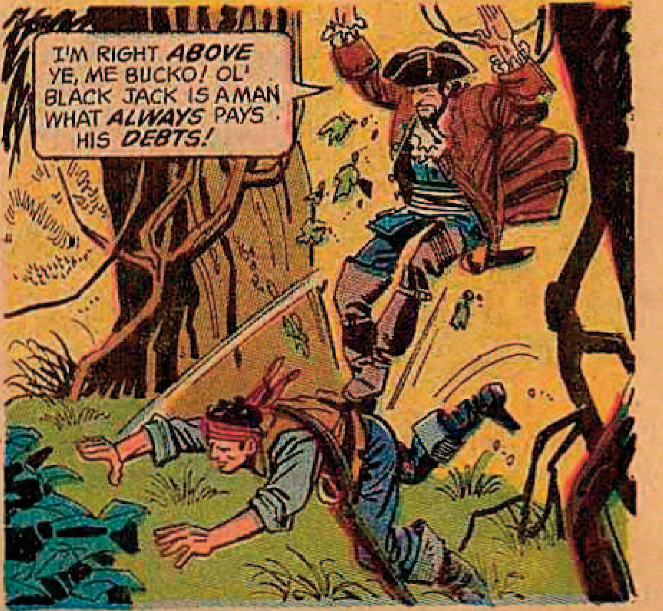

AND MOMENTS LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE...
WELL, LADDY BUCK--ISN'T ABOUT TIME WE PUT OUR MAP *TOGETHER?*
STILL DON'T *TRUST* ME, *DO* YOU, BLACK JACK? HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT I *DIDN'T KNOW* THOSE MEN WERE FEDERATION SPIES!

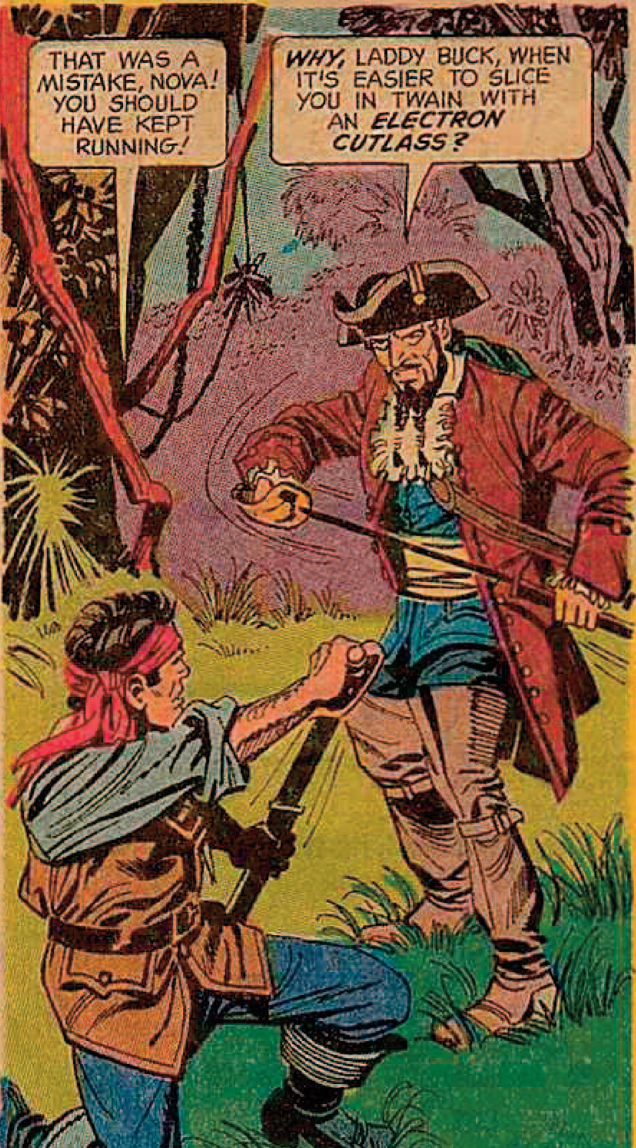

THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW! THE *ONLY* THING THAT MATTERS IS THE *TREASURE*--AND WE'RE *NOT* GONNA FIND IT STANDIN' HERE *JAWING!*
GO AHEAD, JIM--*GIVE* HIM OUR HALF BEFORE HE BLOWS A *GASKET!*

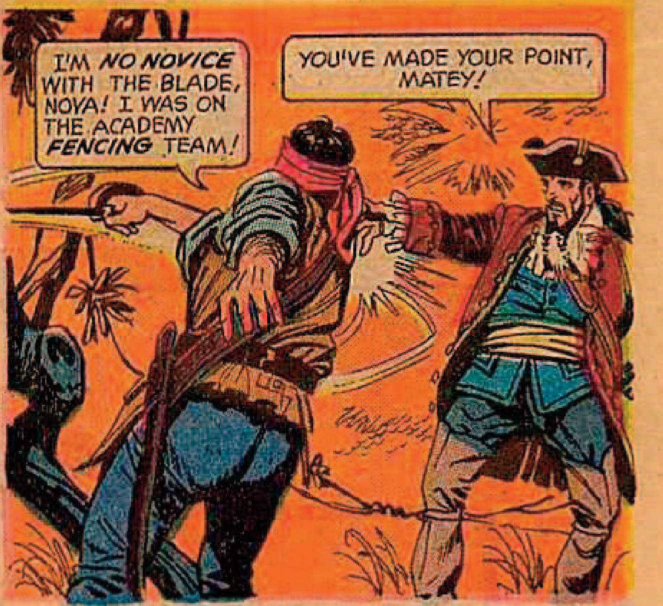

THERE SHE BE--TWO MILES NORTH OF OUR CURRENT POSITION! GRAB THE SHOVELS, ME HEARTIES--WE'VE GOT US A LOT OF DIGGIN' TO DO!
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, BONES! LET'S GET MOVING!
SWIFTLY, THE DESPERATE BAND RACES THROUGH THE FOLIAGE UNTIL FINALLY...
THERE'S THE SPOT, BUCKOS--AT THE FOOT OF THAT BANYAN DIG, MATEYS--HARD AND FAST!
MUSCLES STRAINING, THE PIRATE CREW BENDS TO ITS TASK, SENDING MOUNDS OF DIRT CASCADING INTO THE AIR--UNTIL AT LAST...
CAPTAIN NOVA, WE'VE HIT ROCK BOTTOM! THERE'S NOTHING THERE, SIR--THERE ISN'T ANY TREASURE!
IT'S YOUR FAULT--YOU DID THIS TO ME! SOMEHOW YOU GOT TO THE TREASURE FIRST!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! WE'VE BEEN WITH YOU ALL THE TIME! HOW COULD WE HAVE DONE ANYTHING?
I DON'T KNOW HOW YE DID IT--AND I DON'T CARE! THE MAP IS USELESS TO ME NOW--AND SO ARE YOU! IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!

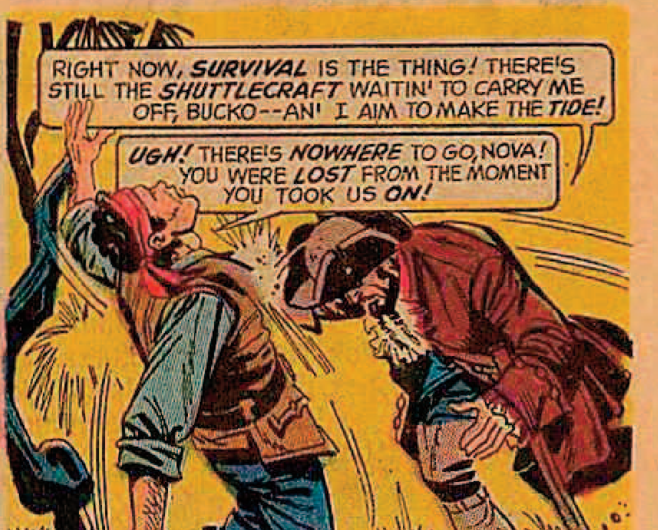

I THINK *NOT*, CAPTAIN NOVA-- THE TIME FOR KILLING IS *DONE!*
WHA...?
YOU? BUT THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*-- YOU'RE *DEAD!*
AN OBVIOUS *MISCONCEPTION* CONSIDERING THE EVIDENCE! NOW IF YOU WOULD PLEASE DROP YOUR *WEAPONS...?*
SPOCK! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE *GLAD* TO SEE *YOU!*
THEN YE CAN *HAVE* HIM! *I'M* GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
OOFF!
NOVA, *SURRENDER* YOURSELF-- BEFORE YOU FORCE ME TO *SHOOT!*
HOLD YOUR FIRE, SPOCK-- HE'S *MINE!* THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I *OWE* HIM!
MR. SPOCK--CONTACT *THE ENTERPRISE!* I WANT THE WINDJAMMER *CAPTURED* BEFORE IT REALIZES WHAT'S *HAPPENED!*
AFFIRMATIVE, CAPTAIN--WE'LL BE *WAITING!*

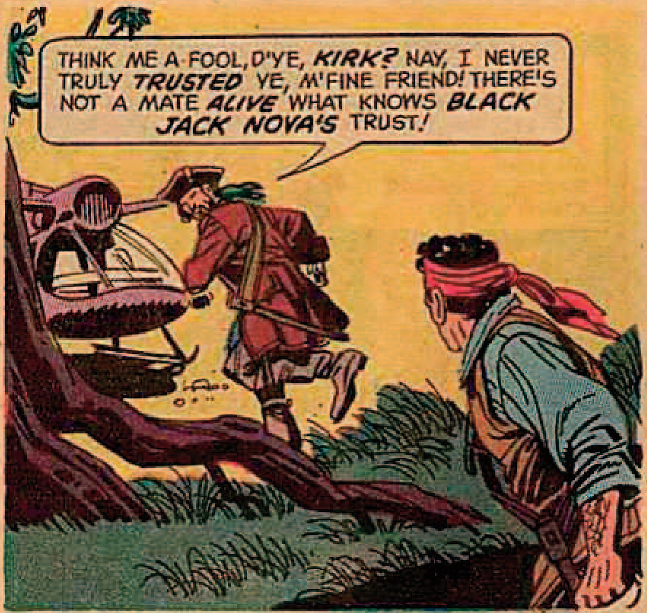

THE JUNGLE'S EMERALD FOLDS ENVELOPE JAMES KIRK AS HE PURSUES HIS ELUSIVE QUARRY...
NOVA'S GONE! BUT WHERE? HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET FAR!

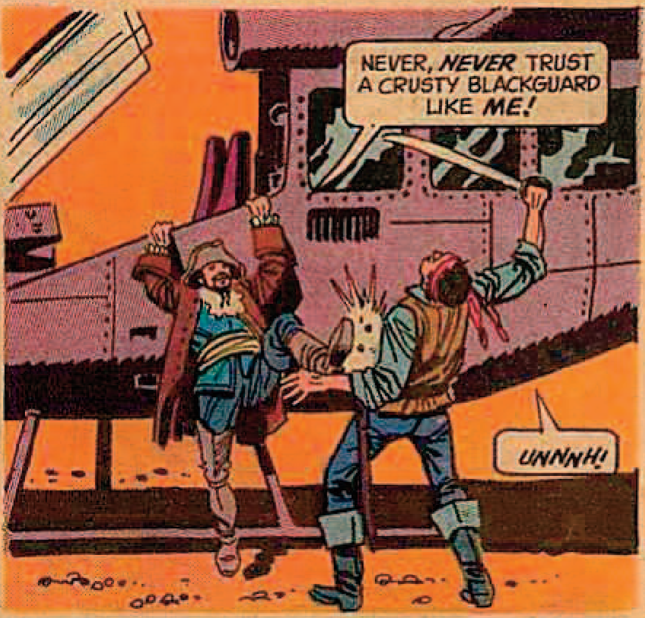

I'M RIGHT ABOVE YE, ME BUCKO! OL' BLACK JACK IS A MAN WHAT ALWAYS PAYS HIS DEBTS!

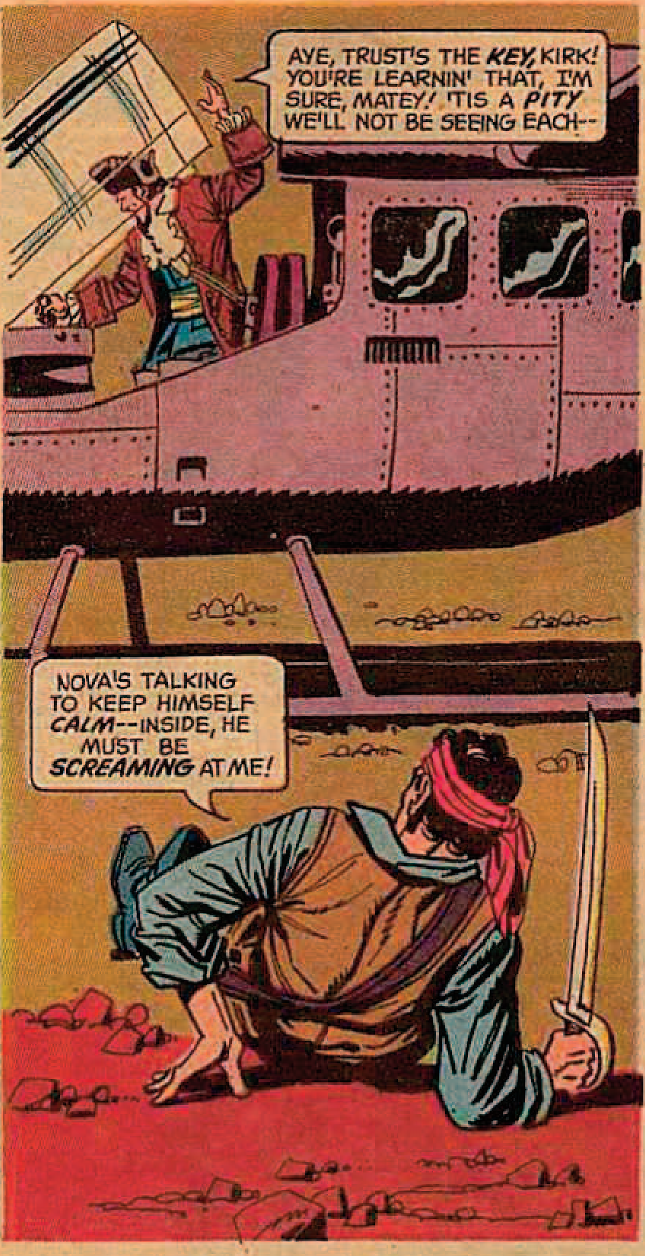

THAT WAS A MISTAKE, NOVA! YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT RUNNING!
WHY, LADDY BUCK, WHEN IT'S EASIER TO SLICE YOU IN TWAIN WITH AN ELECTRON CUTLASS?

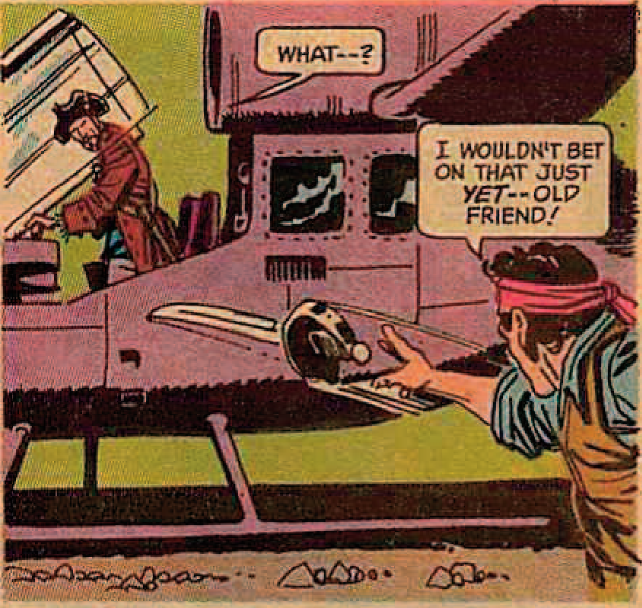

I'M NO NOVICE WITH THE BLADE, NOVA! I WAS ON THE ACADEMY FENCING TEAM!
YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, MATEY!

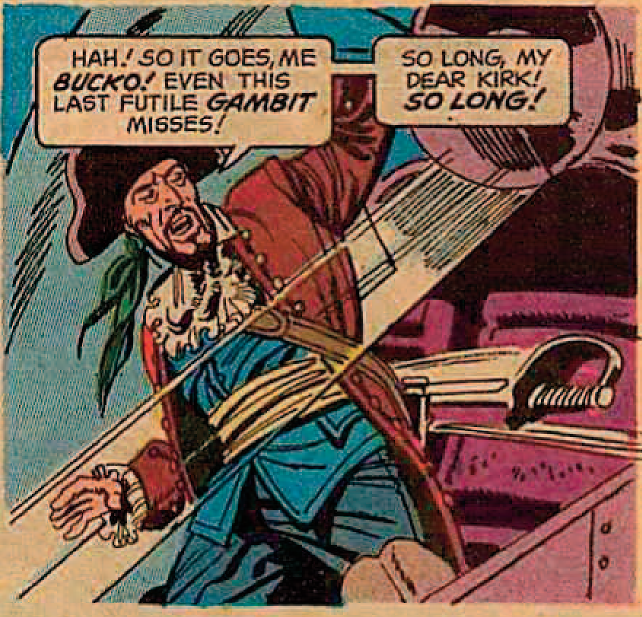

RIGHT NOW, SURVIVAL IS THE THING! THERE'S STILL THE SHUTTLECRAFT WAITIN' TO CARRY ME OFF, BUCKO--AN' I AIM TO MAKE THE TIDE!
UGH! THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO, NOVA! YOU WERE LOST FROM THE MOMENT YOU TOOK US ON!

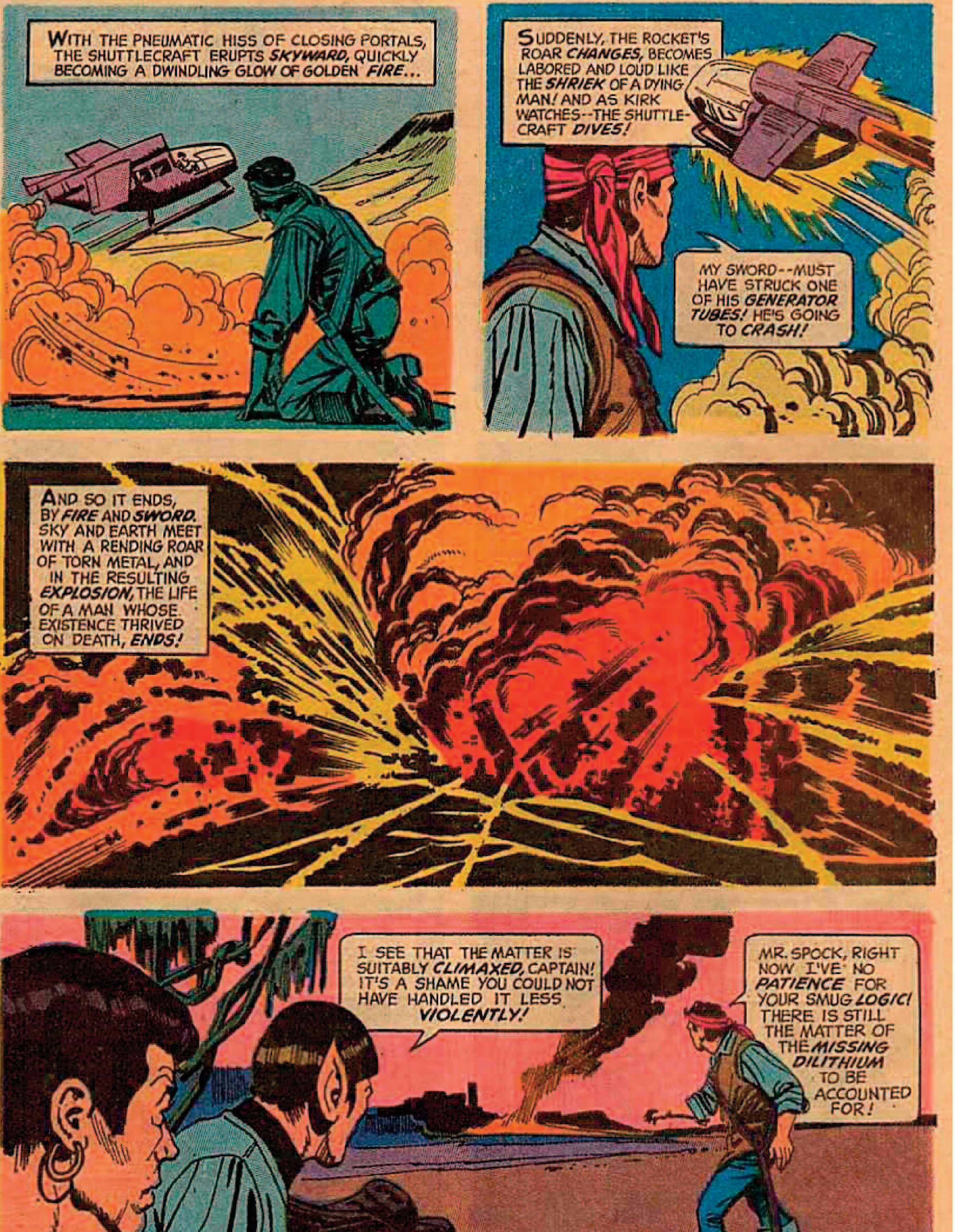

THINK ME A FOOL, D'YE, KIRK? NAY, I NEVER TRULY TRUSTED YE, M'FINE FRIEND! THERE'S NOT A MATE ALIVE WHAT KNOWS BLACK JACK NOVA'S TRUST!

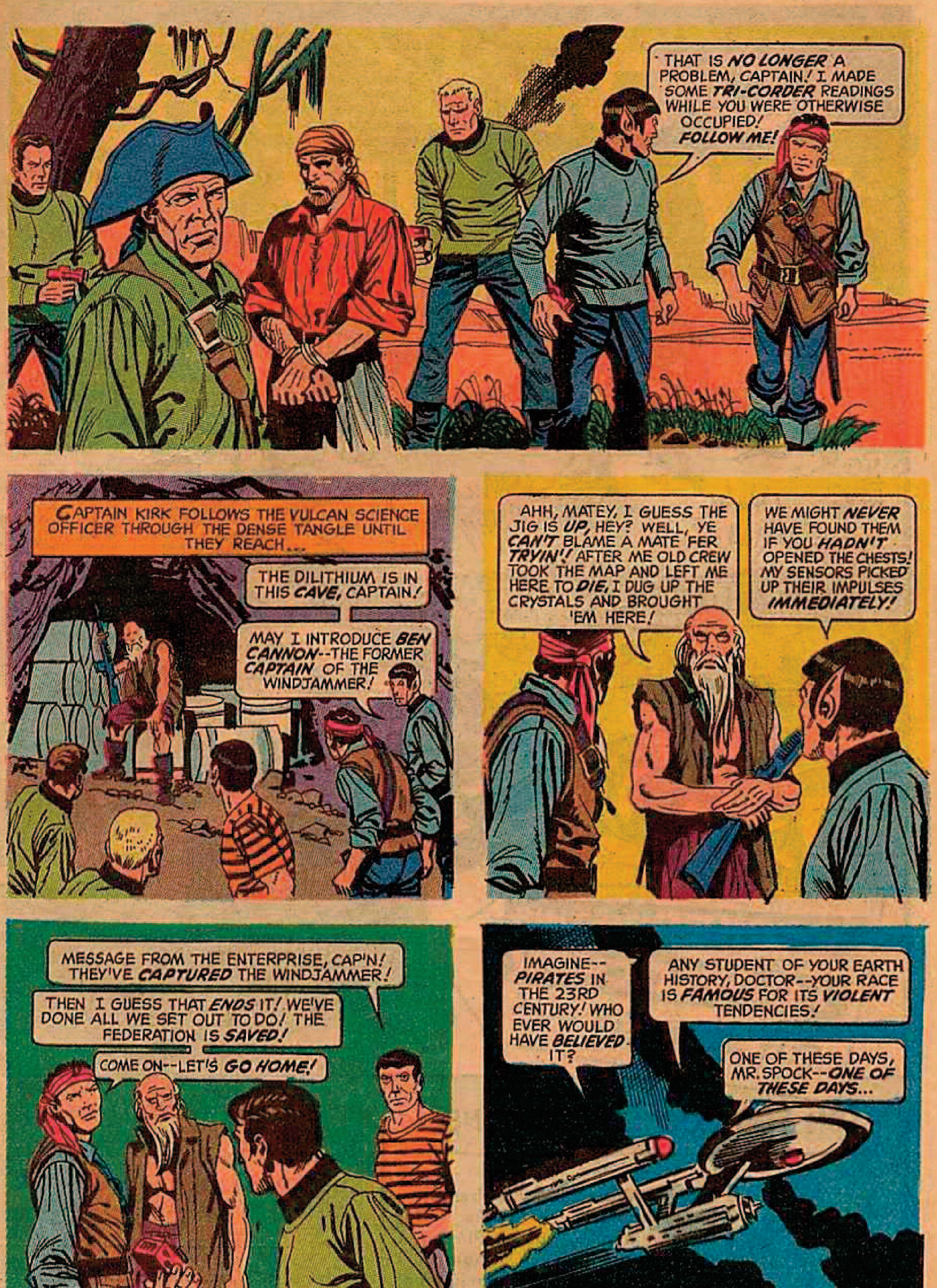

NEVER, NEVER TRUST A CRUSTY BLACKGUARD LIKE ME!
UNNNH!


AYE, TRUST'S THE KEY, KIRK! YOU'RE LEARNIN' THAT, I'M SURE, MATEY! 'TIS A PITY WE'LL NOT BE SEEING EACH--
NOVA'S TALKING TO KEEP HIMSELF CALM--INSIDE, HE MUST BE SCREAMING AT ME!


WHAT--?
I WOULDN'T BET ON THAT JUST YET--OLD FRIEND!


HAH! SO IT GOES, ME BUCKO! EVEN THIS LAST FUTILE GAMBIT MISSES!
SO LONG, MY DEAR KIRK! SO LONG!


WITH THE PNEUMATIC HISS OF CLOSING PORTALS, THE SHUTTLECRAFT ERUPTS **SKYWARD,** QUICKLY BECOMING A DWINDLING GLOW OF GOLDEN **FIRE...**
SUDDENLY, THE ROCKET'S ROAR **CHANGES,** BECOMES LABORED AND LOUD LIKE THE **SHRIEK** OF A DYING MAN! AND AS KIRK WATCHES--THE SHUTTLECRAFT **DIVES!**
MY SWORD--MUST HAVE STRUCK ONE OF HIS **GENERATOR TUBES!** HE'S GOING TO **CRASH!**
AND SO IT ENDS, BY **FIRE** AND **SWORD.** SKY AND EARTH MEET WITH A RENDING ROAR OF TORN METAL, AND IN THE RESULTING **EXPLOSION,** THE LIFE OF A MAN WHOSE EXISTENCE THRIVED ON DEATH, **ENDS!**
I SEE THAT THE MATTER IS SUITABLY **CLIMAXED,** CAPTAIN! IT'S A SHAME YOU COULD NOT HAVE HANDLED IT LESS **VIOLENTLY!**
MR. SPOCK, RIGHT NOW I'VE NO **PATIENCE** FOR YOUR SMUG **LOGIC!** THERE IS STILL THE MATTER OF THE **MISSING DILITHIUM** TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR!

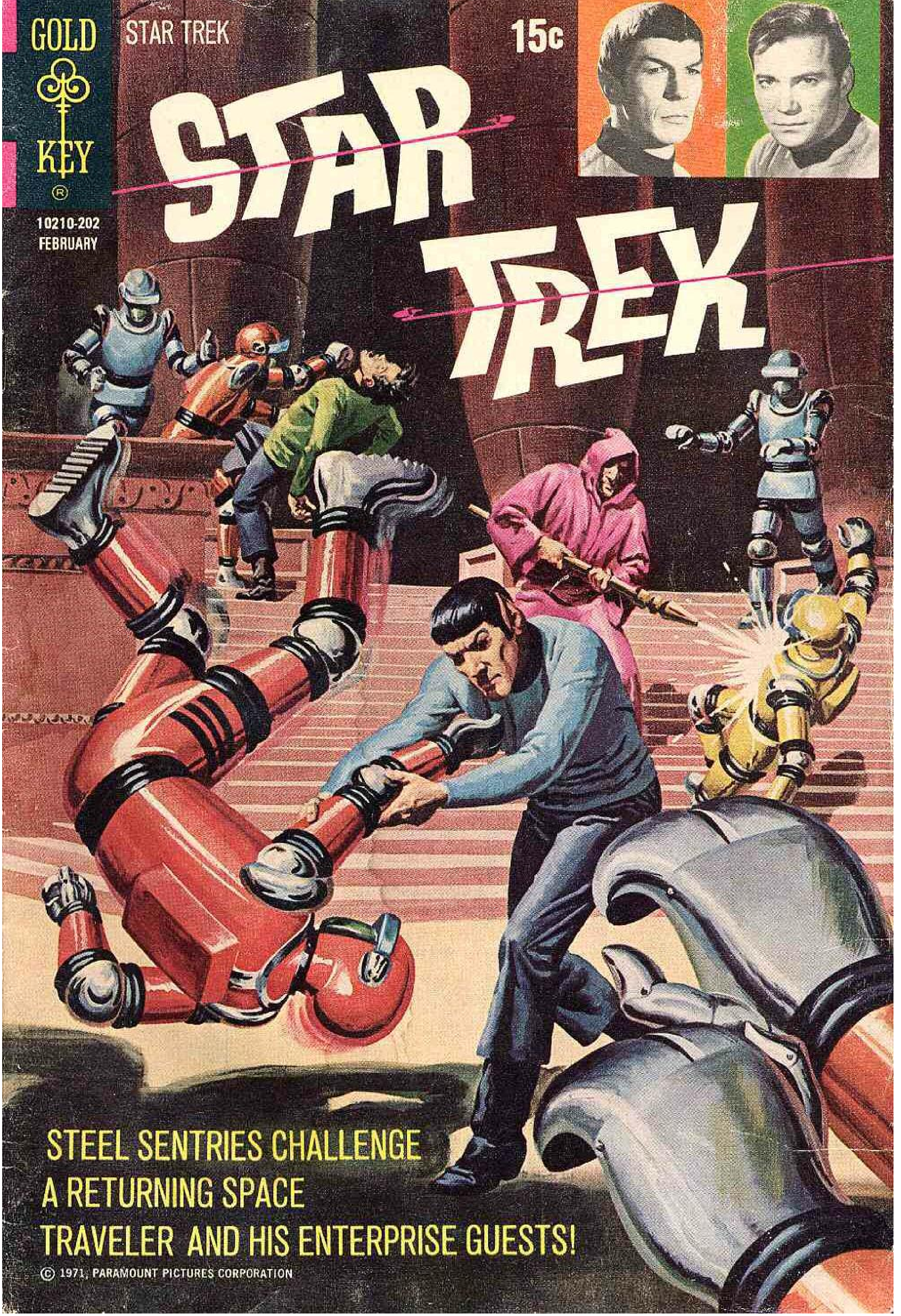

THAT IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM, CAPTAIN! I MADE SOME TRI-CORDER READINGS WHILE YOU WERE OTHERWISE OCCUPIED! FOLLOW ME!
CAPTAIN KIRK FOLLOWS THE VULCAN SCIENCE OFFICER THROUGH THE DENSE TANGLE UNTIL THEY REACH...
THE DILITHIUM IS IN THIS CAVE, CAPTAIN!
MAY I INTRODUCE BEN CANNON--THE FORMER CAPTAIN OF THE WINDJAMMER!
AHH, MATEY, I GUESS THE JIG IS UP, HEY? WELL, YE CAN'T BLAME A MATE FER TRYIN'! AFTER ME OLD CREW TOOK THE MAP AND LEFT ME HERE TO DIE, I DUG UP THE CRYSTALS AND BROUGHT 'EM HERE!
WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE FOUND THEM IF YOU HADN'T OPENED THE CHESTS! MY SENSORS PICKED UP THEIR IMPULSES IMMEDIATELY!
MESSAGE FROM THE ENTERPRISE, CAP'N! THEY'VE CAPTURED THE WINDJAMMER!
THEN I GUESS THAT ENDS IT! WE'VE DONE ALL WE SET OUT TO DO! THE FEDERATION IS SAVED!
COME ON--LET'S GO HOME!
IMAGINE--PIRATES IN THE 23RD CENTURY! WHO EVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?
ANY STUDENT OF YOUR EARTH HISTORY, DOCTOR--YOUR RACE IS FAMOUS FOR ITS VIOLENT TENDENCIES!
ONE OF THESE DAYS, MR. SPOCK--ONE OF THESE DAYS...
THE END

GOLD KEY ®

STAR TREK

15c

10210-202
FEBRUARY



STAR TREK

STEEL SENTRIES CHALLENGE
A RETURNING SPACE
TRAVELER AND HIS ENTERPRISE GUESTS!

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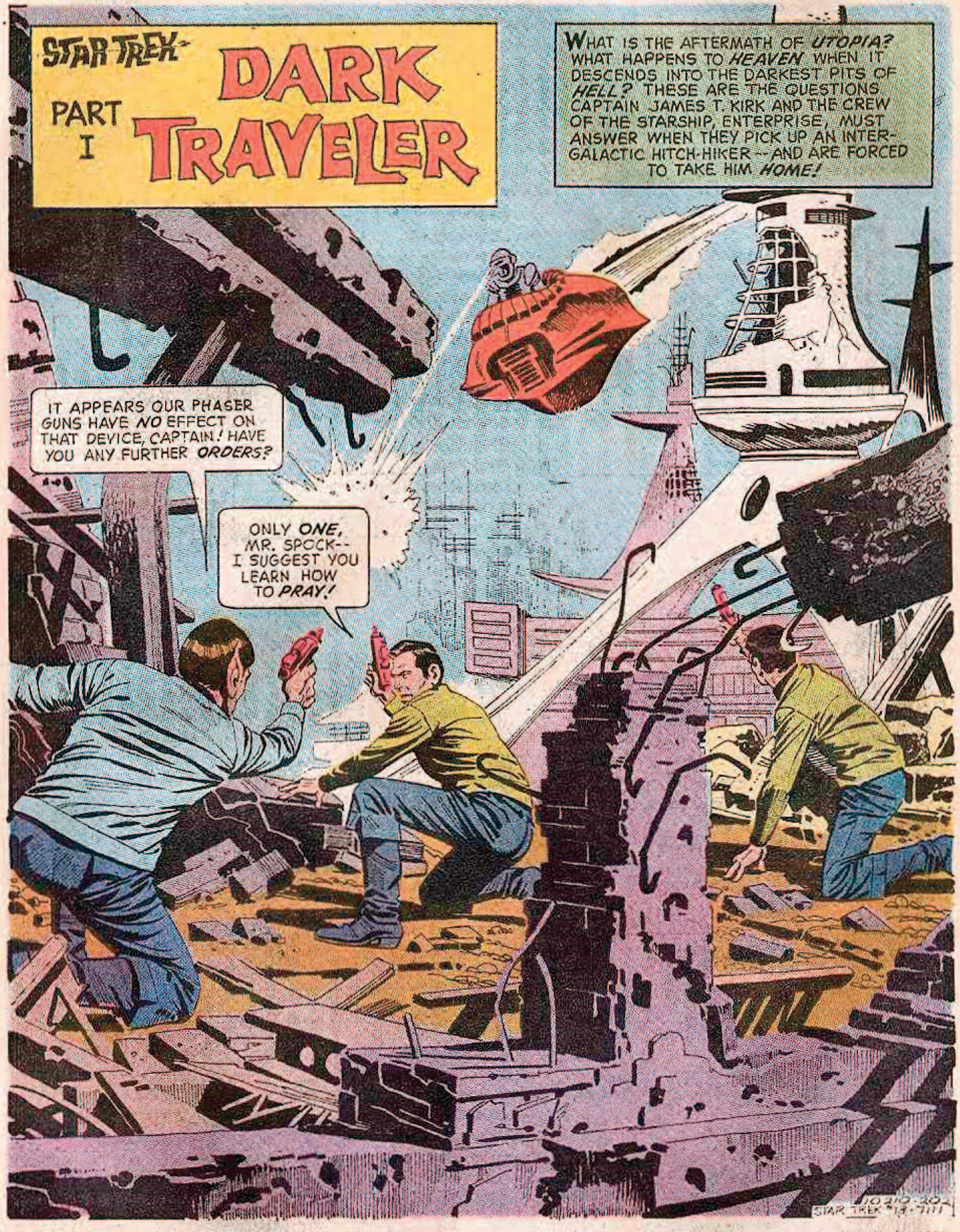
STAR TREK
DARK TRAVELER
PART I
WHAT IS THE AFTERMATH OF *UTOPIA?* WHAT HAPPENS TO *HEAVEN* WHEN IT DESCENDS INTO THE DARKEST PITS OF *HELL?* THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK AND THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP, ENTERPRISE, MUST ANSWER WHEN THEY PICK UP AN INTER-GALACTIC HITCH-HIKER -- AND ARE FORCED TO TAKE HIM *HOME!*
IT APPEARS OUR PHASER GUNS HAVE *NO* EFFECT ON THAT DEVICE, CAPTAIN! HAVE YOU ANY FURTHER *ORDERS?*
ONLY *ONE*, MR. SPOCK-- I SUGGEST YOU LEARN HOW TO *PRAY!*
10210-202
STAR TREK #13-7111

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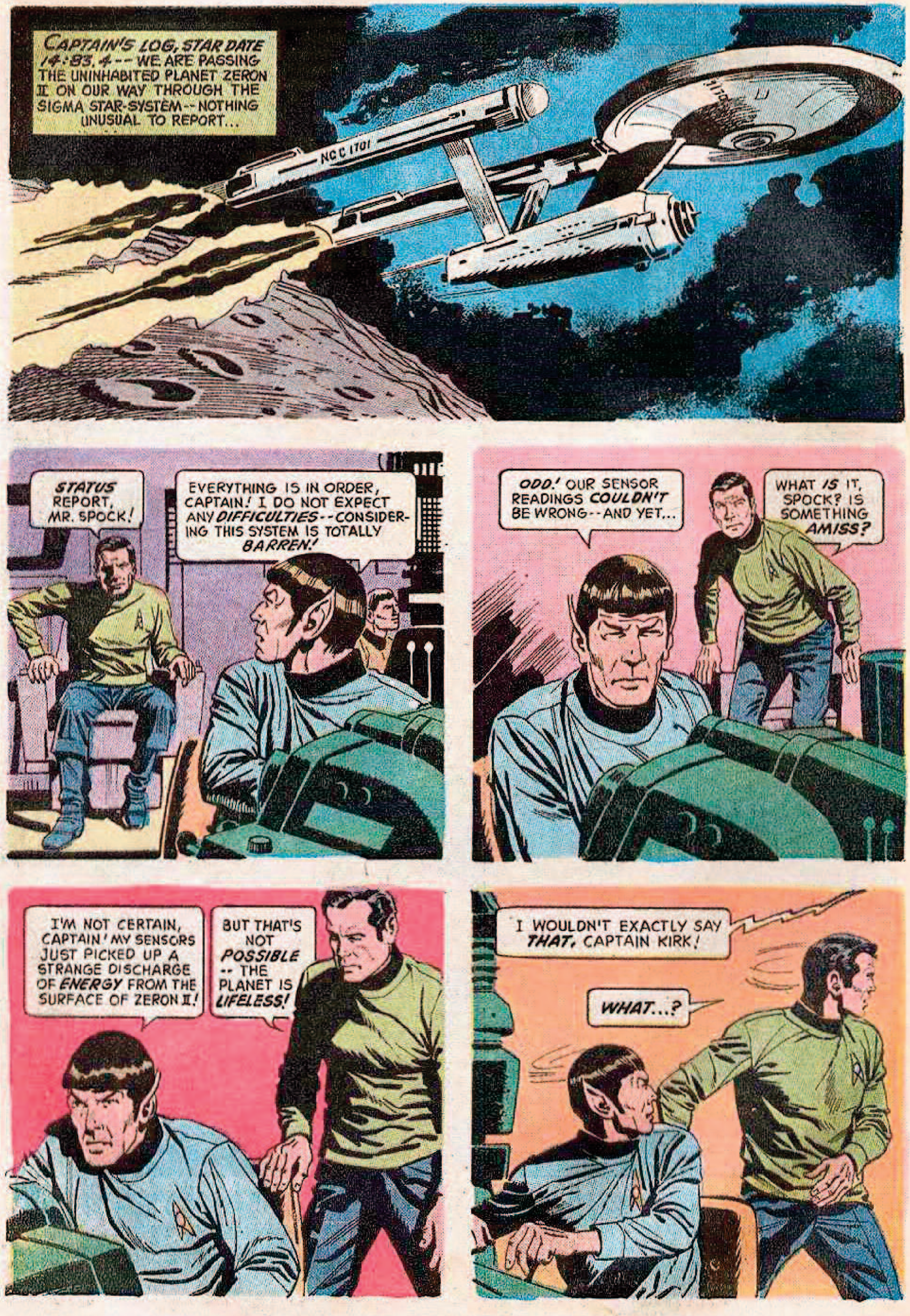
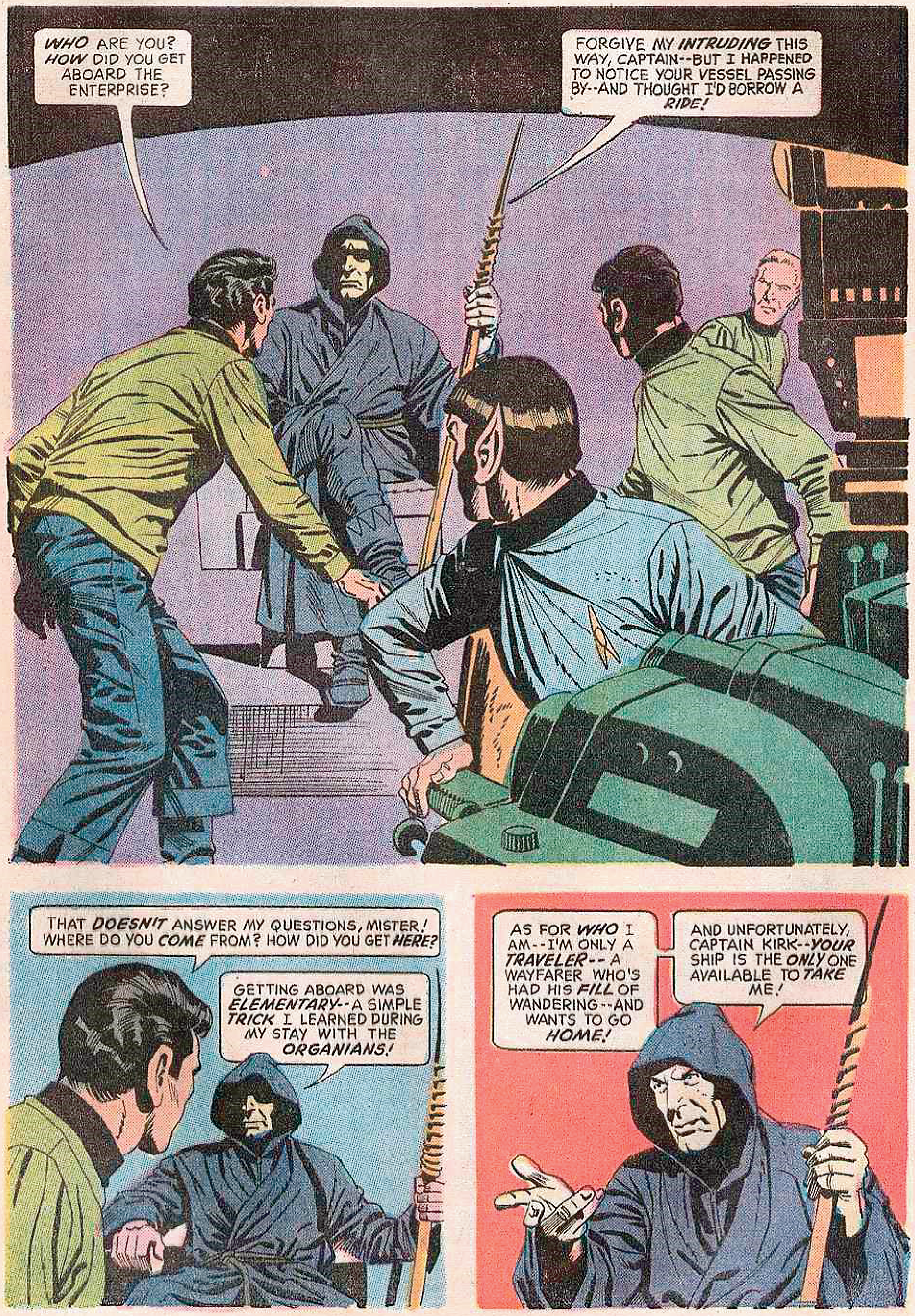
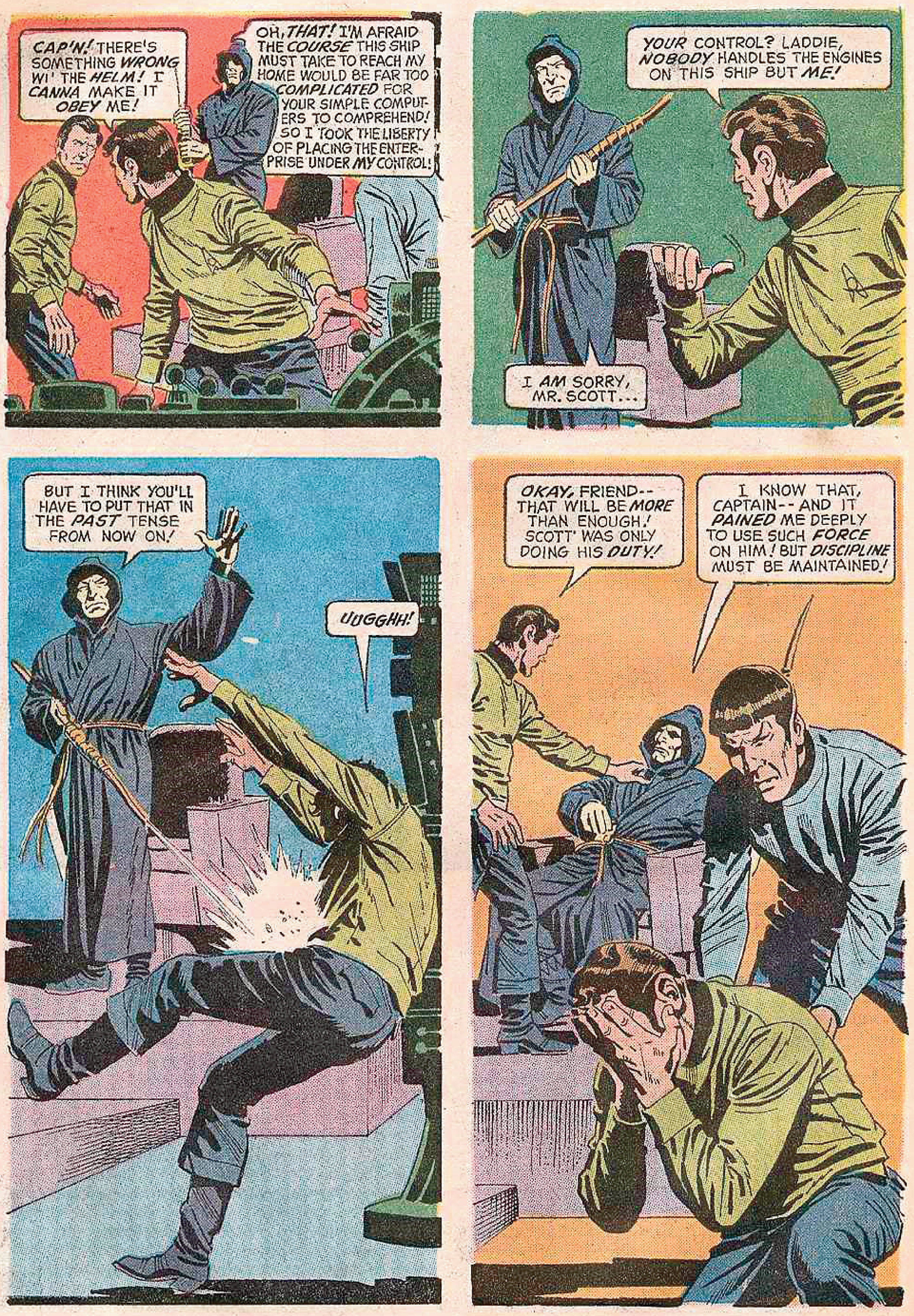
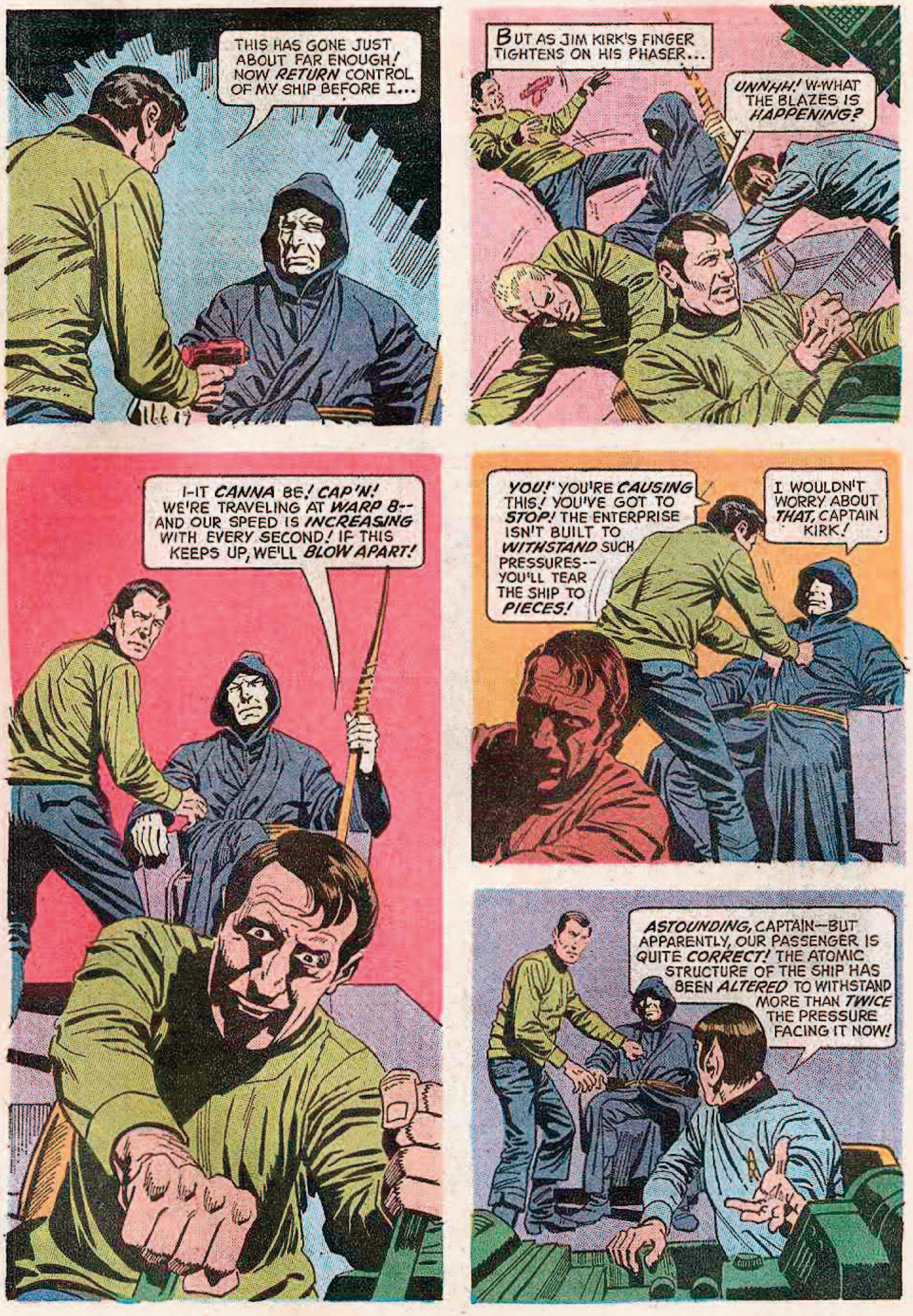
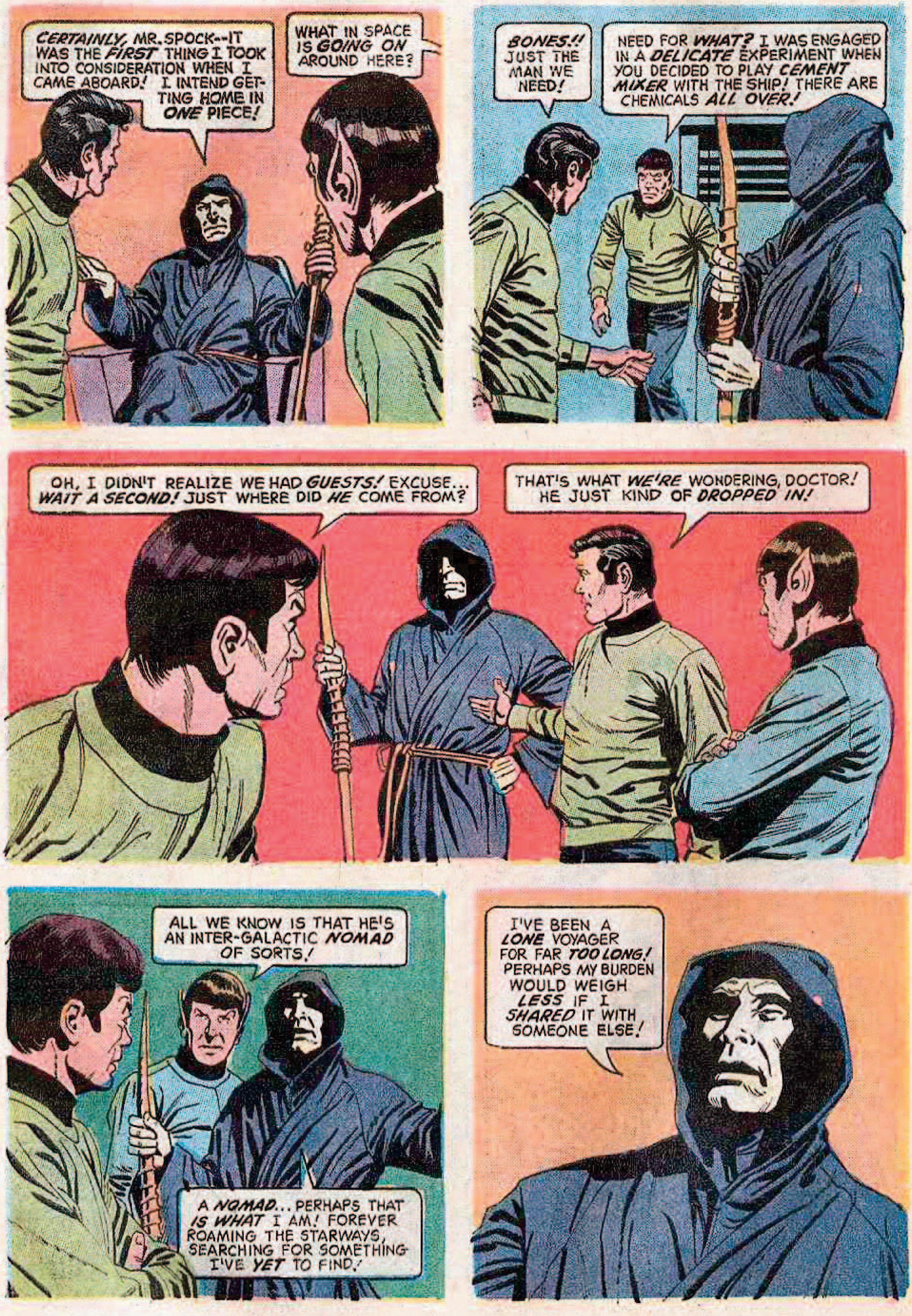
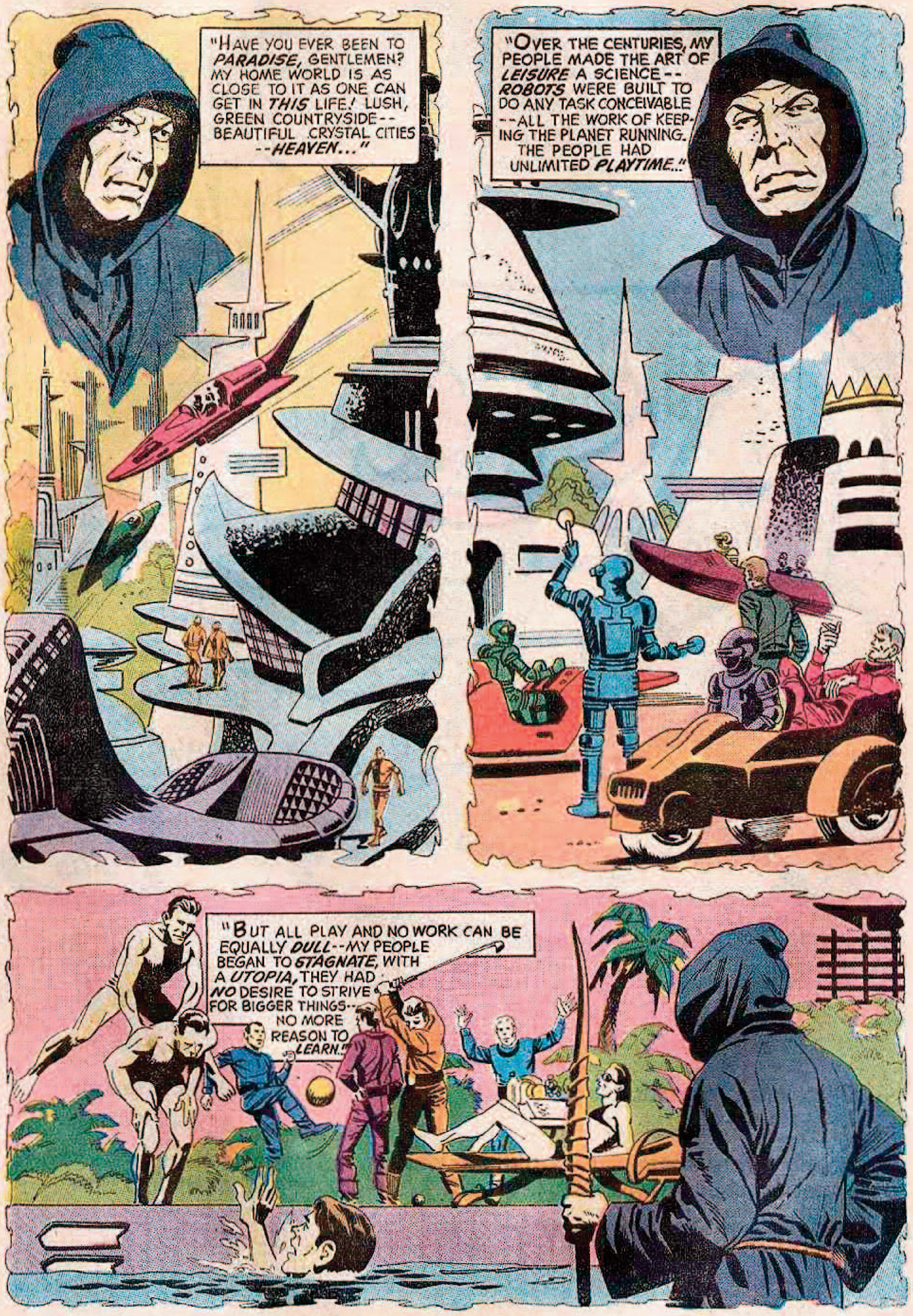

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 14:83.4 -- WE ARE PASSING THE UNINHABITED PLANET ZERON II ON OUR WAY THROUGH THE SIGMA STAR-SYSTEM -- NOTHING UNUSUAL TO REPORT...
NCC 1701
STATUS REPORT, MR. SPOCK!
EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER, CAPTAIN! I DO NOT EXPECT ANY DIFFICULTIES -- CONSIDERING THIS SYSTEM IS TOTALLY BARREN!
ODD! OUR SENSOR READINGS COULDN'T BE WRONG -- AND YET...
WHAT IS IT, SPOCK? IS SOMETHING AMISS?
I'M NOT CERTAIN, CAPTAIN! MY SENSORS JUST PICKED UP A STRANGE DISCHARGE OF ENERGY FROM THE SURFACE OF ZERON II!
BUT THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE -- THE PLANET IS LIFELESS!
I WOULDN'T EXACTLY SAY THAT, CAPTAIN KIRK!
WHAT...?

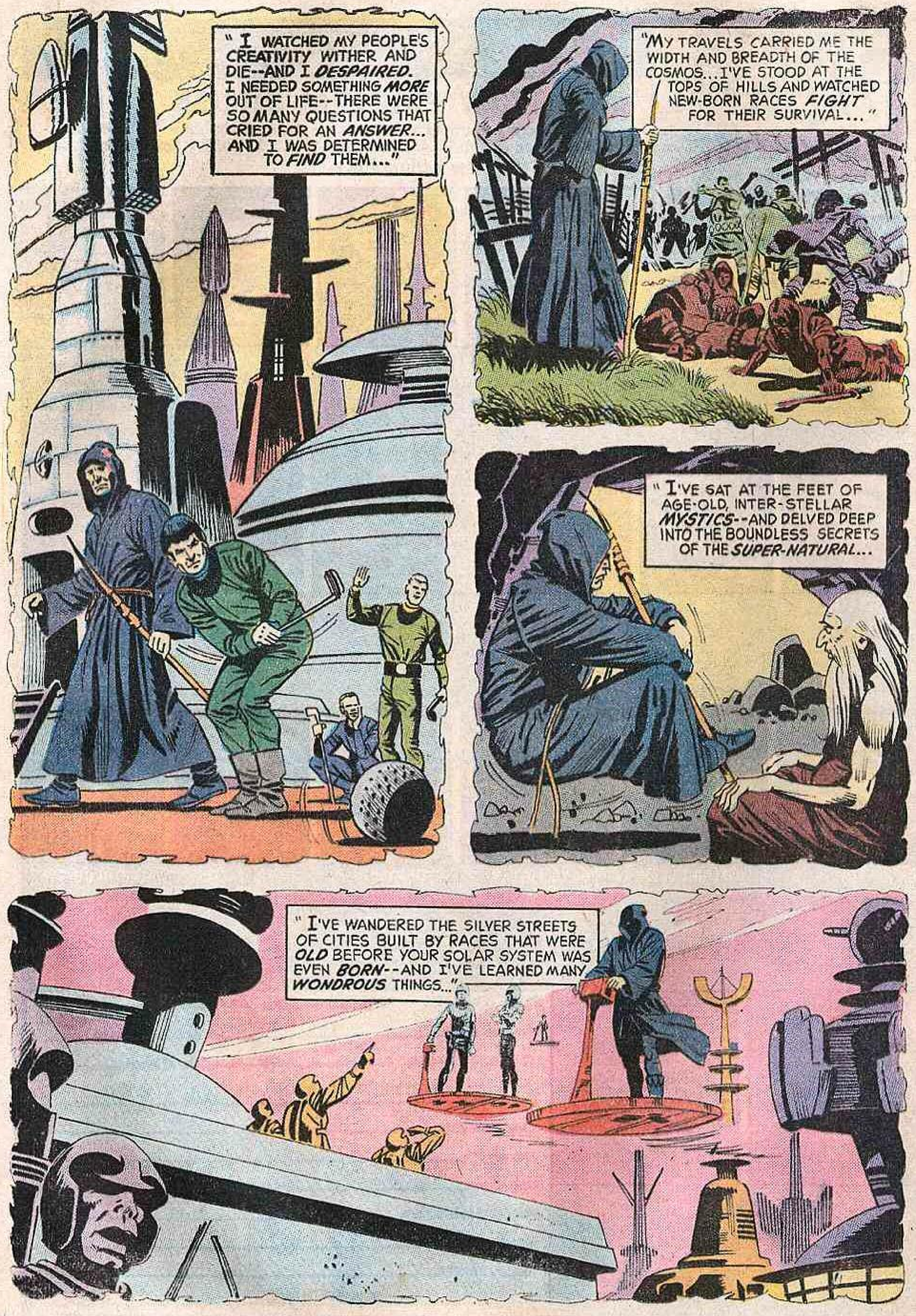

WHO ARE YOU? *HOW* DID YOU GET ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE?
FORGIVE MY *INTRUDING* THIS WAY, CAPTAIN--BUT I HAPPENED TO NOTICE YOUR VESSEL PASSING BY--AND THOUGHT I'D BORROW A *RIDE!*
THAT *DOESN'T* ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, MISTER! WHERE DO YOU *COME* FROM? HOW DID YOU GET *HERE?*
GETTING ABOARD WAS *ELEMENTARY*--A SIMPLE *TRICK* I LEARNED DURING MY STAY WITH THE *ORGANIANS!*
AS FOR *WHO* I AM--I'M ONLY A *TRAVELER*--A WAYFARER WHO'S HAD HIS *FILL* OF WANDERING--AND WANTS TO GO *HOME!*
AND UNFORTUNATELY, CAPTAIN KIRK--*YOUR* SHIP IS THE *ONLY* ONE AVAILABLE TO *TAKE* ME!

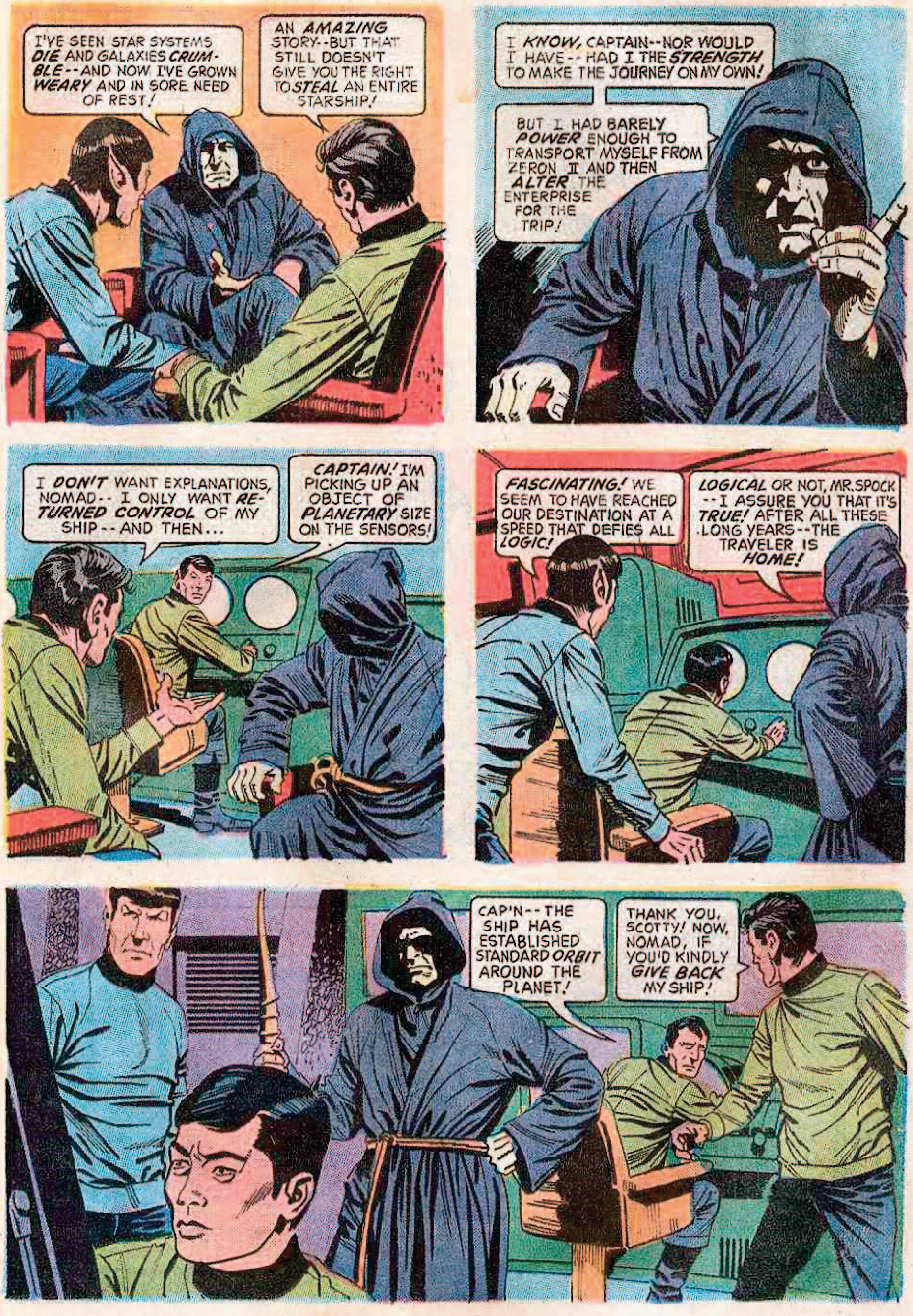

CAP'N! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WI' THE HELM! I CANNA MAKE IT OBEY ME!
OH, THAT! I'M AFRAID THE COURSE THIS SHIP MUST TAKE TO REACH MY HOME WOULD BE FAR TOO COMPLICATED FOR YOUR SIMPLE COMPUTERS TO COMPREHEND! SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF PLACING THE ENTERPRISE UNDER MY CONTROL!
YOUR CONTROL? LADDIE, NOBODY HANDLES THE ENGINES ON THIS SHIP BUT ME!
I AM SORRY, MR. SCOTT...
BUT I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT THAT IN THE PAST TENSE FROM NOW ON!
UUGGHH!
OKAY, FRIEND-- THAT WILL BE MORE THAN ENOUGH! SCOTT WAS ONLY DOING HIS DUTY!
I KNOW THAT, CAPTAIN-- AND IT PAINED ME DEEPLY TO USE SUCH FORCE ON HIM! BUT DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED!

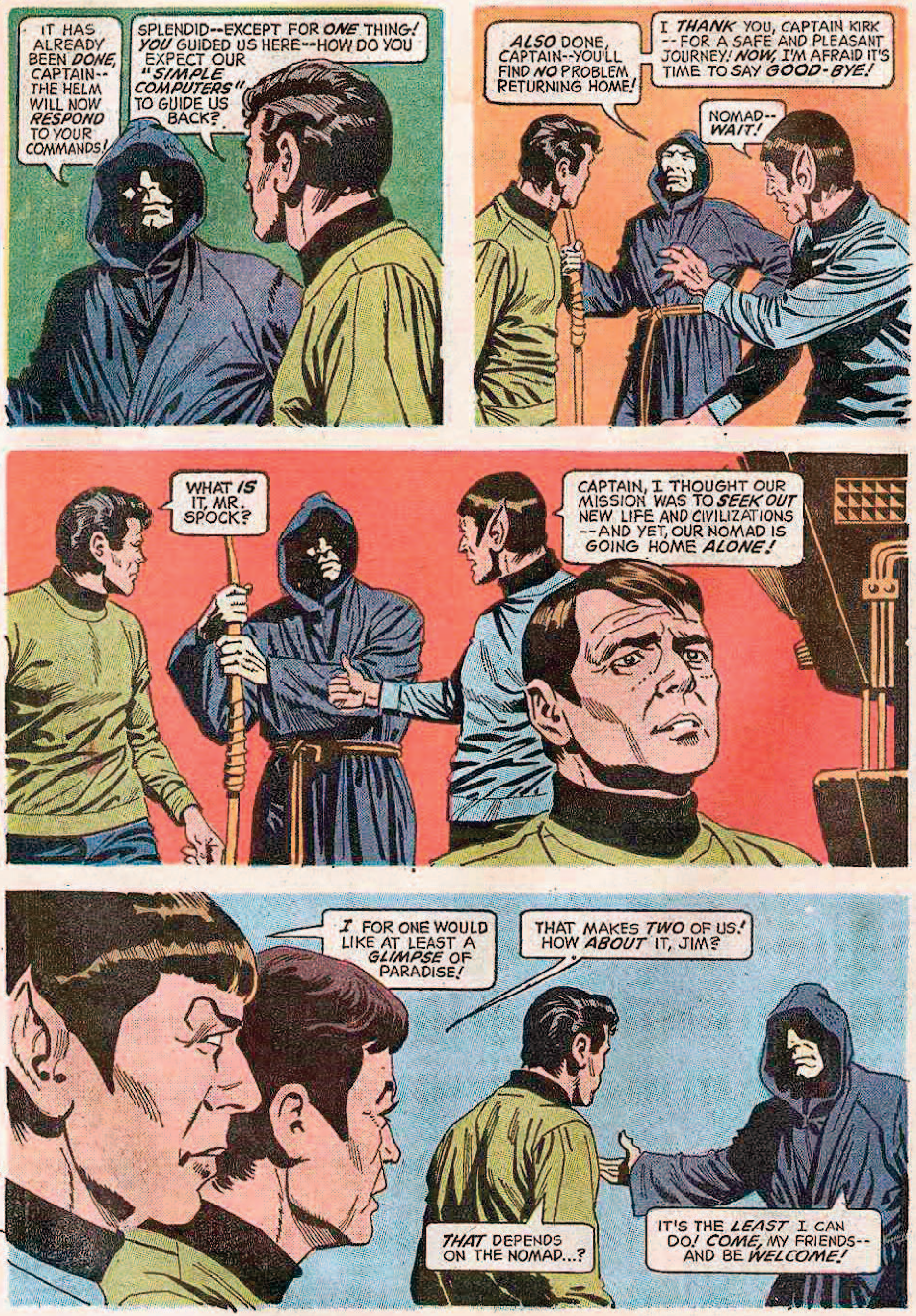

THIS HAS GONE JUST ABOUT FAR ENOUGH! NOW RETURN CONTROL OF MY SHIP BEFORE I...
BUT AS JIM KIRK'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON HIS PHASER...
UNNHH! W-WHAT THE BLAZES IS HAPPENING?
I-IT CANNA BE! CAP'N! WE'RE TRAVELING AT WARP 8-- AND OUR SPEED IS INCREASING WITH EVERY SECOND! IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL BLOW APART!
YOU! YOU'RE CAUSING THIS! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP! THE ENTERPRISE ISN'T BUILT TO WITHSTAND SUCH PRESSURES-- YOU'LL TEAR THE SHIP TO PIECES!
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, CAPTAIN KIRK!
ASTOUNDING, CAPTAIN--BUT APPARENTLY, OUR PASSENGER IS QUITE CORRECT! THE ATOMIC STRUCTURE OF THE SHIP HAS BEEN ALTERED TO WITHSTAND MORE THAN TWICE THE PRESSURE FACING IT NOW!

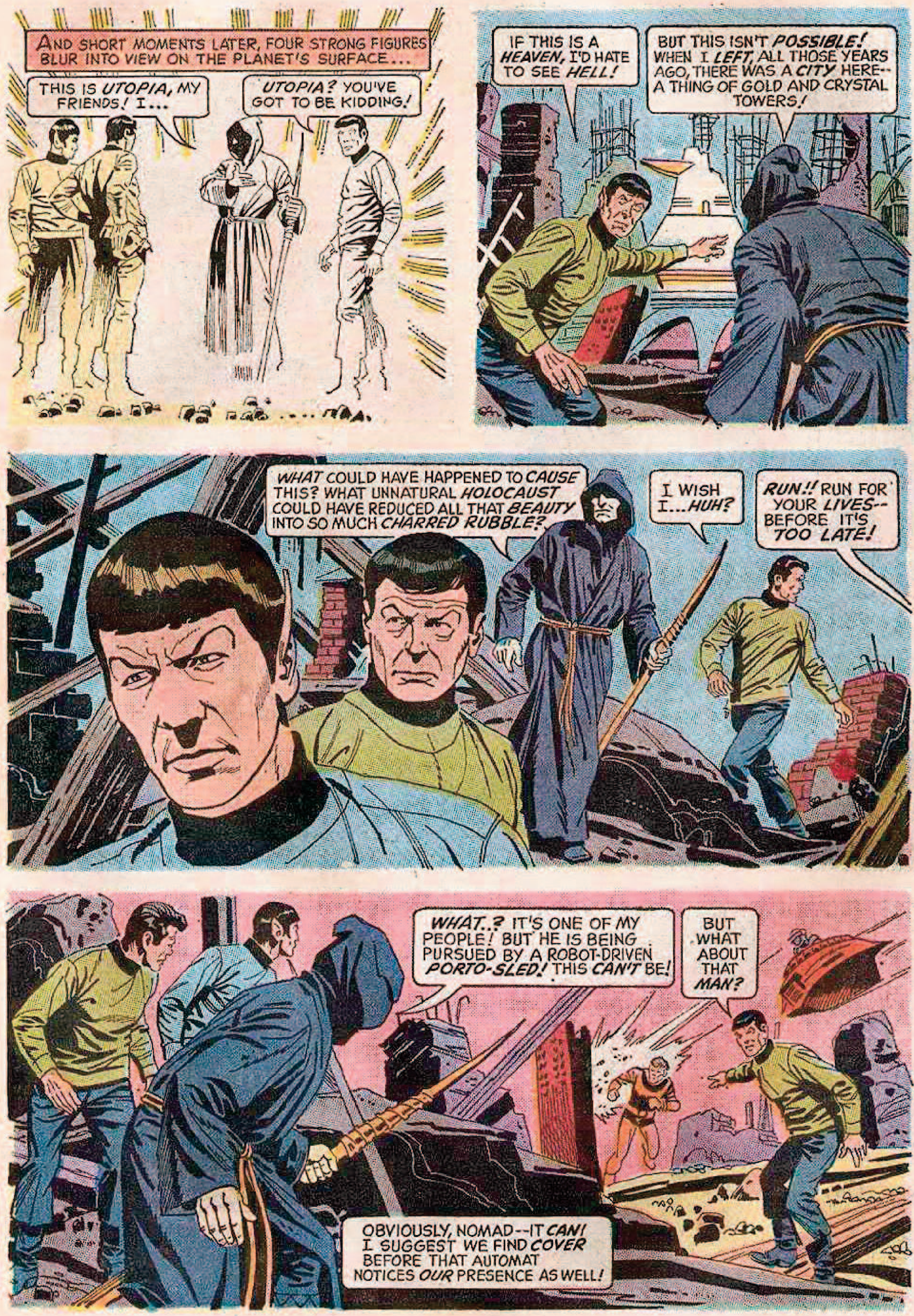

CERTAINLY, MR. SPOCK--IT WAS THE FIRST THING I TOOK INTO CONSIDERATION WHEN I CAME ABOARD! I INTEND GETTING HOME IN ONE PIECE!
WHAT IN SPACE IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?
BONES!! JUST THE MAN WE NEED!
NEED FOR WHAT? I WAS ENGAGED IN A DELICATE EXPERIMENT WHEN YOU DECIDED TO PLAY CEMENT MIXER WITH THE SHIP! THERE ARE CHEMICALS ALL OVER!
OH, I DIDN'T REALIZE WE HAD GUESTS! EXCUSE... WAIT A SECOND! JUST WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE WONDERING, DOCTOR! HE JUST KIND OF DROPPED IN!
ALL WE KNOW IS THAT HE'S AN INTER-GALACTIC NOMAD OF SORTS!
A NOMAD... PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT I AM! FOREVER ROAMING THE STARWAYS, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING I'VE YET TO FIND!
I'VE BEEN A LONE VOYAGER FOR FAR TOO LONG! PERHAPS MY BURDEN WOULD WEIGH LESS IF I SHARED IT WITH SOMEONE ELSE!

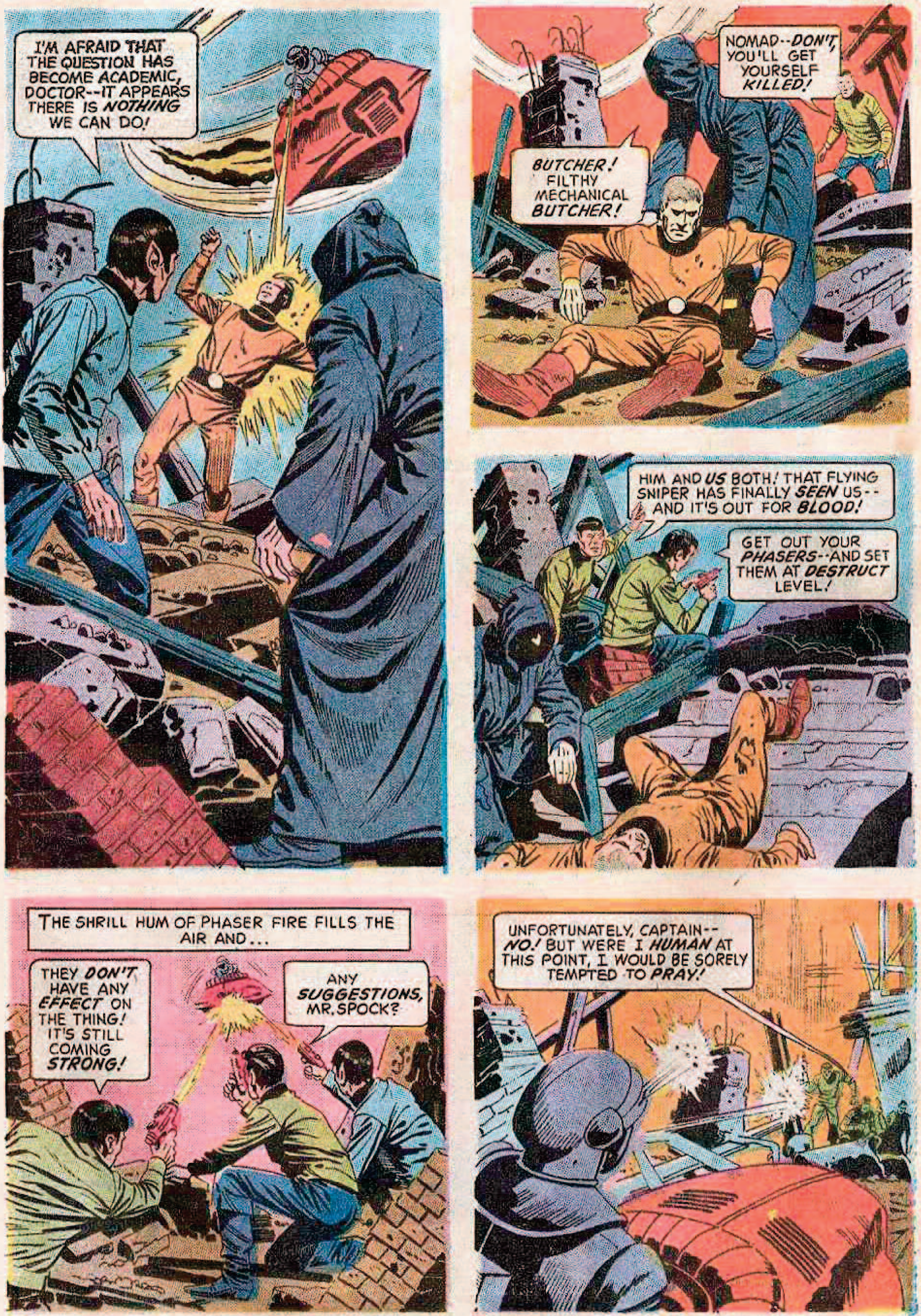

"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO PARADISE, GENTLEMEN? MY HOME WORLD IS AS CLOSE TO IT AS ONE CAN GET IN THIS LIFE! LUSH, GREEN COUNTRYSIDE-- BEAUTIFUL CRYSTAL CITIES --HEAVEN..."
"OVER THE CENTURIES, MY PEOPLE MADE THE ART OF LEISURE A SCIENCE-- ROBOTS WERE BUILT TO DO ANY TASK CONCEIVABLE --ALL THE WORK OF KEEPING THE PLANET RUNNING. THE PEOPLE HAD UNLIMITED PLAYTIME..."
"BUT ALL PLAY AND NO WORK CAN BE EQUALLY DULL--MY PEOPLE BEGAN TO STAGNATE, WITH A UTOPIA, THEY HAD NO DESIRE TO STRIVE FOR BIGGER THINGS-- NO MORE REASON TO LEARN."


"I WATCHED MY PEOPLE'S CREATIVITY WITHER AND DIE--AND I *DESPAIRED.* I NEEDED SOMETHING *MORE* OUT OF LIFE--THERE WERE SO MANY QUESTIONS THAT CRIED FOR AN *ANSWER*... AND I WAS DETERMINED TO *FIND* THEM..."
"MY TRAVELS CARRIED ME THE WIDTH AND BREADTH OF THE COSMOS... I'VE STOOD AT THE TOPS OF HILLS AND WATCHED NEW-BORN RACES *FIGHT* FOR THEIR SURVIVAL..."
"I'VE SAT AT THE FEET OF AGE-OLD, INTER-STELLAR *MYSTICS*--AND DELVED DEEP INTO THE BOUNDLESS SECRETS OF THE *SUPER-NATURAL*...
"I'VE WANDERED THE SILVER STREETS OF CITIES BUILT BY RACES THAT WERE *OLD* BEFORE YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM WAS EVEN *BORN*--AND I'VE LEARNED MANY *WONDROUS* THINGS..."

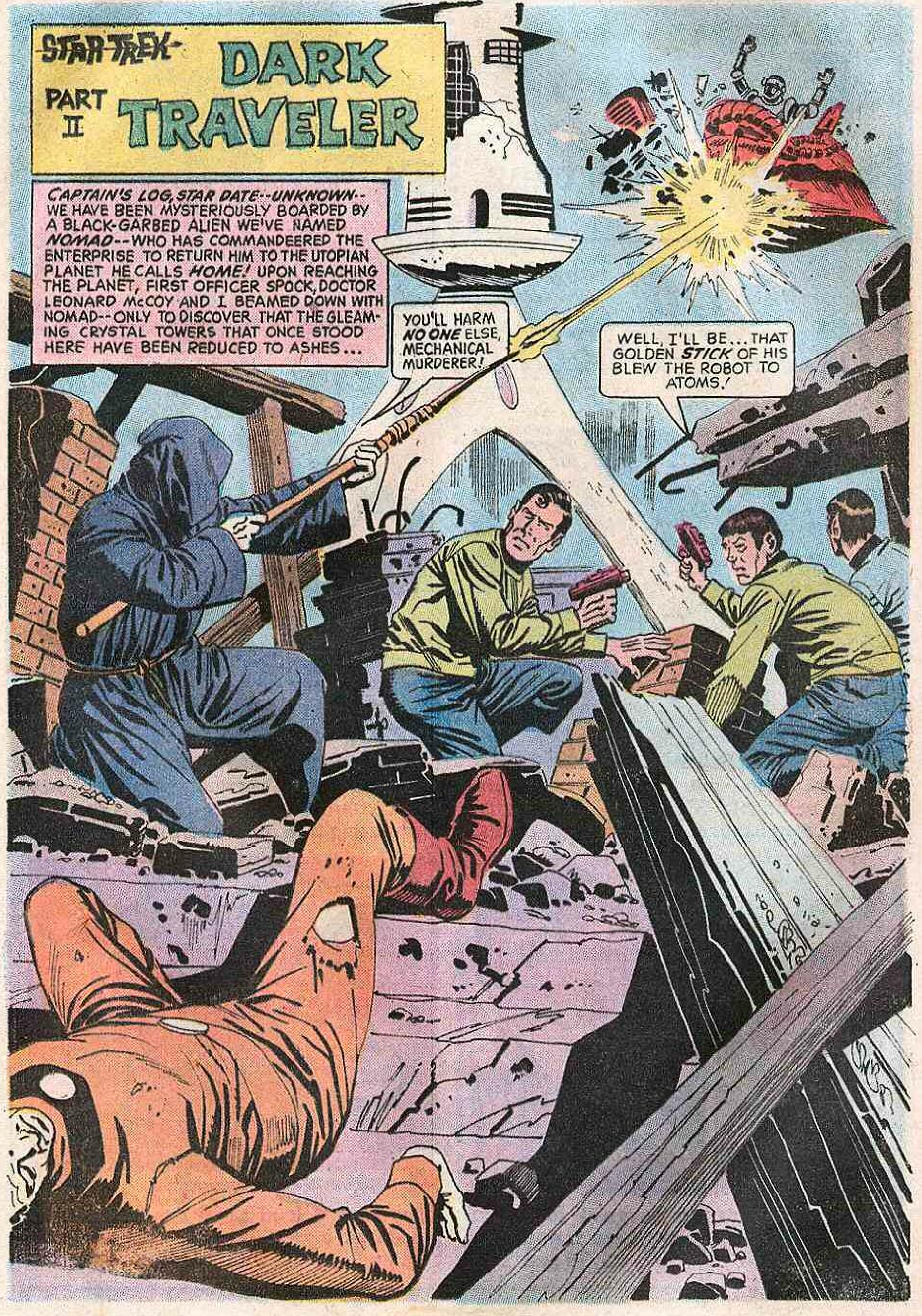

I'VE SEEN STAR SYSTEMS DIE AND GALAXIES CRUMBLE--AND NOW I'VE GROWN WEARY AND IN SORE NEED OF REST!
AN AMAZING STORY--BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO STEAL AN ENTIRE STARSHIP!
I KNOW, CAPTAIN--NOR WOULD I HAVE--HAD I THE STRENGTH TO MAKE THE JOURNEY ON MY OWN!
BUT I HAD BARELY POWER ENOUGH TO TRANSPORT MYSELF FROM ZERON II AND THEN ALTER THE ENTERPRISE FOR THE TRIP!
I DON'T WANT EXPLANATIONS, NOMAD--I ONLY WANT RETURNED CONTROL OF MY SHIP--AND THEN...
CAPTAIN! I'M PICKING UP AN OBJECT OF PLANETARY SIZE ON THE SENSORS!
FASCINATING! WE SEEM TO HAVE REACHED OUR DESTINATION AT A SPEED THAT DEFIES ALL LOGIC!
LOGICAL OR NOT, MR. SPOCK--I ASSURE YOU THAT IT'S TRUE! AFTER ALL THESE LONG YEARS--THE TRAVELER IS HOME!
CAP'N--THE SHIP HAS ESTABLISHED STANDARD ORBIT AROUND THE PLANET!
THANK YOU, SCOTTY! NOW, NOMAD, IF YOU'D KINDLY GIVE BACK MY SHIP!

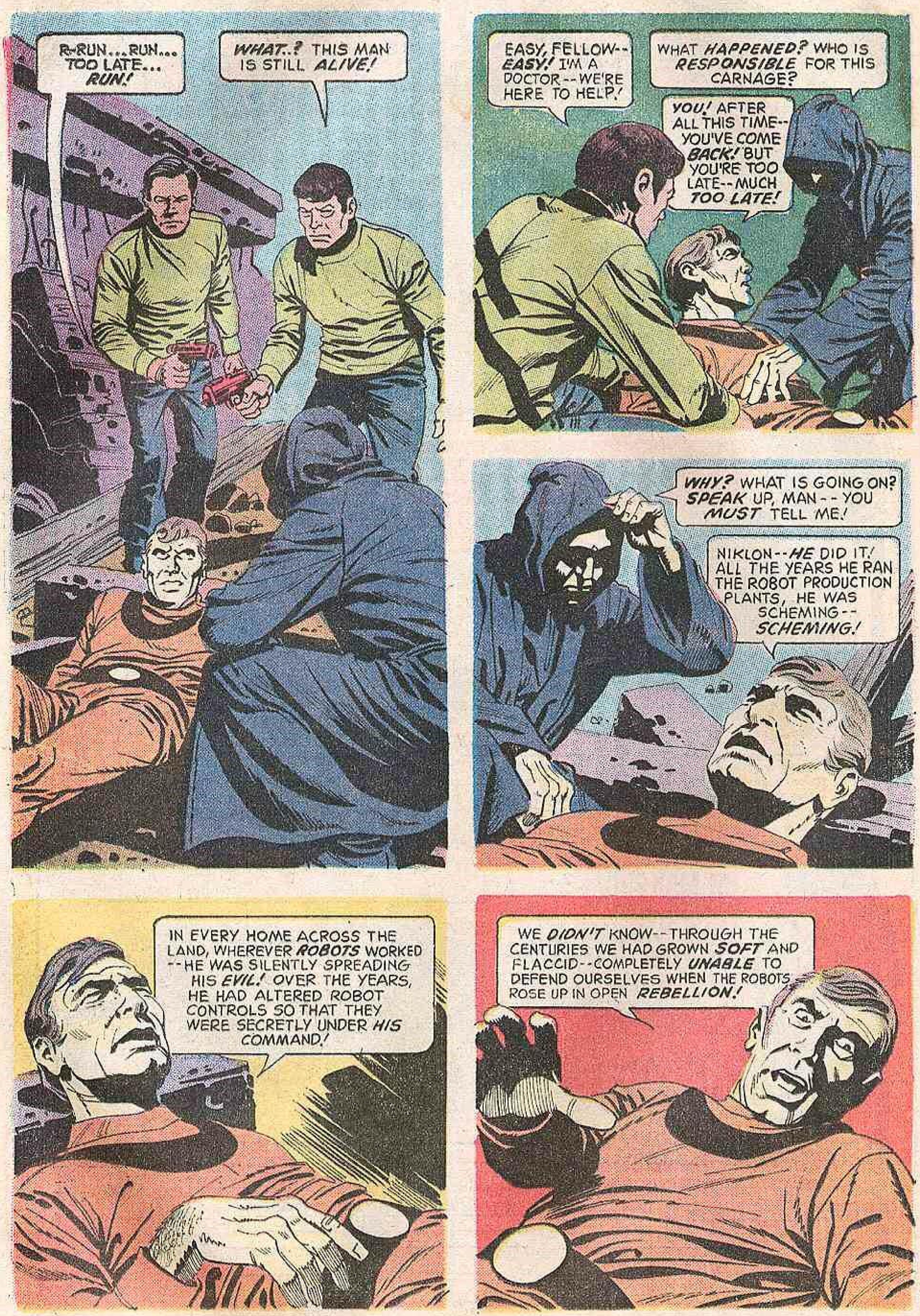

IT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, CAPTAIN-- THE HELM WILL NOW RESPOND TO YOUR COMMANDS!
SPLENDID--EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! YOU GUIDED US HERE--HOW DO YOU EXPECT OUR "SIMPLE COMPUTERS" TO GUIDE US BACK?
ALSO DONE, CAPTAIN--YOU'LL FIND NO PROBLEM RETURNING HOME!
I THANK YOU, CAPTAIN KIRK --FOR A SAFE AND PLEASANT JOURNEY! NOW, I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE!
NOMAD-- WAIT!
WHAT IS IT, MR. SPOCK?
CAPTAIN, I THOUGHT OUR MISSION WAS TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE AND CIVILIZATIONS --AND YET, OUR NOMAD IS GOING HOME ALONE!
I FOR ONE WOULD LIKE AT LEAST A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE!
THAT MAKES TWO OF US! HOW ABOUT IT, JIM?
THAT DEPENDS ON THE NOMAD...?
IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO! COME, MY FRIENDS-- AND BE WELCOME!

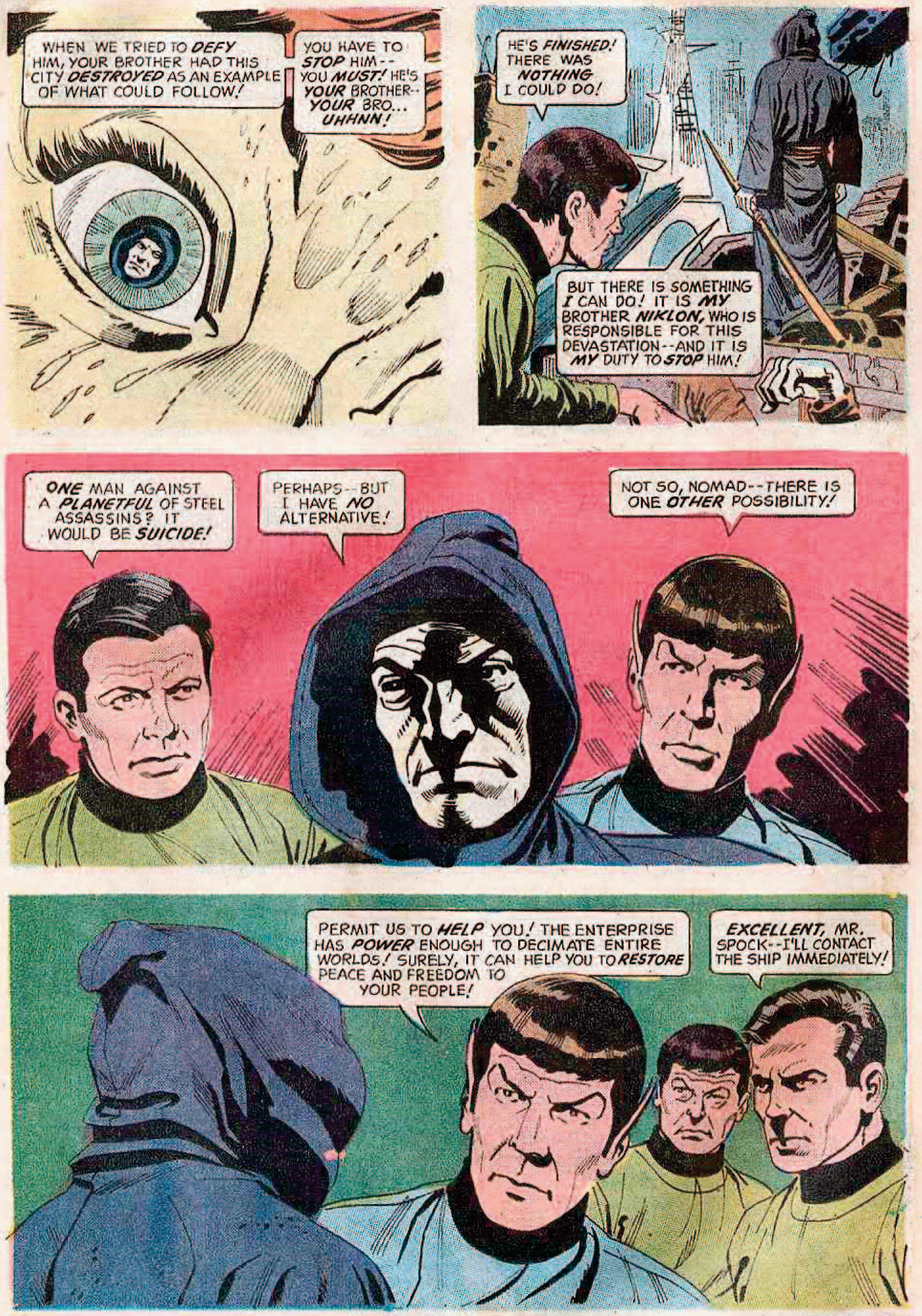

AND SHORT MOMENTS LATER, FOUR STRONG FIGURES BLUR INTO VIEW ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE...
THIS IS *UTOPIA*, MY FRIENDS! I...
UTOPIA? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!
IF THIS IS A *HEAVEN*, I'D HATE TO SEE *HELL!*
BUT THIS ISN'T *POSSIBLE!* WHEN I *LEFT*, ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, THERE WAS A *CITY* HERE-- A THING OF GOLD AND CRYSTAL TOWERS!
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO *CAUSE* THIS? WHAT UNNATURAL *HOLOCAUST* COULD HAVE REDUCED ALL THAT *BEAUTY* INTO SO MUCH *CHARRED RUBBLE?*
I WISH I...*HUH?*
RUN!! RUN FOR YOUR *LIVES*-- BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE!*
WHAT..? IT'S ONE OF MY PEOPLE! BUT HE IS BEING PURSUED BY A ROBOT-DRIVEN *PORTO-SLED!* THIS *CAN'T* BE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT *MAN?*
OBVIOUSLY, NOMAD--IT *CAN!* I SUGGEST WE FIND *COVER* BEFORE THAT AUTOMAT NOTICES *OUR* PRESENCE AS WELL!

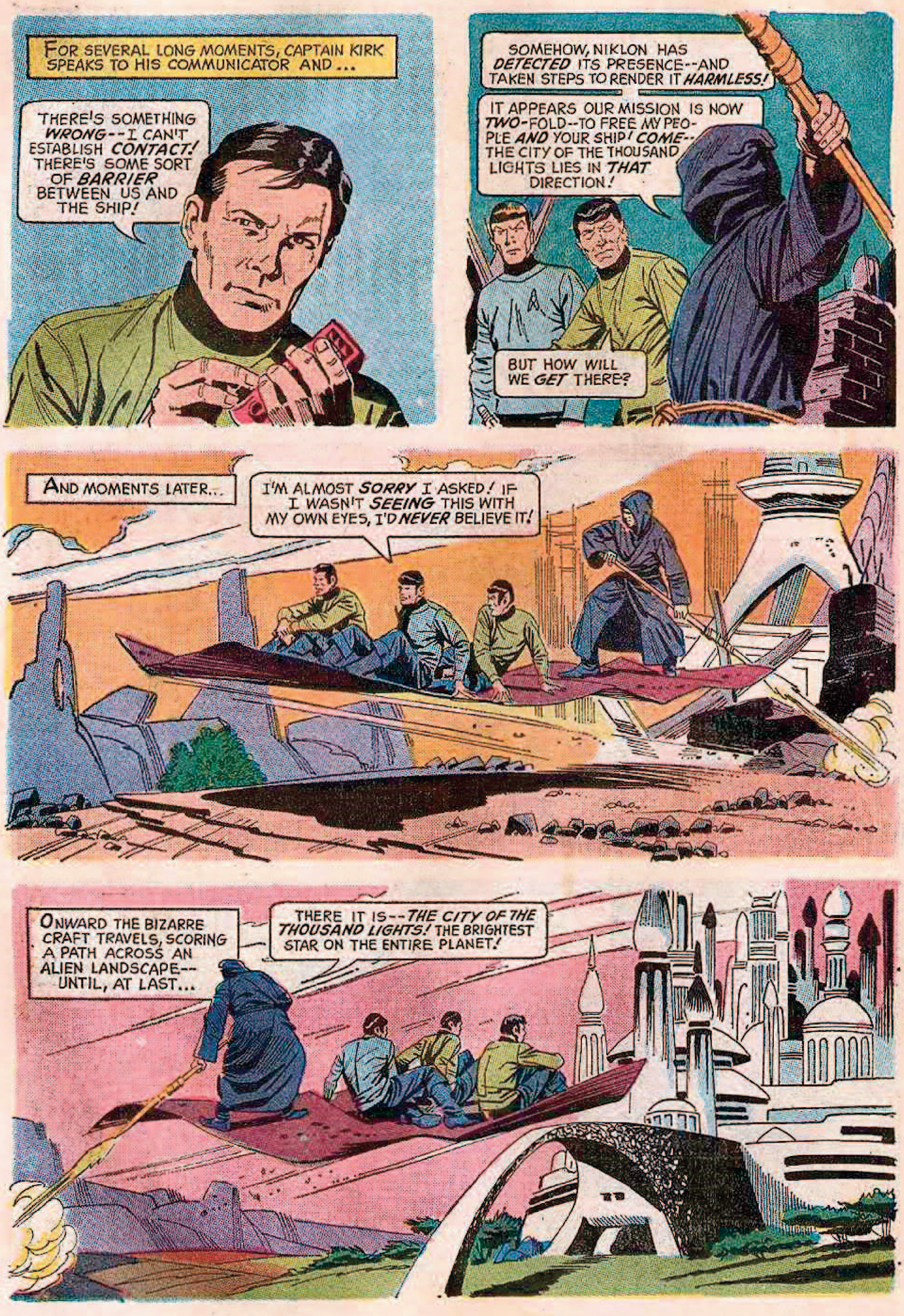

I'M AFRAID THAT THE QUESTION HAS BECOME ACADEMIC, DOCTOR--IT APPEARS THERE IS *NOTHING* WE CAN DO!
NOMAD--*DON'T*, YOU'LL GET YOURSELF *KILLED!*
BUTCHER! FILTHY MECHANICAL *BUTCHER!*
HIM AND *US* BOTH! THAT FLYING SNIPER HAS FINALLY *SEEN* US--AND IT'S OUT FOR *BLOOD!*
GET OUT YOUR *PHASERS*--AND SET THEM AT *DESTRUCT* LEVEL!
THE SHRILL HUM OF PHASER FIRE FILLS THE AIR AND...
THEY *DON'T* HAVE ANY *EFFECT* ON THE THING! IT'S STILL COMING *STRONG!*
ANY *SUGGESTIONS,* MR. SPOCK?
UNFORTUNATELY, CAPTAIN--*NO!* BUT WERE I *HUMAN* AT THIS POINT, I WOULD BE SORELY TEMPTED TO *PRAY!*

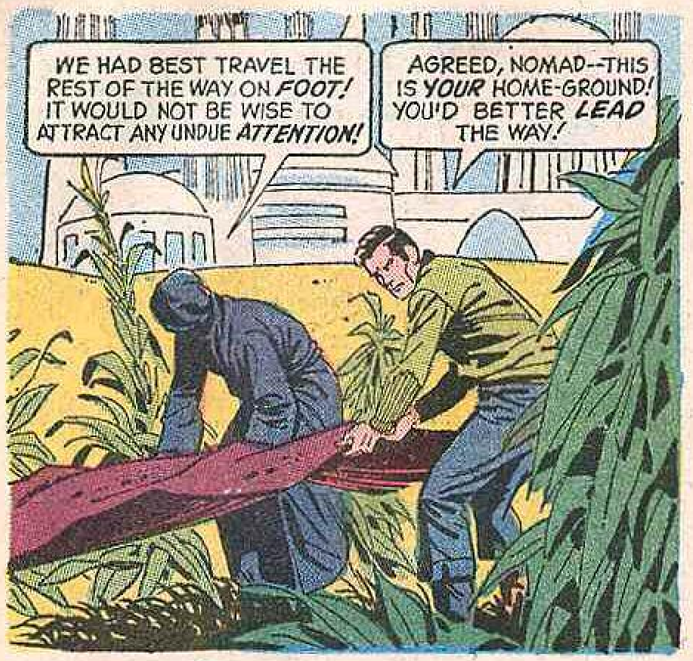
~~STAR TREK~~ DARK TRAVELER
PART II

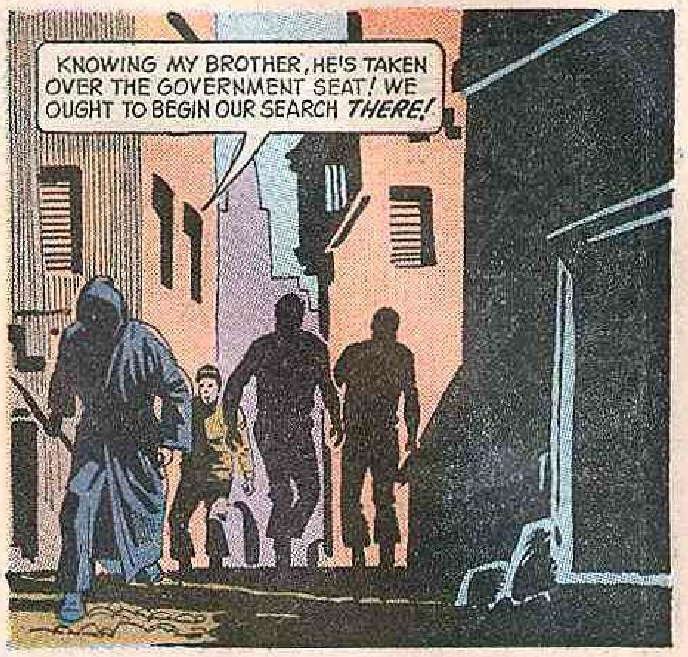

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE--UNKNOWN--
WE HAVE BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY BOARDED BY A BLACK-GARBED ALIEN WE'VE NAMED *NOMAD*--WHO HAS COMMANDEERED THE ENTERPRISE TO RETURN HIM TO THE UTOPIAN PLANET HE CALLS *HOME!* UPON REACHING THE PLANET, FIRST OFFICER SPOCK, DOCTOR LEONARD McCOY AND I BEAMED DOWN WITH NOMAD--ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THE GLEAMING CRYSTAL TOWERS THAT ONCE STOOD HERE HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO ASHES...
YOU'LL HARM *NO ONE* ELSE, MECHANICAL MURDERER!
WELL, I'LL BE... THAT GOLDEN *STICK* OF HIS BLEW THE ROBOT TO ATOMS!

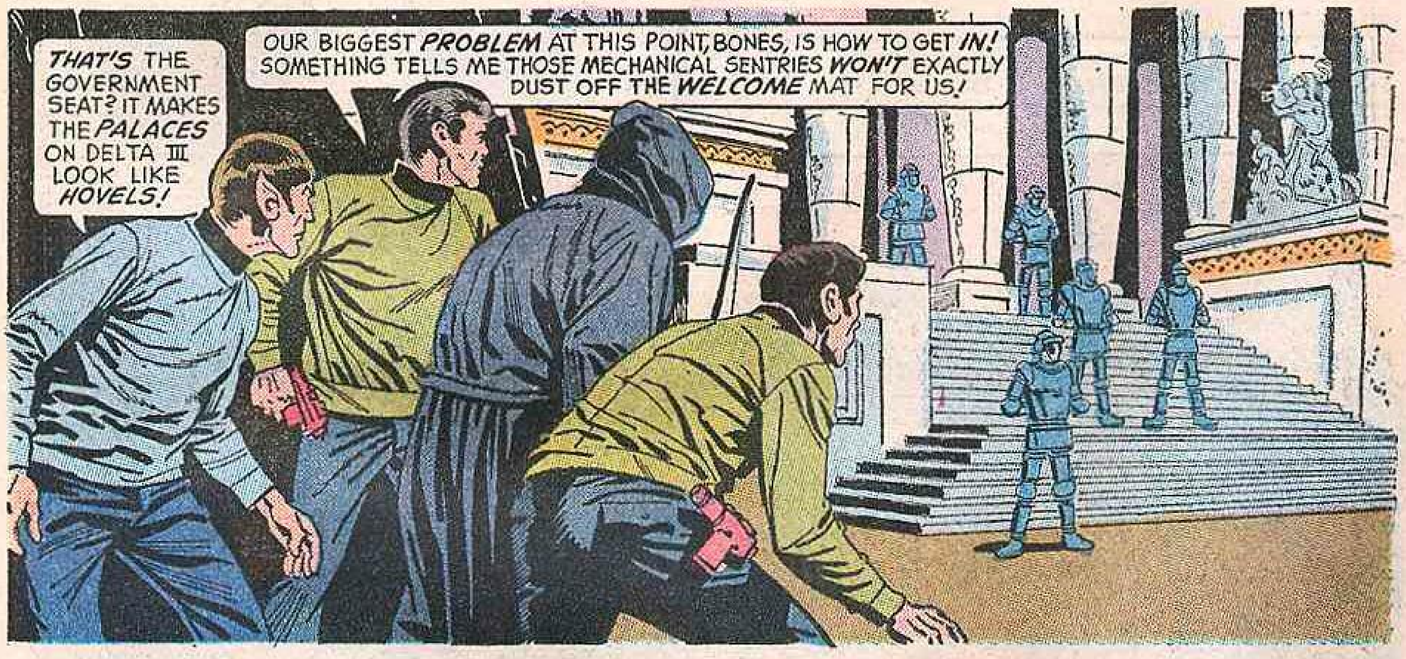

R-RUN... RUN... TOO LATE... RUN!
WHAT..? THIS MAN IS STILL ALIVE!
EASY, FELLOW-- EASY! I'M A DOCTOR--WE'RE HERE TO HELP!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CARNAGE?
YOU! AFTER ALL THIS TIME-- YOU'VE COME BACK! BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE--MUCH TOO LATE!
WHY? WHAT IS GOING ON? SPEAK UP, MAN--YOU MUST TELL ME!
NIKLON--HE DID IT! ALL THE YEARS HE RAN THE ROBOT PRODUCTION PLANTS, HE WAS SCHEMING-- SCHEMING!
IN EVERY HOME ACROSS THE LAND, WHEREVER ROBOTS WORKED --HE WAS SILENTLY SPREADING HIS EVIL! OVER THE YEARS, HE HAD ALTERED ROBOT CONTROLS SO THAT THEY WERE SECRETLY UNDER HIS COMMAND!
WE DIDN'T KNOW--THROUGH THE CENTURIES WE HAD GROWN SOFT AND FLACCID--COMPLETELY UNABLE TO DEFEND OURSELVES WHEN THE ROBOTS ROSE UP IN OPEN REBELLION!

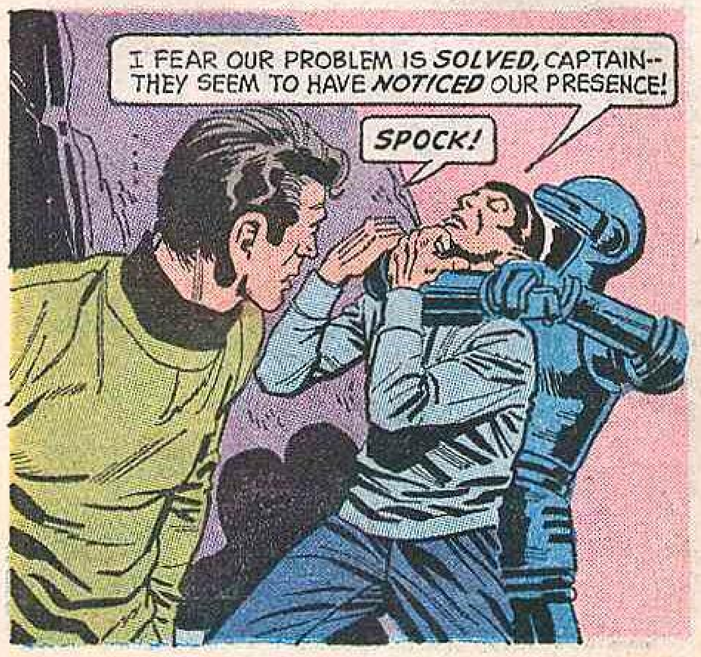

WHEN WE TRIED TO DEFY HIM, YOUR BROTHER HAD THIS CITY DESTROYED AS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT COULD FOLLOW!
YOU HAVE TO STOP HIM-- YOU MUST! HE'S YOUR BROTHER-- YOUR BRO... UHHNN!
HE'S FINISHED! THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO!
BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I CAN DO! IT IS MY BROTHER NIKLON, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DEVASTATION--AND IT IS MY DUTY TO STOP HIM!
ONE MAN AGAINST A PLANETFUL OF STEEL ASSASSINS? IT WOULD BE SUICIDE!
PERHAPS--BUT I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE!
NOT SO, NOMAD--THERE IS ONE OTHER POSSIBILITY!
PERMIT US TO HELP YOU! THE ENTERPRISE HAS POWER ENOUGH TO DECIMATE ENTIRE WORLDS! SURELY, IT CAN HELP YOU TO RESTORE PEACE AND FREEDOM TO YOUR PEOPLE!
EXCELLENT, MR. SPOCK--I'LL CONTACT THE SHIP IMMEDIATELY!

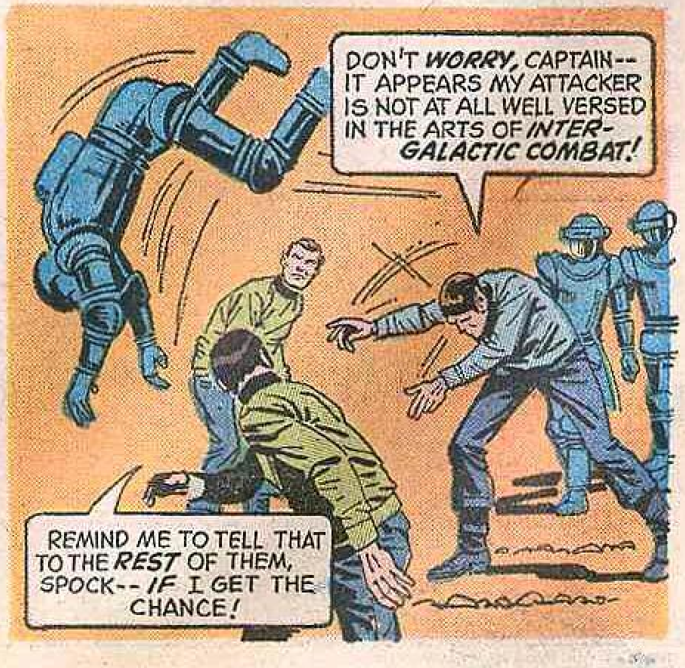

FOR SEVERAL LONG MOMENTS, CAPTAIN KIRK SPEAKS TO HIS COMMUNICATOR AND...
THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG*--I CAN'T ESTABLISH *CONTACT!* THERE'S SOME SORT OF *BARRIER* BETWEEN US AND THE SHIP!
SOMEHOW, NIKLON HAS *DETECTED* ITS PRESENCE--AND TAKEN STEPS TO RENDER IT *HARMLESS!*
IT APPEARS OUR MISSION IS NOW *TWO*-FOLD--TO FREE MY PEOPLE *AND* YOUR SHIP! *COME*--THE CITY OF THE THOUSAND LIGHTS LIES IN *THAT* DIRECTION!
BUT HOW WILL WE *GET* THERE?
AND MOMENTS LATER...
I'M ALMOST *SORRY* I ASKED! IF I WASN'T *SEEING* THIS WITH MY OWN EYES, I'D *NEVER* BELIEVE IT!
ONWARD THE BIZARRE CRAFT TRAVELS, SCORING A PATH ACROSS AN ALIEN LANDSCAPE--UNTIL, AT LAST...
THERE IT IS--*THE CITY OF THE THOUSAND LIGHTS!* THE BRIGHTEST STAR ON THE ENTIRE PLANET!

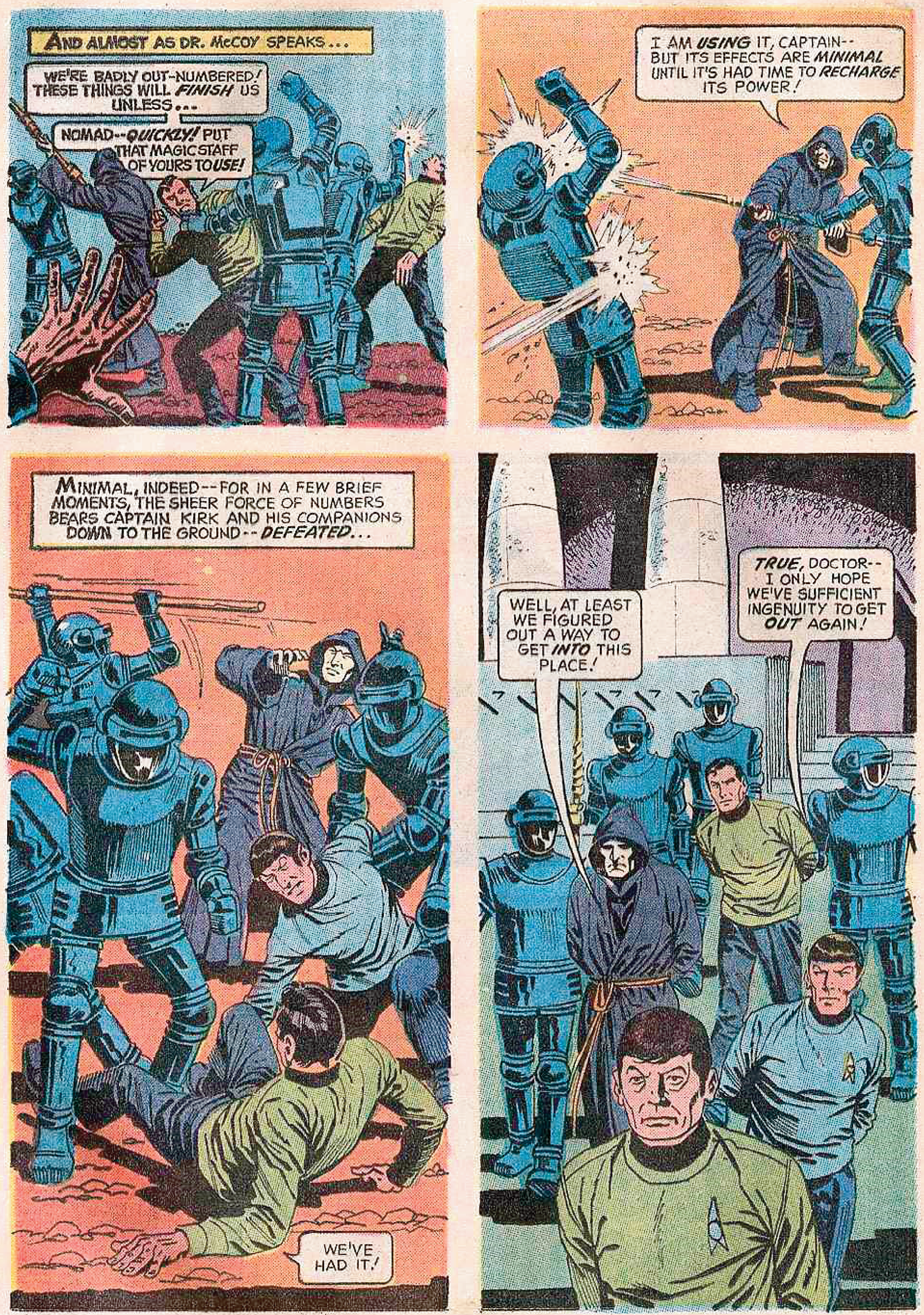

WE HAD BEST TRAVEL THE REST OF THE WAY ON *FOOT!* IT WOULD NOT BE WISE TO ATTRACT ANY UNDUE *ATTENTION!*
AGREED, NOMAD--THIS IS *YOUR* HOME-GROUND! YOU'D BETTER *LEAD* THE WAY!

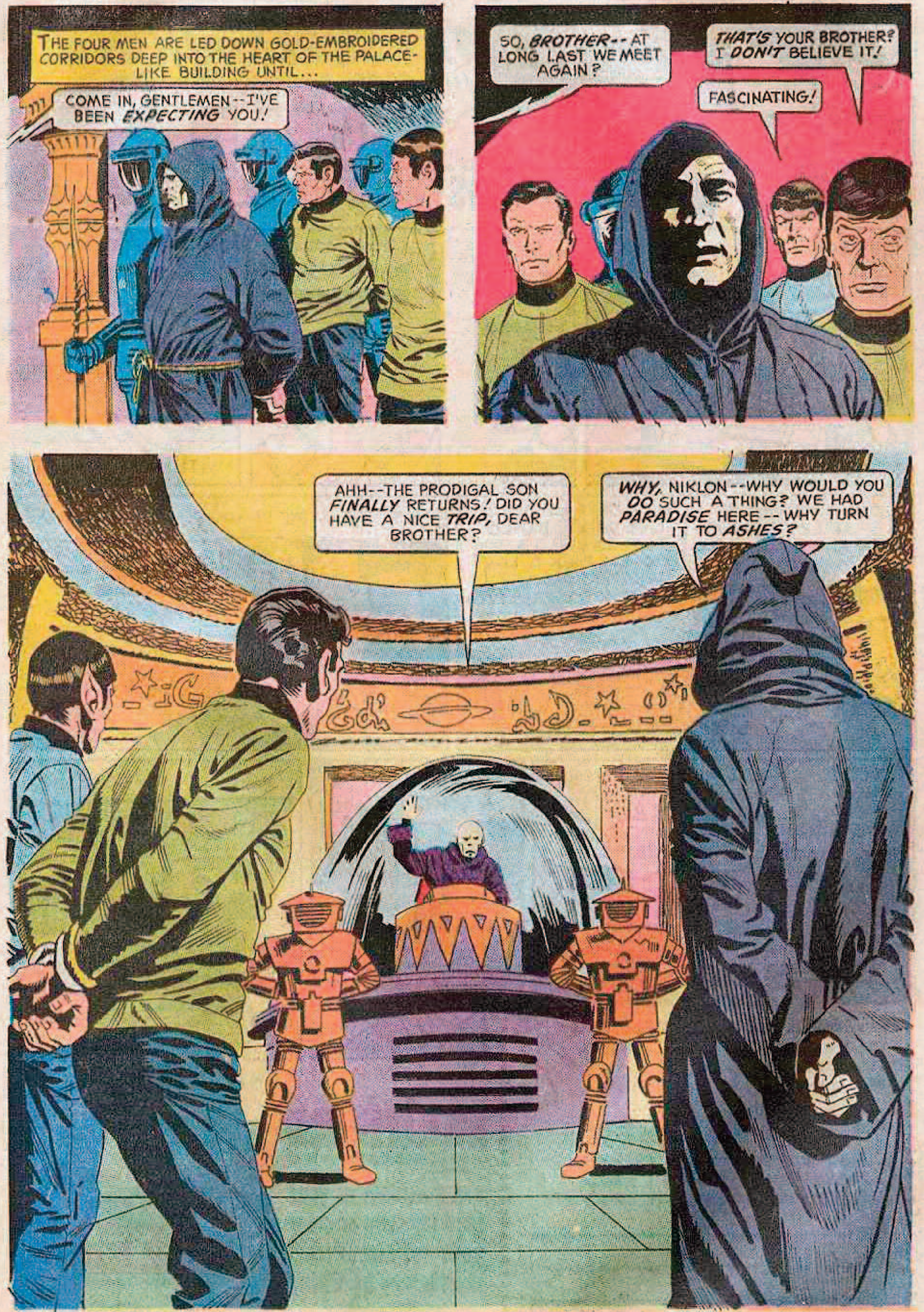

KNOWING MY BROTHER, HE'S TAKEN OVER THE GOVERNMENT SEAT! WE OUGHT TO BEGIN OUR SEARCH *THERE!*

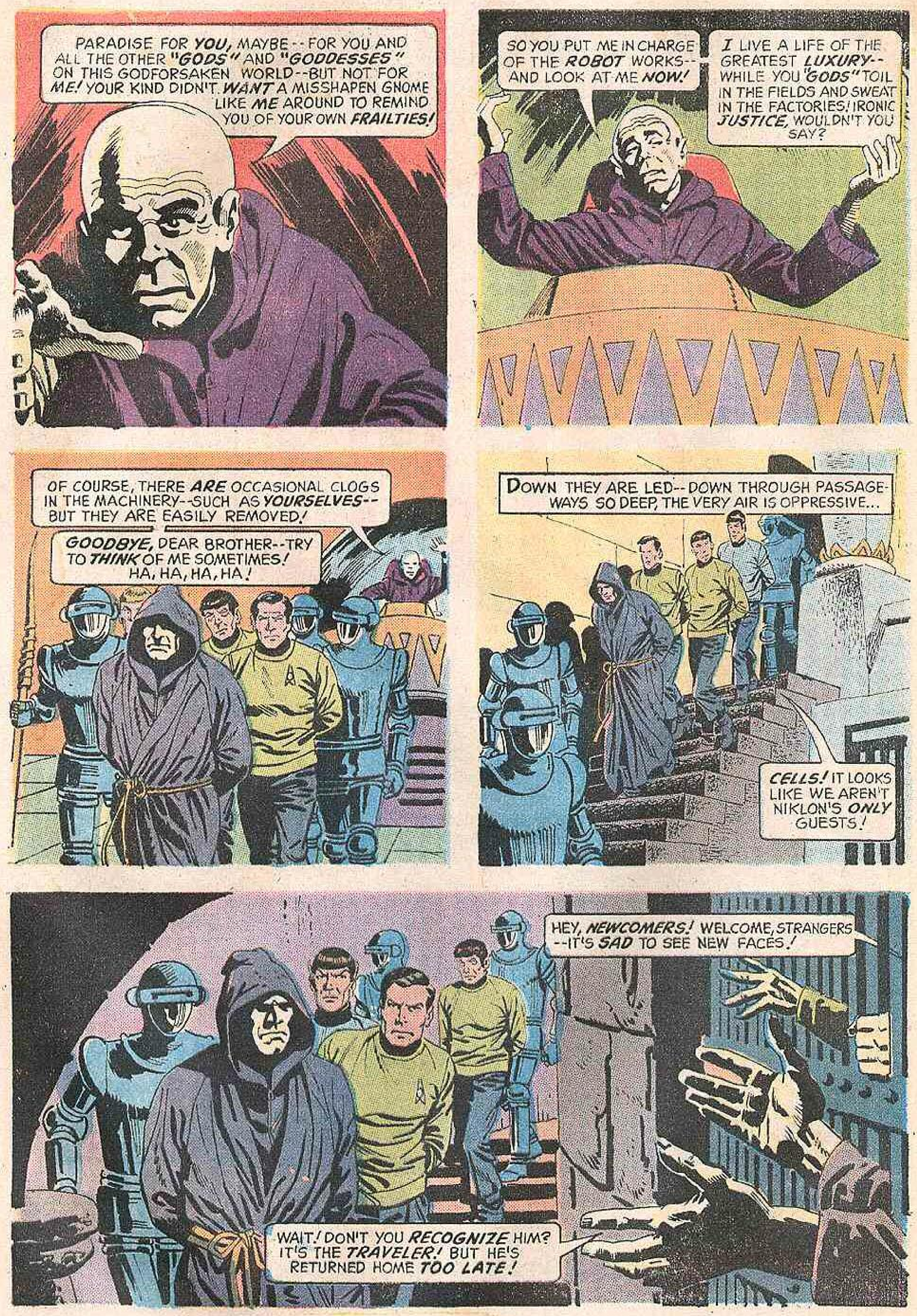

THAT'S THE GOVERNMENT SEAT? IT MAKES THE *PALACES* ON DELTA III LOOK LIKE *HOVELS!*
OUR BIGGEST *PROBLEM* AT THIS POINT, BONES, IS HOW TO GET *IN!* SOMETHING TELLS ME THOSE MECHANICAL SENTRIES *WON'T* EXACTLY DUST OFF THE *WELCOME* MAT FOR US!

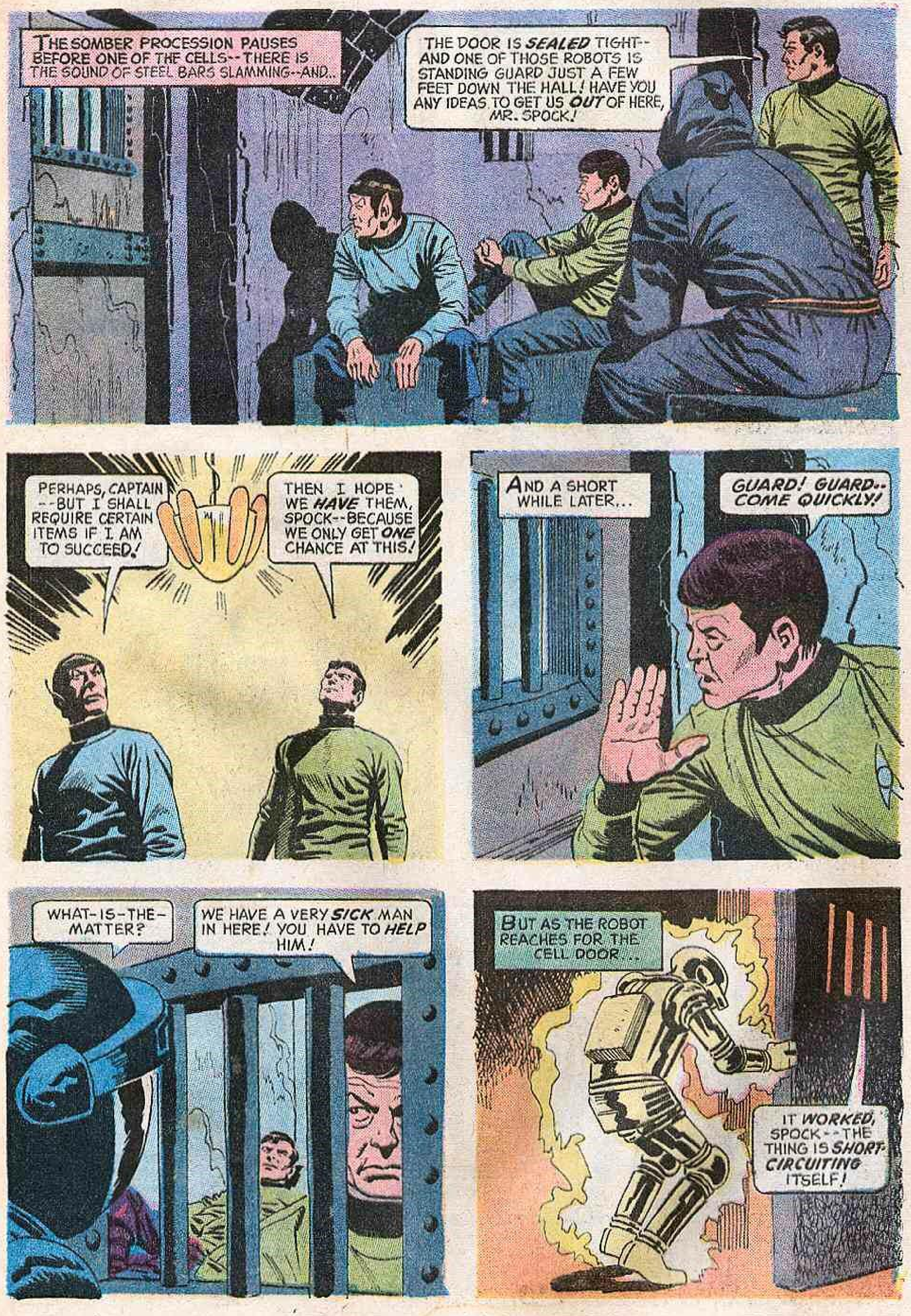

I FEAR OUR PROBLEM IS *SOLVED,* CAPTAIN-- THEY SEEM TO HAVE *NOTICED* OUR PRESENCE!
SPOCK!

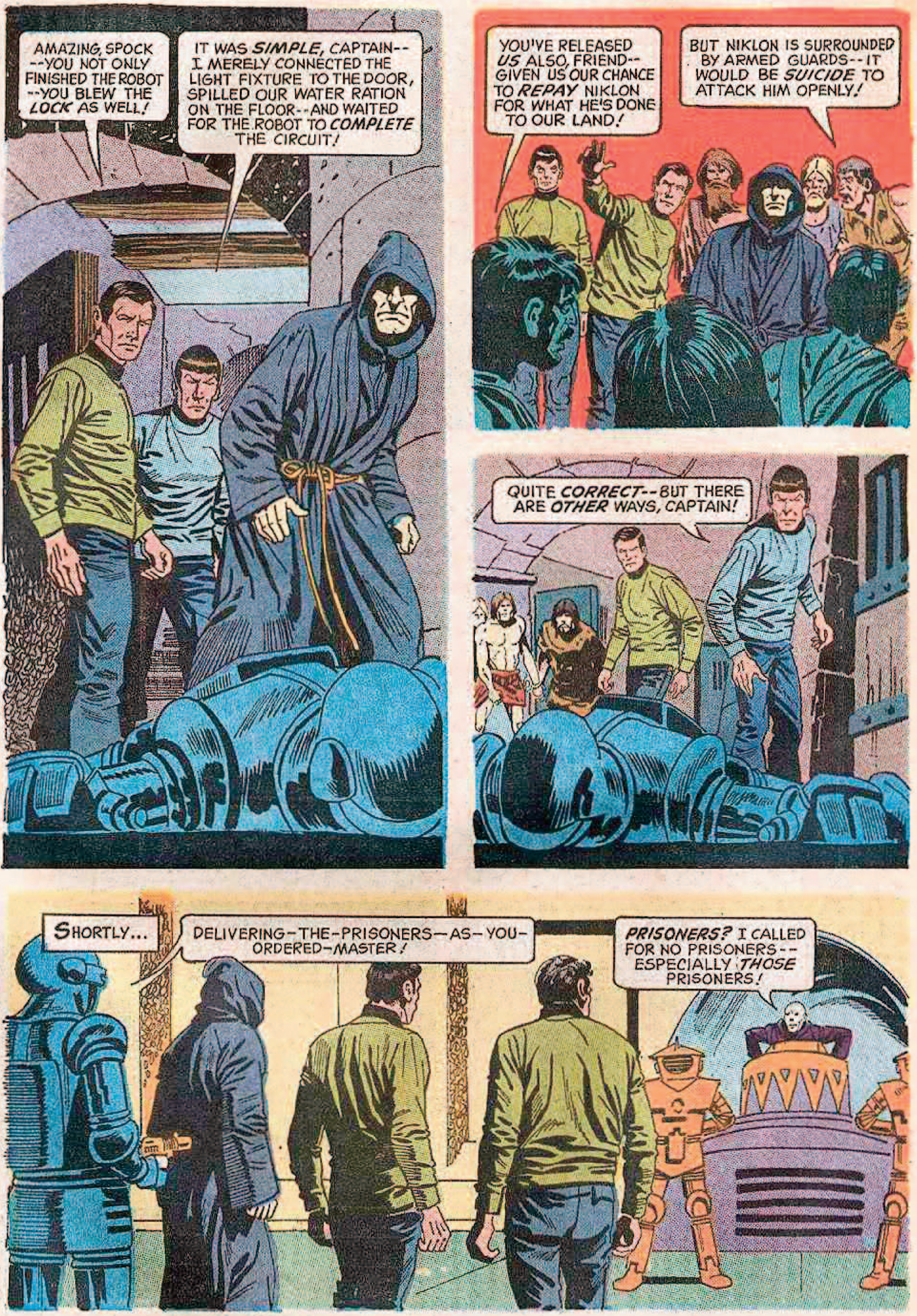

DON'T *WORRY,* CAPTAIN-- IT APPEARS MY ATTACKER IS NOT AT ALL WELL VERSED IN THE ARTS OF *INTER-GALACTIC COMBAT!*
REMIND ME TO TELL THAT TO THE *REST* OF THEM, SPOCK-- *IF* I GET THE CHANCE!

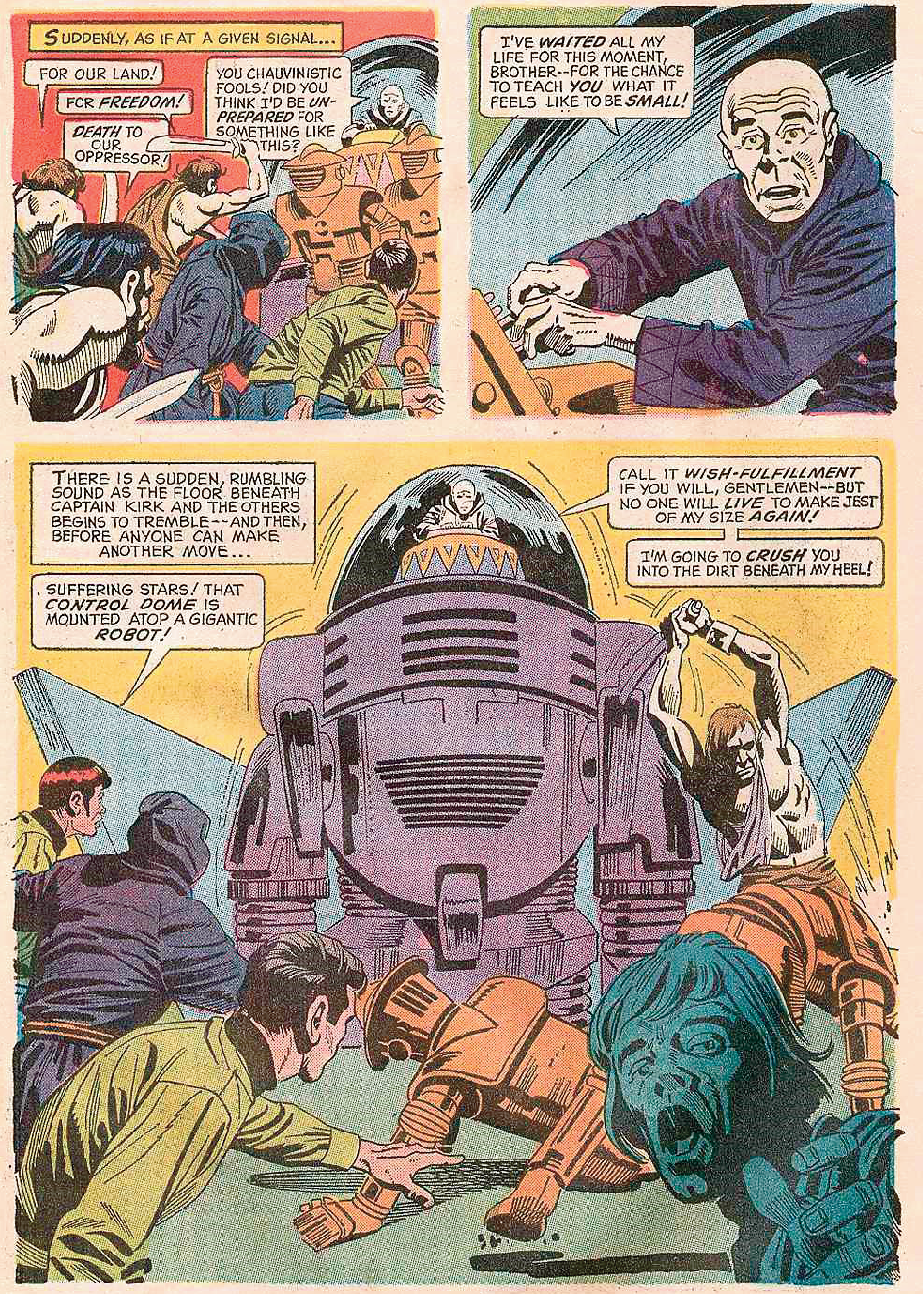

AND ALMOST AS DR. McCOY SPEAKS...
WE'RE BADLY OUT-NUMBERED! THESE THINGS WILL FINISH US UNLESS...
NOMAD--QUICKLY! PUT THAT MAGIC STAFF OF YOURS TO USE!
I AM USING IT, CAPTAIN-- BUT ITS EFFECTS ARE MINIMAL UNTIL IT'S HAD TIME TO RECHARGE ITS POWER!
MINIMAL, INDEED--FOR IN A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS, THE SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS BEARS CAPTAIN KIRK AND HIS COMPANIONS DOWN TO THE GROUND--DEFEATED...
WE'VE HAD IT!
WELL, AT LEAST WE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO GET INTO THIS PLACE!
TRUE, DOCTOR-- I ONLY HOPE WE'VE SUFFICIENT INGENUITY TO GET OUT AGAIN!

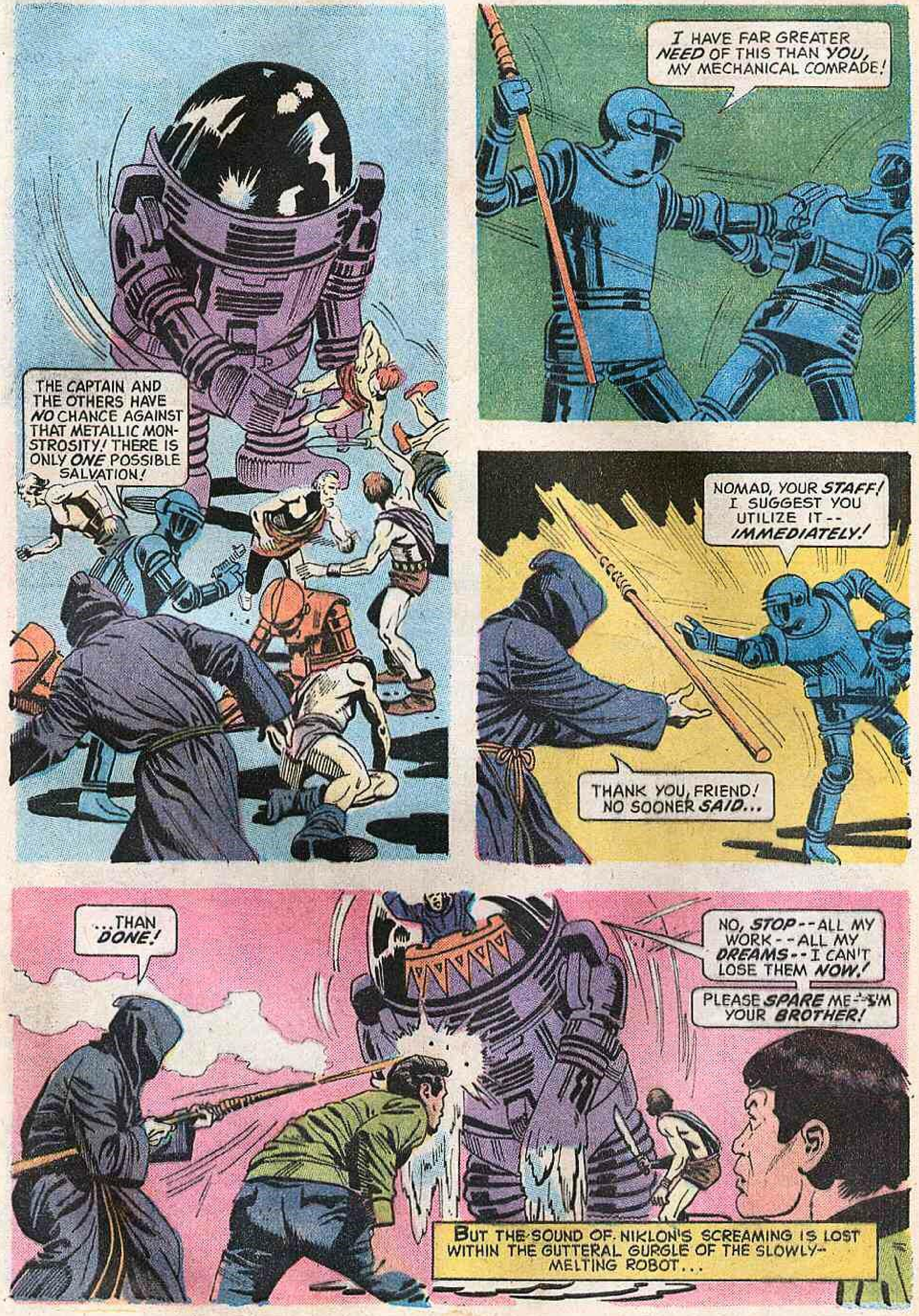

THE FOUR MEN ARE LED DOWN GOLD-EMBROIDERED CORRIDORS DEEP INTO THE HEART OF THE PALACE-LIKE BUILDING UNTIL...
COME IN, GENTLEMEN--I'VE BEEN *EXPECTING* YOU!
SO, *BROTHER*--AT LONG LAST WE MEET AGAIN?
THAT'S YOUR BROTHER? I *DON'T* BELIEVE IT!
FASCINATING!
AHH--THE PRODIGAL SON *FINALLY* RETURNS! DID YOU HAVE A NICE *TRIP*, DEAR BROTHER?
WHY, NIKLON--WHY WOULD YOU *DO* SUCH A THING? WE HAD *PARADISE* HERE--WHY TURN IT TO *ASHES*?

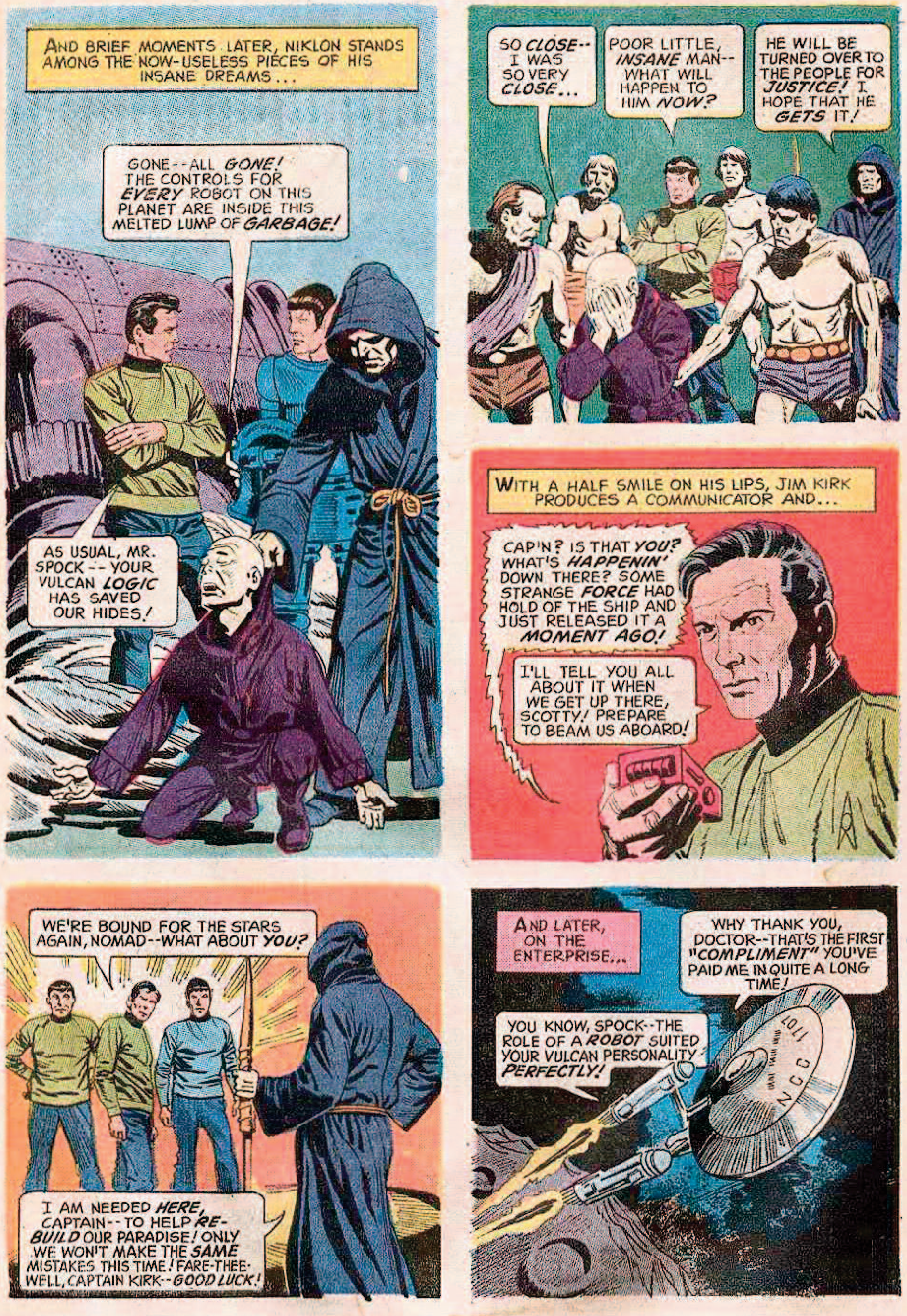

PARADISE FOR *YOU,* MAYBE--FOR YOU AND ALL THE OTHER *"GODS"* AND *"GODDESSES"* ON THIS GODFORSAKEN WORLD--BUT NOT FOR *ME!* YOUR KIND DIDN'T *WANT* A MISSHAPEN GNOME LIKE *ME* AROUND TO REMIND YOU OF YOUR OWN *FRAILTIES!*
SO YOU PUT ME IN CHARGE OF THE *ROBOT* WORKS--AND LOOK AT ME *NOW!*
I LIVE A LIFE OF THE GREATEST *LUXURY*--WHILE YOU *"GODS"* TOIL IN THE FIELDS AND SWEAT IN THE FACTORIES! IRONIC *JUSTICE,* WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
OF COURSE, THERE *ARE* OCCASIONAL CLOGS IN THE MACHINERY--SUCH AS *YOURSELVES*--BUT THEY ARE EASILY REMOVED!
GOODBYE, DEAR BROTHER--TRY TO *THINK* OF ME SOMETIMES! HA, HA, HA, HA!
DOWN THEY ARE LED--DOWN THROUGH PASSAGEWAYS SO DEEP, THE VERY AIR IS OPPRESSIVE...
CELLS! IT LOOKS LIKE WE AREN'T NIKLON'S *ONLY* GUESTS!
HEY, *NEWCOMERS!* WELCOME, STRANGERS--IT'S *SAD* TO SEE NEW FACES!
WAIT! DON'T YOU *RECOGNIZE* HIM? IT'S THE *TRAVELER!* BUT HE'S RETURNED HOME *TOO LATE!*


THE SOMBER PROCESSION PAUSES BEFORE ONE OF THE CELLS-- THERE IS THE SOUND OF STEEL BARS SLAMMING--AND...
THE DOOR IS *SEALED* TIGHT-- AND ONE OF THOSE ROBOTS IS STANDING GUARD JUST A FEW FEET DOWN THE HALL! HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS TO GET US *OUT* OF HERE, MR. SPOCK!
PERHAPS, CAPTAIN --BUT I SHALL REQUIRE CERTAIN ITEMS IF I AM TO SUCCEED!
THEN I HOPE WE *HAVE* THEM, SPOCK--BECAUSE WE ONLY GET *ONE* CHANCE AT THIS!
AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...
GUARD! GUARD-- COME QUICKLY!
WHAT-IS-THE-MATTER?
WE HAVE A VERY *SICK* MAN IN HERE! YOU HAVE TO *HELP* HIM!
BUT AS THE ROBOT REACHES FOR THE CELL DOOR...
IT *WORKED*, SPOCK--THE THING IS *SHORT-CIRCUITING* ITSELF!


AMAZING, SPOCK --YOU NOT ONLY FINISHED THE ROBOT --YOU BLEW THE *LOCK* AS WELL!
IT WAS *SIMPLE*, CAPTAIN-- I MERELY CONNECTED THE LIGHT FIXTURE TO THE DOOR, SPILLED OUR WATER RATION ON THE FLOOR--AND WAITED FOR THE ROBOT TO *COMPLETE* THE CIRCUIT!
YOU'VE RELEASED *US* ALSO, FRIEND-- GIVEN US OUR CHANCE TO *REPAY* NIKLON FOR WHAT HE'S DONE TO OUR LAND!
BUT NIKLON IS SURROUNDED BY ARMED GUARDS--IT WOULD BE *SUICIDE* TO ATTACK HIM OPENLY!
QUITE *CORRECT*--BUT THERE ARE *OTHER* WAYS, CAPTAIN!
SHORTLY...
DELIVERING-THE-PRISONERS-AS-YOU-ORDERED-MASTER!
PRISONERS? I CALLED FOR NO PRISONERS-- ESPECIALLY *THOSE* PRISONERS!


SUDDENLY, AS IF AT A GIVEN SIGNAL...
FOR OUR LAND!
FOR *FREEDOM!*
DEATH TO OUR OPPRESSOR!
YOU CHAUVINISTIC FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I'D BE *UNPREPARED* FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS?
I'VE *WAITED* ALL MY LIFE FOR THIS MOMENT, BROTHER--FOR THE CHANCE TO TEACH *YOU* WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE *SMALL!*
THERE IS A SUDDEN, RUMBLING SOUND AS THE FLOOR BENEATH CAPTAIN KIRK AND THE OTHERS BEGINS TO TREMBLE--AND THEN, BEFORE ANYONE CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...
...SUFFERING STARS! THAT *CONTROL DOME* IS MOUNTED ATOP A GIGANTIC *ROBOT!*
CALL IT *WISH-FULFILLMENT* IF YOU WILL, GENTLEMEN--BUT NO ONE WILL *LIVE* TO MAKE JEST OF MY SIZE *AGAIN!*
I'M GOING TO *CRUSH* YOU INTO THE DIRT BENEATH MY HEEL!


THE CAPTAIN AND THE OTHERS HAVE NO CHANCE AGAINST THAT METALLIC MONSTROSITY! THERE IS ONLY ONE POSSIBLE SALVATION!
I HAVE FAR GREATER NEED OF THIS THAN YOU, MY MECHANICAL COMRADE!
NOMAD, YOUR STAFF! I SUGGEST YOU UTILIZE IT -- IMMEDIATELY!
THANK YOU, FRIEND! NO SOONER SAID...
...THAN DONE!
NO, STOP -- ALL MY WORK -- ALL MY DREAMS -- I CAN'T LOSE THEM NOW!
PLEASE SPARE ME -- I'M YOUR BROTHER!
BUT THE SOUND OF NIKLON'S SCREAMING IS LOST WITHIN THE GUTTERAL GURGLE OF THE SLOWLY-MELTING ROBOT...


AND BRIEF MOMENTS LATER, NIKLON STANDS AMONG THE NOW-USELESS PIECES OF HIS INSANE DREAMS...
GONE--ALL GONE! THE CONTROLS FOR EVERY ROBOT ON THIS PLANET ARE INSIDE THIS MELTED LUMP OF GARBAGE!
AS USUAL, MR. SPOCK--YOUR VULCAN LOGIC HAS SAVED OUR HIDES!
SO CLOSE--I WAS SO VERY CLOSE...
POOR LITTLE, INSANE MAN--WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HIM NOW?
HE WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE PEOPLE FOR JUSTICE! I HOPE THAT HE GETS IT!
WITH A HALF SMILE ON HIS LIPS, JIM KIRK PRODUCES A COMMUNICATOR AND...
CAP'N? IS THAT YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENIN' DOWN THERE? SOME STRANGE FORCE HAD HOLD OF THE SHIP AND JUST RELEASED IT A MOMENT AGO!
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT WHEN WE GET UP THERE, SCOTTY! PREPARE TO BEAM US ABOARD!
WE'RE BOUND FOR THE STARS AGAIN, NOMAD--WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I AM NEEDED HERE, CAPTAIN--TO HELP REBUILD OUR PARADISE! ONLY WE WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKES THIS TIME! FARE-THEE-WELL, CAPTAIN KIRK--GOOD LUCK!
AND LATER, ON THE ENTERPRISE...
WHY THANK YOU, DOCTOR--THAT'S THE FIRST "COMPLIMENT" YOU'VE PAID ME IN QUITE A LONG TIME!
YOU KNOW, SPOCK--THE ROLE OF A ROBOT SUITED YOUR VULCAN PERSONALITY PERFECTLY!
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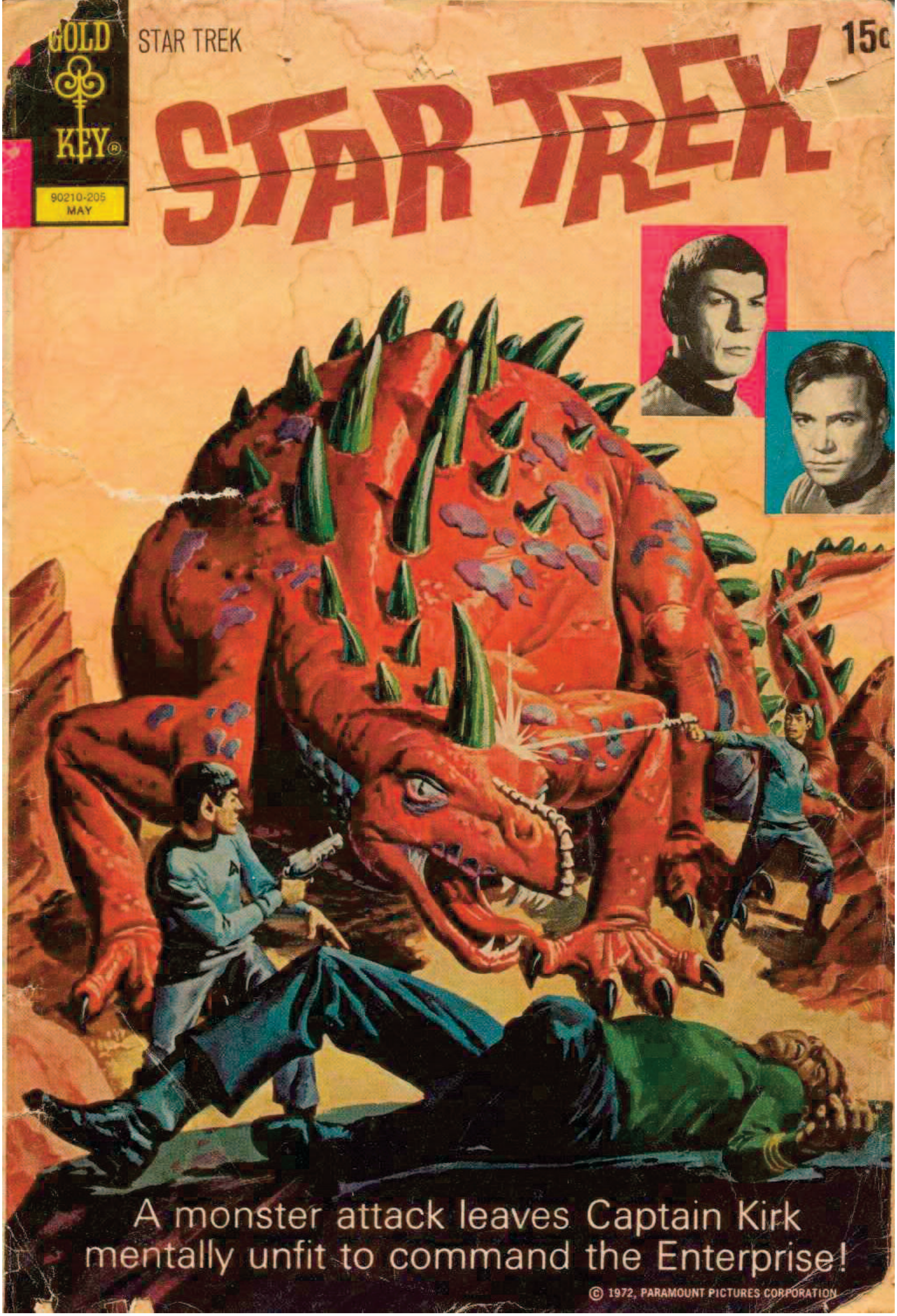
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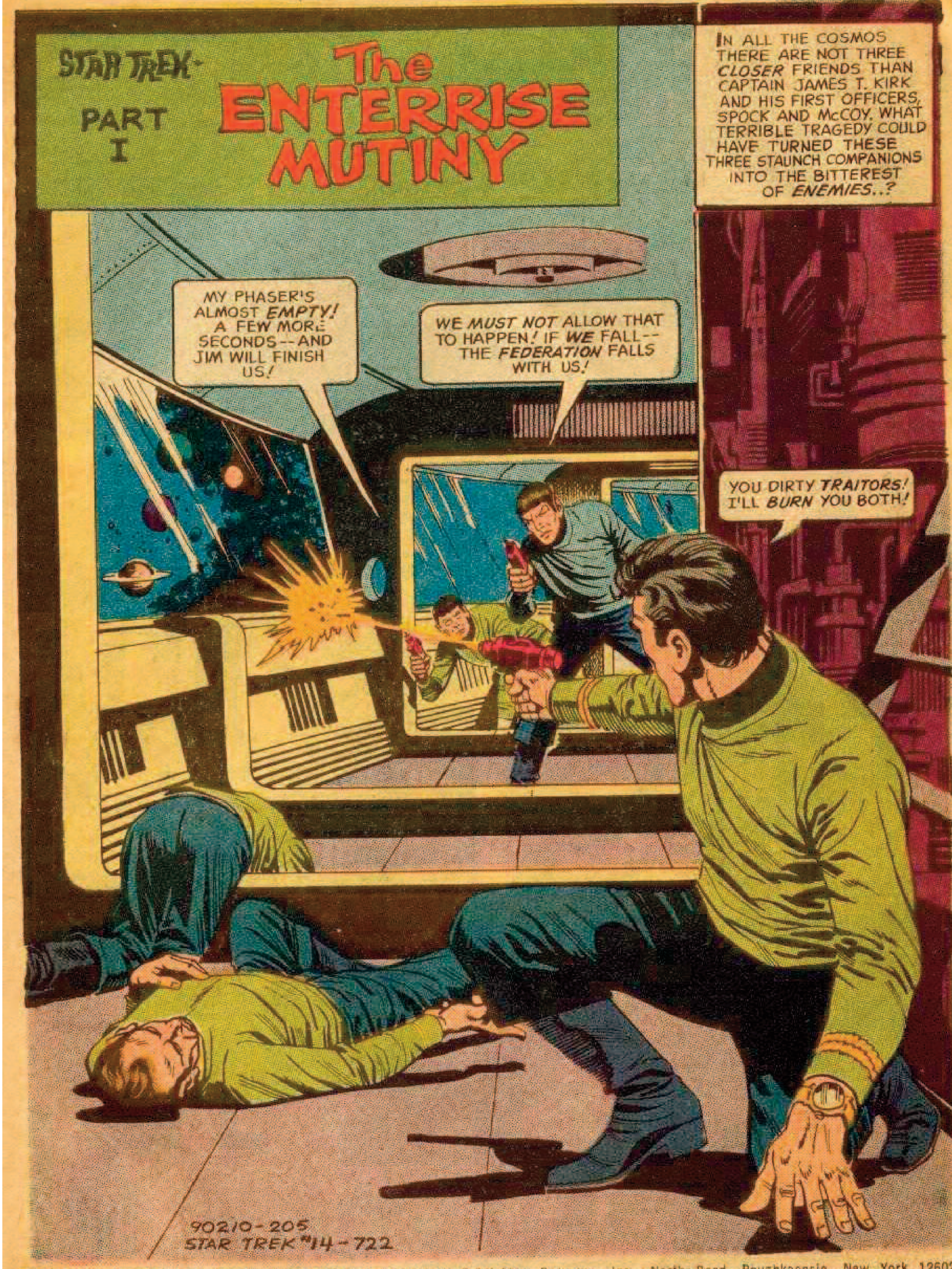
STAR TREK
PART I
The ENTERRISE MUTINY
IN ALL THE COSMOS THERE ARE NOT THREE *CLOSER* FRIENDS THAN CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK AND HIS FIRST OFFICERS, SPOCK AND McCOY. WHAT TERRIBLE TRAGEDY COULD HAVE TURNED THESE THREE STAUNCH COMPANIONS INTO THE BITTEREST OF *ENEMIES*..?
MY PHASER'S ALMOST *EMPTY!* A FEW MORE SECONDS--AND JIM WILL FINISH US!
WE *MUST NOT* ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN! IF *WE* FALL-- THE *FEDERATION* FALLS WITH US!
YOU DIRTY *TRAITORS!* I'LL *BURN* YOU BOTH!
90210-205
STAR TREK #14-722

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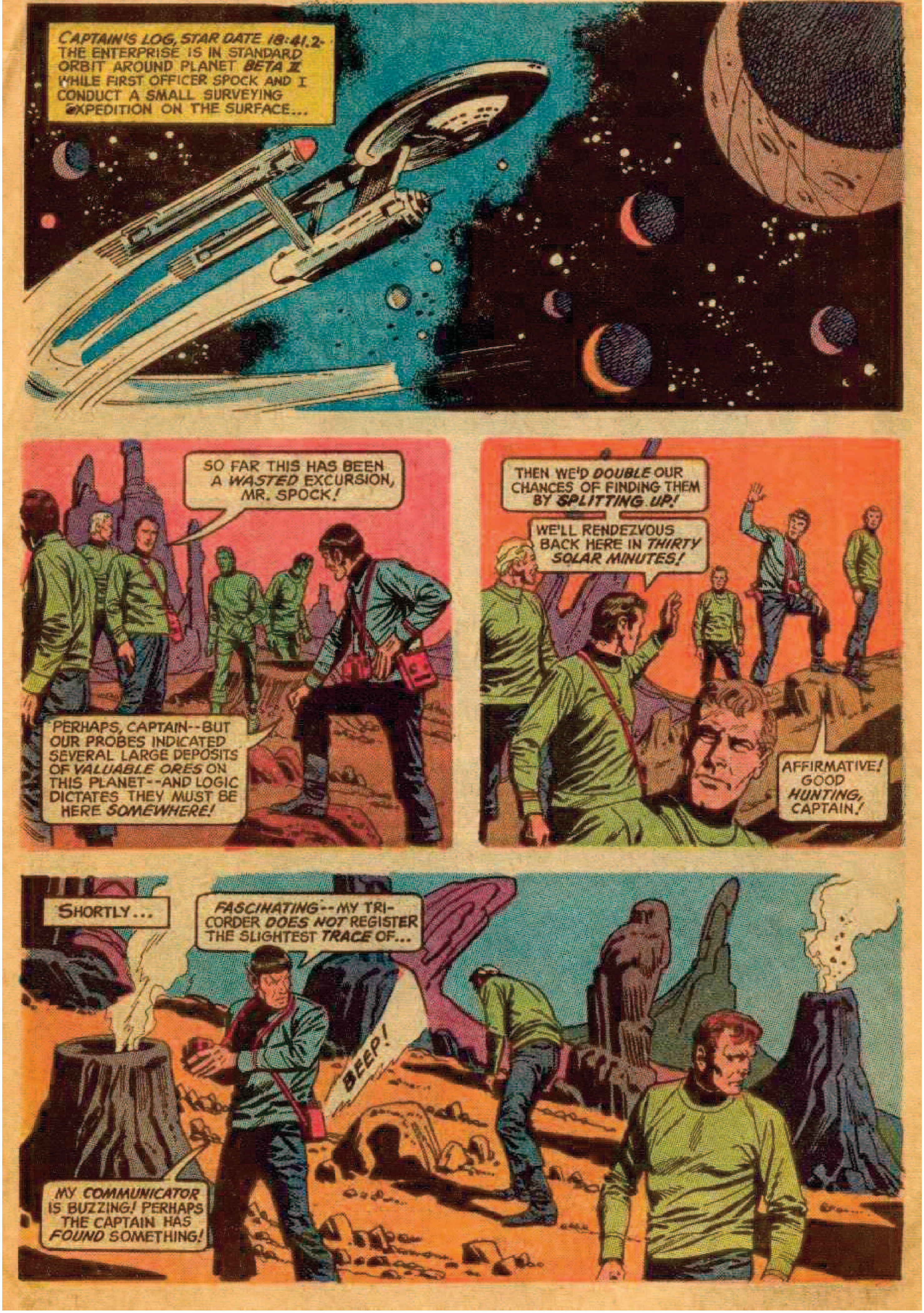
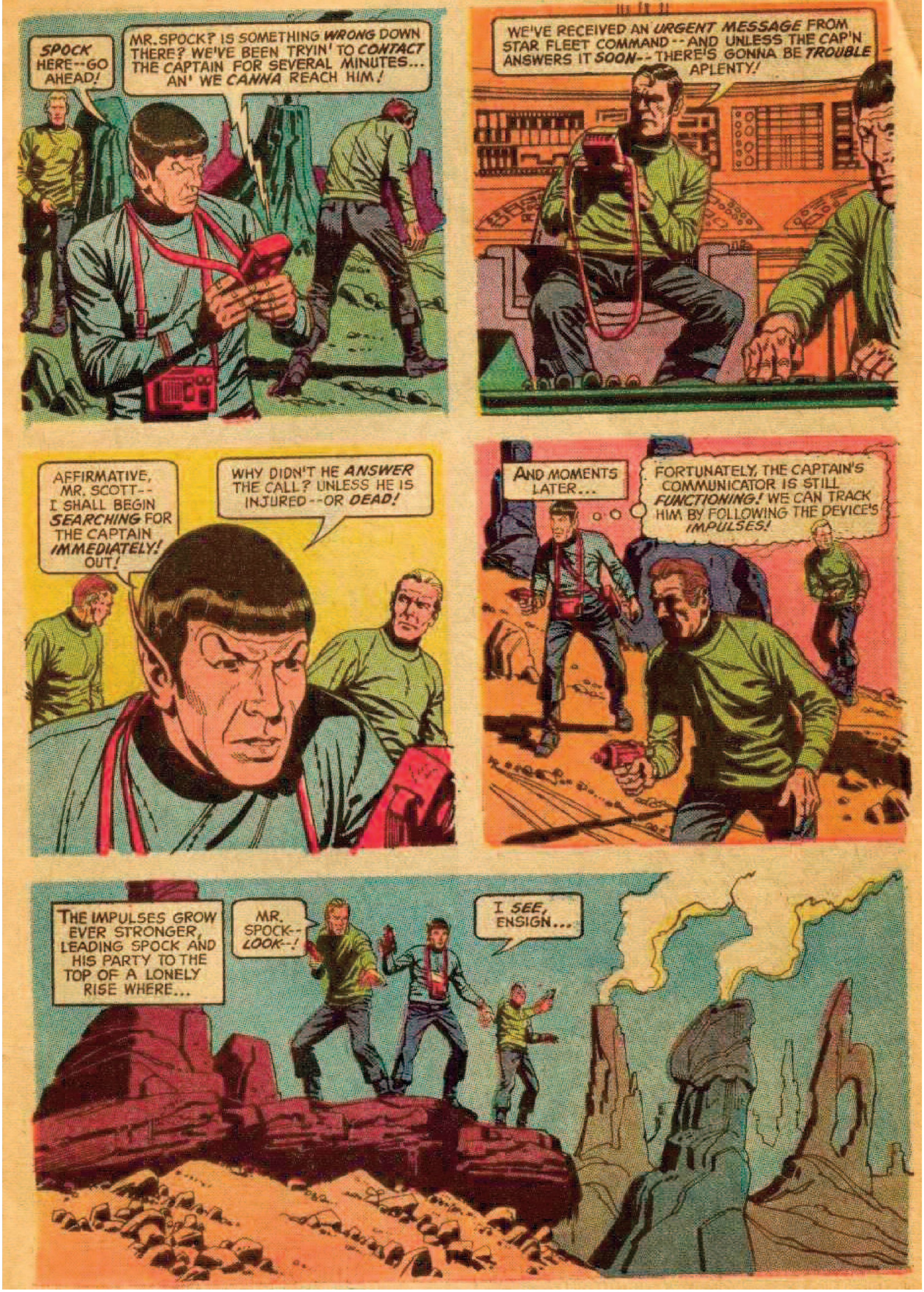
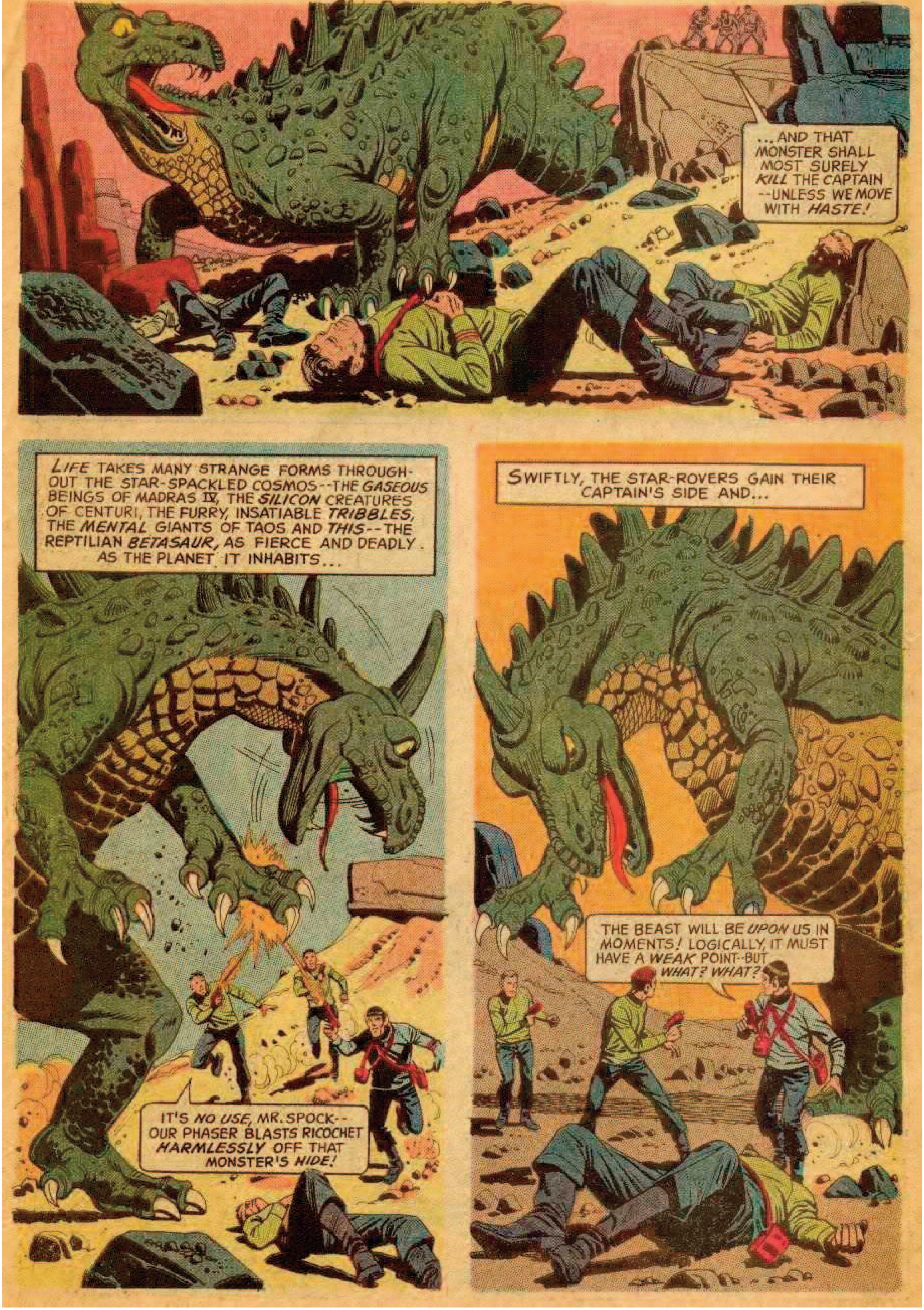
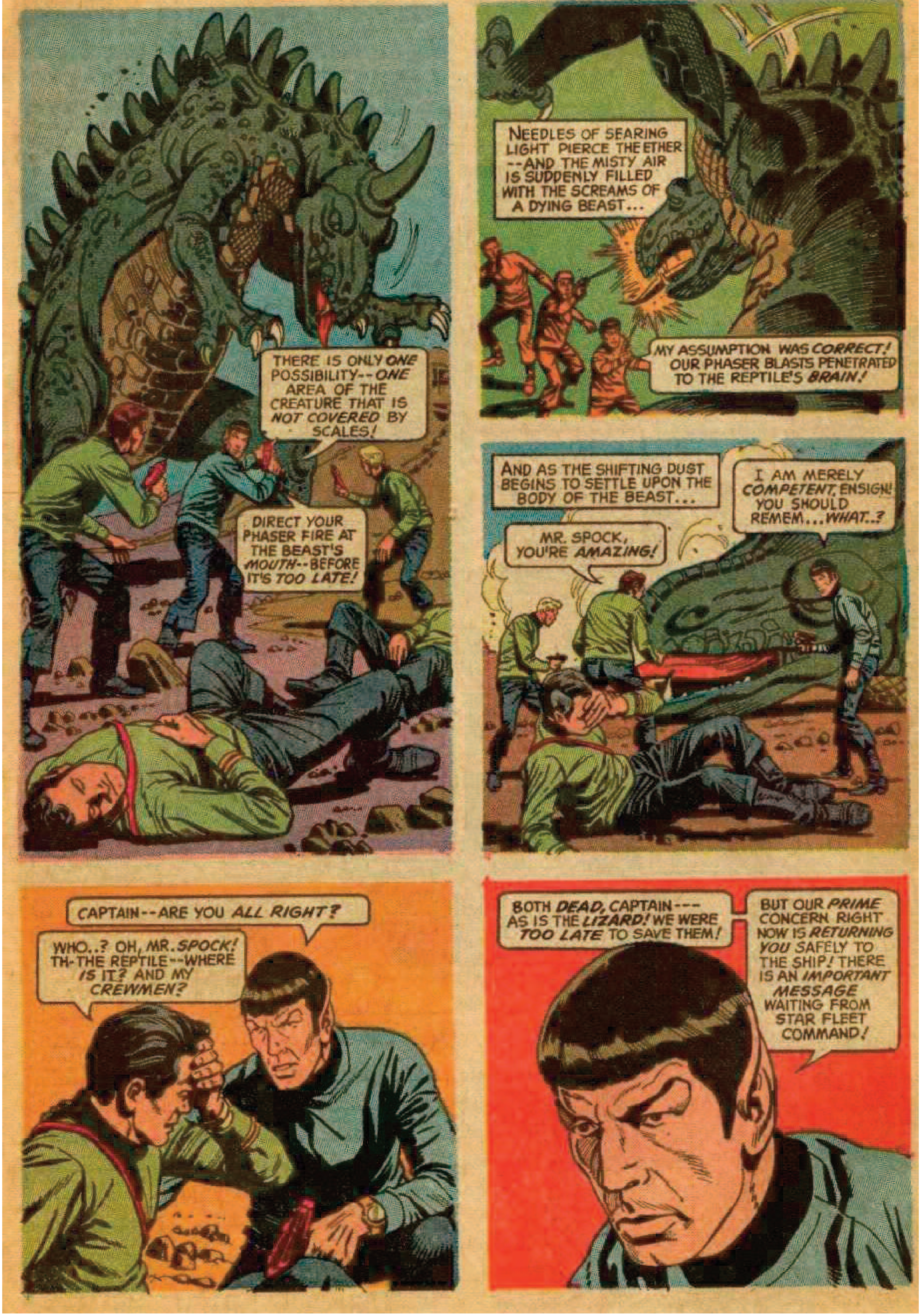
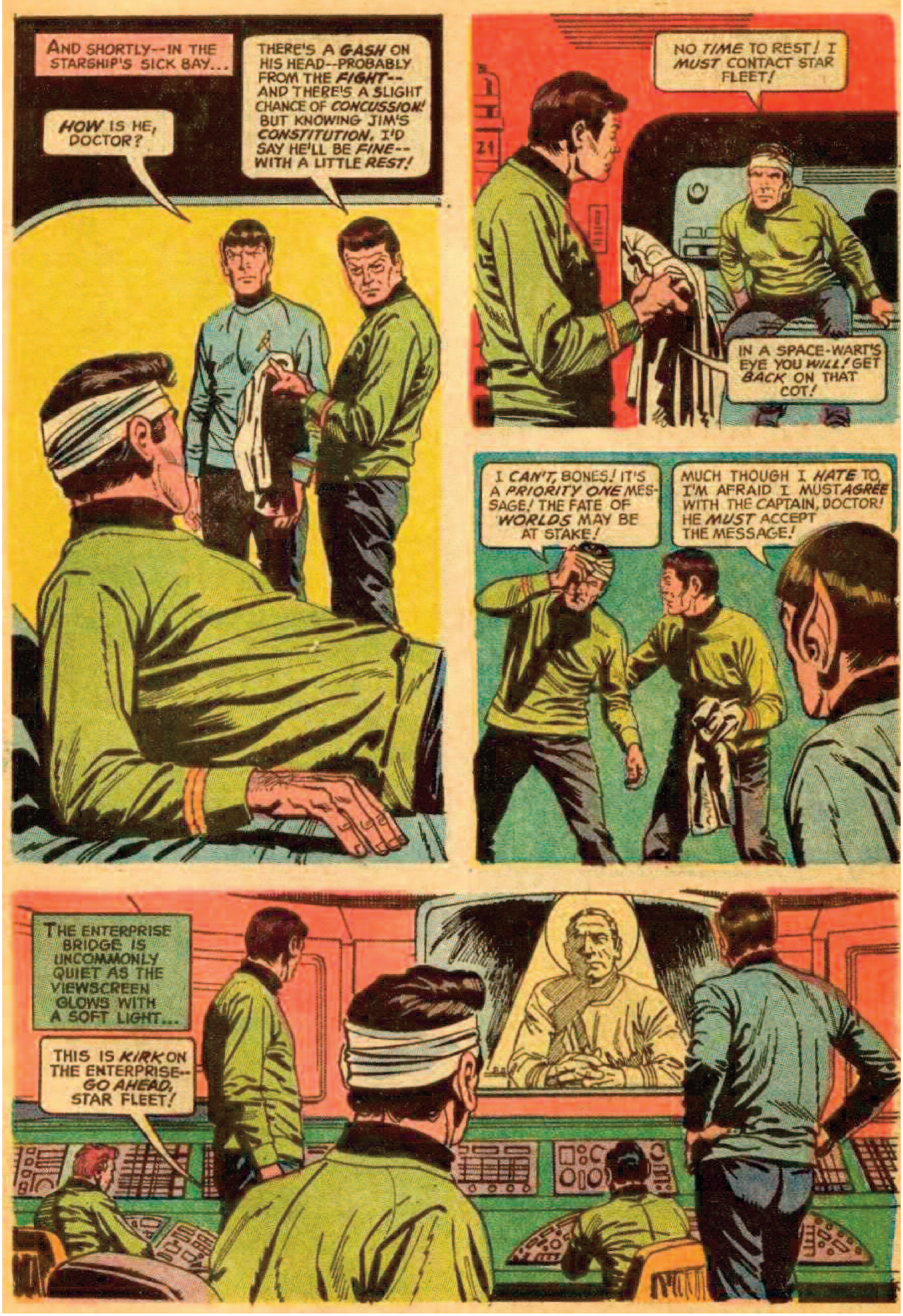
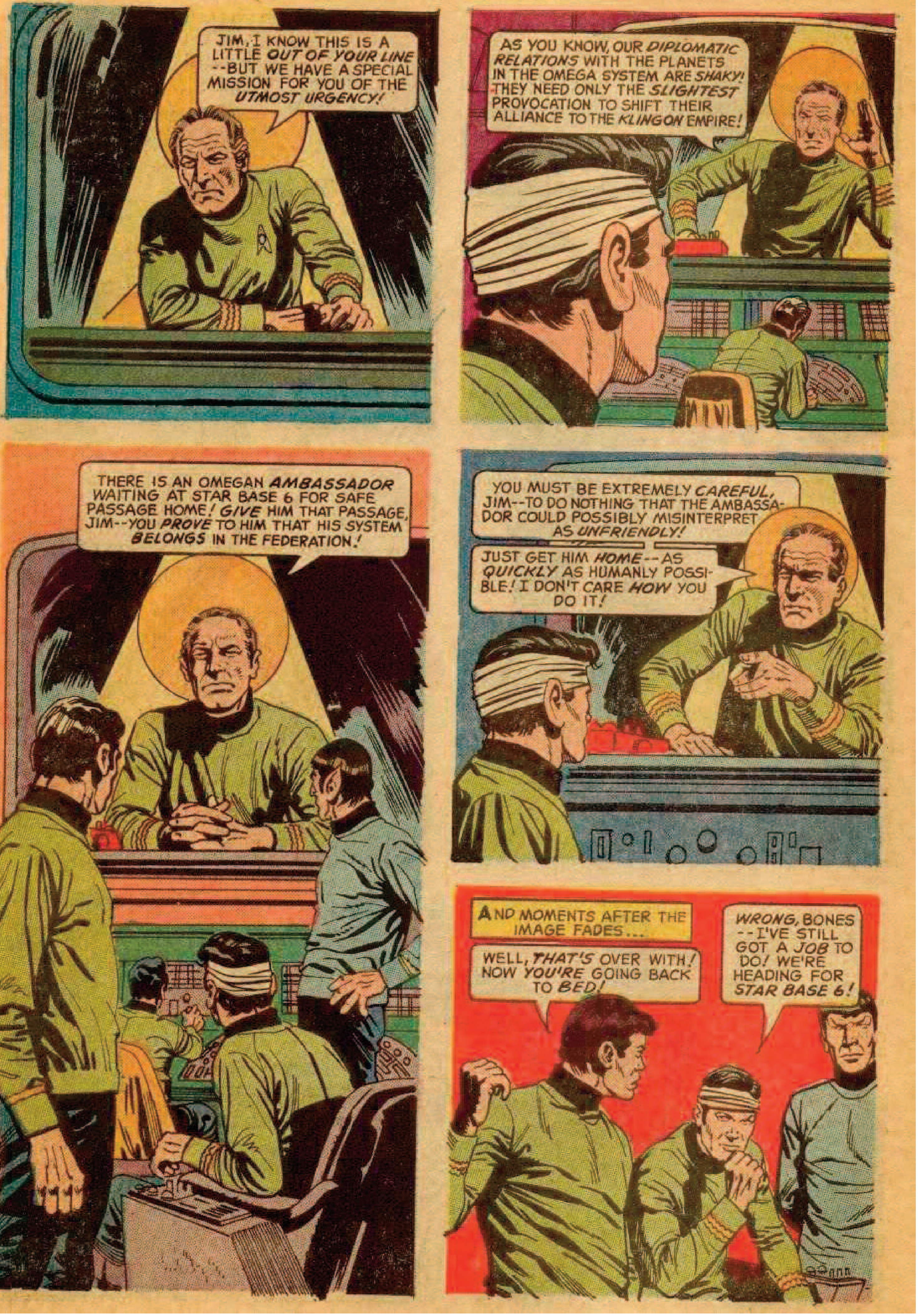

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 18:41.2- THE ENTERPRISE IS IN STANDARD ORBIT AROUND PLANET *BETA II* WHILE FIRST OFFICER SPOCK AND I CONDUCT A SMALL SURVEYING EXPEDITION ON THE SURFACE...
SO FAR THIS HAS BEEN A *WASTED* EXCURSION, MR. SPOCK!
PERHAPS, CAPTAIN--BUT OUR PROBES INDICATED SEVERAL LARGE DEPOSITS OF *VALUABLE ORES* ON THIS PLANET--AND LOGIC DICTATES THEY MUST BE HERE *SOMEWHERE!*
THEN WE'D *DOUBLE* OUR CHANCES OF FINDING THEM BY *SPLITTING UP!*
WE'LL RENDEZVOUS BACK HERE IN *THIRTY SOLAR MINUTES!*
AFFIRMATIVE! GOOD *HUNTING,* CAPTAIN!
SHORTLY...
FASCINATING--MY TRICORDER *DOES NOT* REGISTER THE SLIGHTEST *TRACE* OF...
BEEP!
MY *COMMUNICATOR* IS BUZZING! PERHAPS THE CAPTAIN HAS *FOUND* SOMETHING!

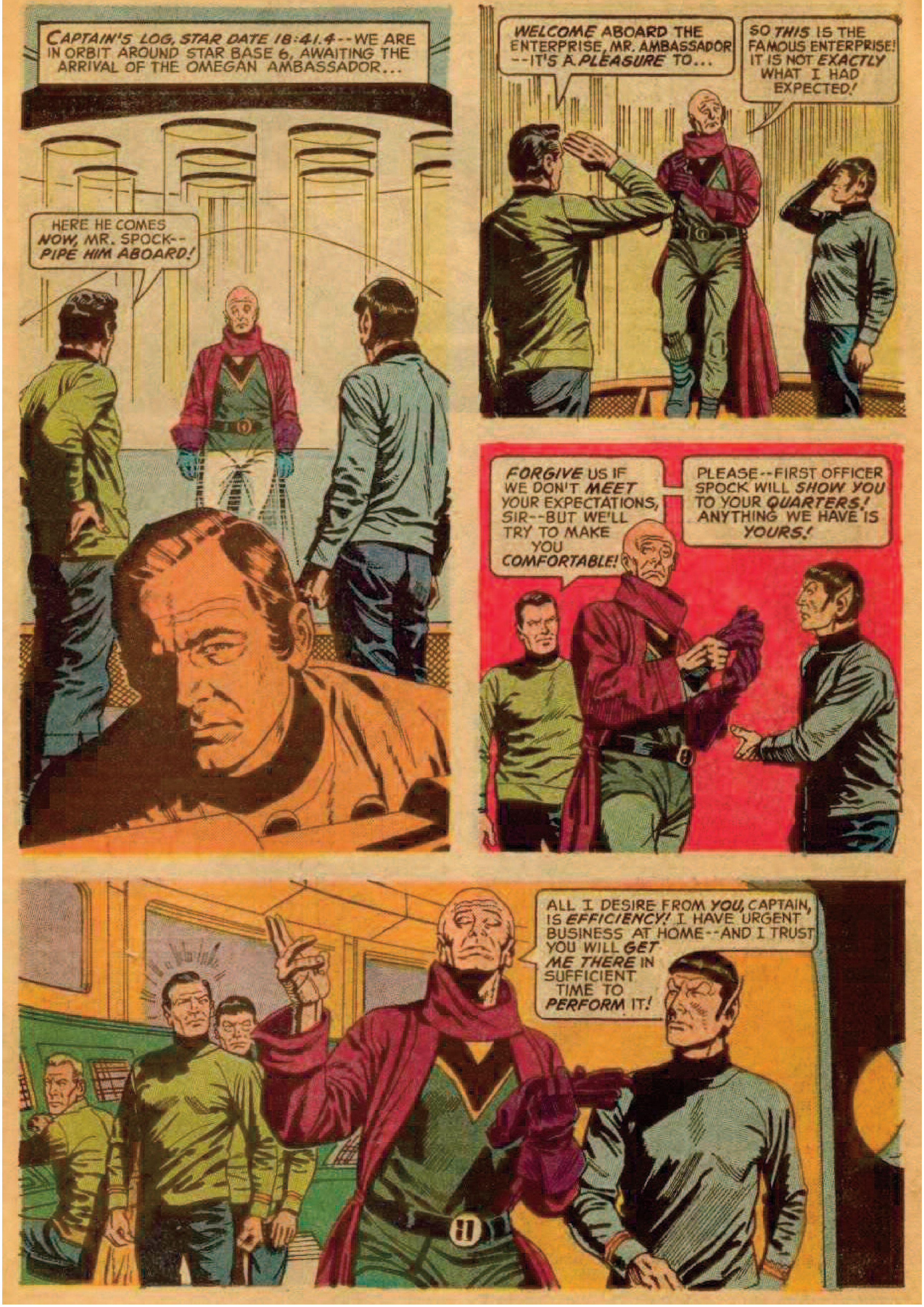

SPOCK HERE--GO AHEAD!
MR. SPOCK? IS SOMETHING WRONG DOWN THERE? WE'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO CONTACT THE CAPTAIN FOR SEVERAL MINUTES... AN' WE CANNA REACH HIM!
WE'VE RECEIVED AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM STAR FLEET COMMAND--AND UNLESS THE CAP'N ANSWERS IT SOON--THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE APLENTY!
AFFIRMATIVE, MR. SCOTT--I SHALL BEGIN SEARCHING FOR THE CAPTAIN IMMEDIATELY! OUT!
WHY DIDN'T HE ANSWER THE CALL? UNLESS HE IS INJURED--OR DEAD!
AND MOMENTS LATER...
FORTUNATELY, THE CAPTAIN'S COMMUNICATOR IS STILL FUNCTIONING! WE CAN TRACK HIM BY FOLLOWING THE DEVICE'S IMPULSES!
THE IMPULSES GROW EVER STRONGER, LEADING SPOCK AND HIS PARTY TO THE TOP OF A LONELY RISE WHERE...
MR. SPOCK--LOOK--!
I SEE, ENSIGN...

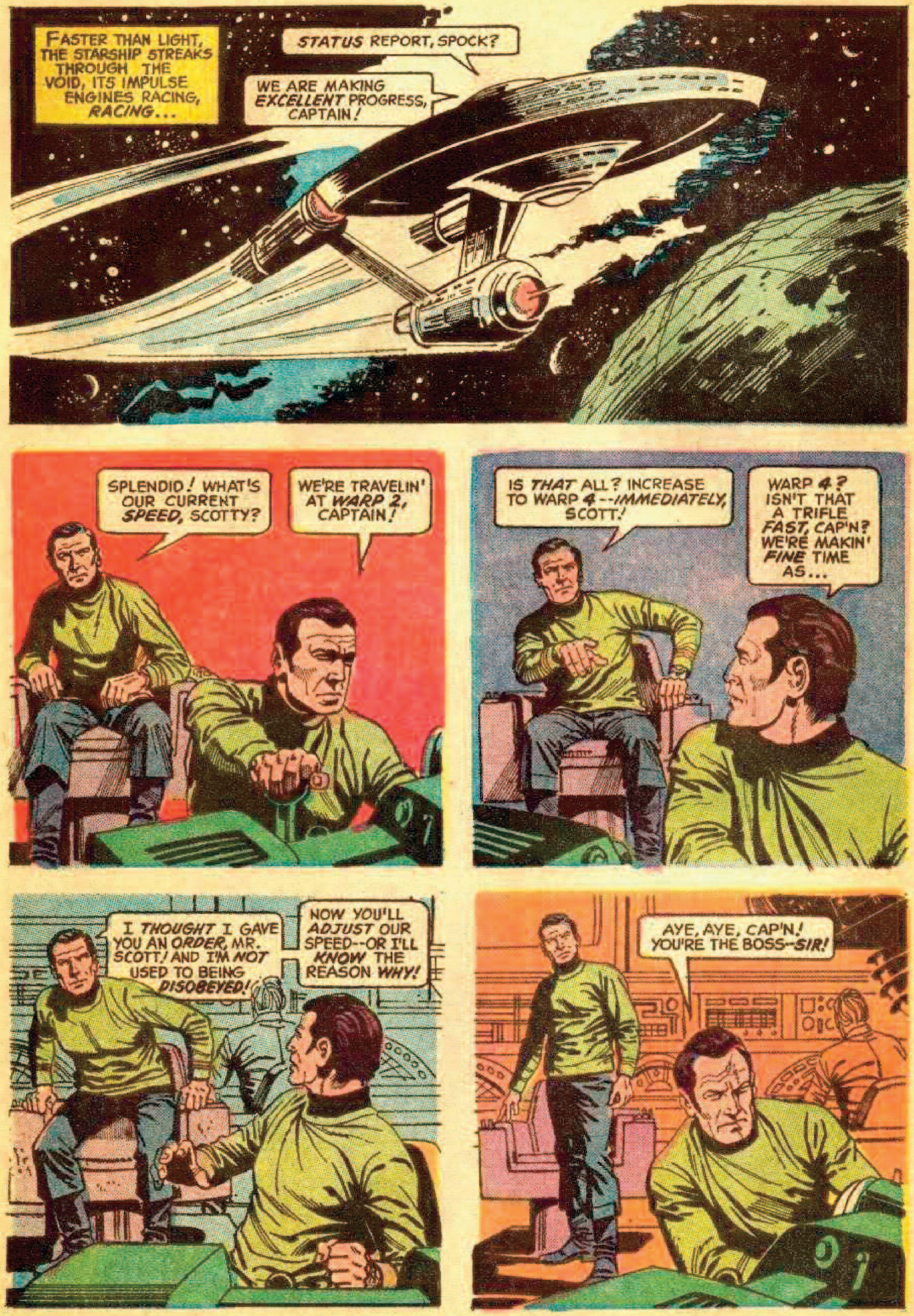

...AND THAT MONSTER SHALL MOST SURELY *KILL* THE CAPTAIN --UNLESS WE MOVE WITH *HASTE!*
LIFE TAKES MANY STRANGE FORMS THROUGHOUT THE STAR-SPACKLED COSMOS--THE *GASEOUS* BEINGS OF MADRAS IV, THE *SILICON* CREATURES OF CENTURI, THE FURRY, INSATIABLE *TRIBBLES*, THE *MENTAL* GIANTS OF TAOS AND *THIS*--THE REPTILIAN *BETASAUR*, AS FIERCE AND DEADLY AS THE PLANET IT INHABITS...
IT'S *NO USE*, MR. SPOCK--OUR PHASER BLASTS RICOCHET *HARMLESSLY* OFF THAT MONSTER'S *HIDE!*
SWIFTLY, THE STAR-ROVERS GAIN THEIR CAPTAIN'S SIDE AND...
THE BEAST WILL BE *UPON* US IN MOMENTS! LOGICALLY, IT MUST HAVE A *WEAK* POINT--BUT *WHAT? WHAT?*

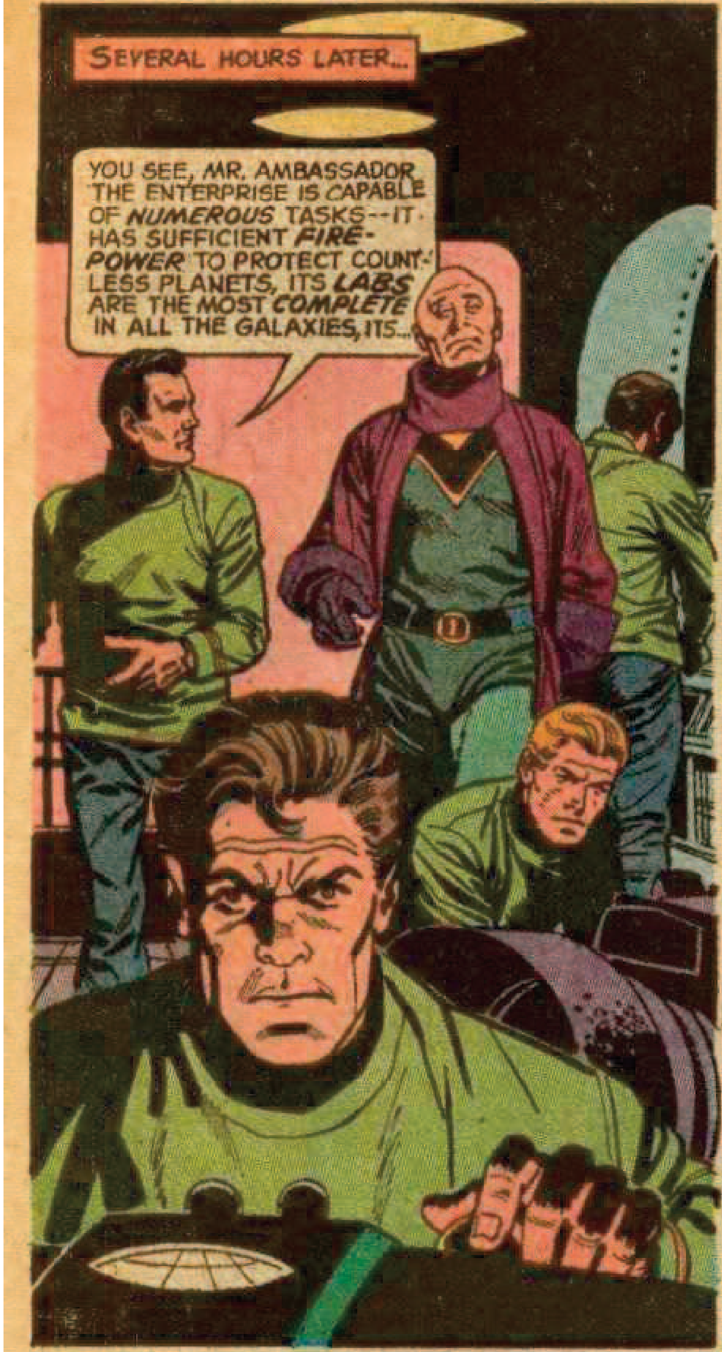

THERE IS ONLY *ONE* POSSIBILITY--*ONE* AREA OF THE CREATURE THAT IS *NOT COVERED* BY SCALES!
DIRECT YOUR PHASER FIRE AT THE BEAST'S *MOUTH*--BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE!*
NEEDLES OF SEARING LIGHT PIERCE THE ETHER --AND THE MISTY AIR IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE SCREAMS OF A DYING BEAST...
MY ASSUMPTION WAS *CORRECT!* OUR PHASER BLASTS PENETRATED TO THE REPTILE'S *BRAIN!*
AND AS THE SHIFTING DUST BEGINS TO SETTLE UPON THE BODY OF THE BEAST...
MR. SPOCK, YOU'RE *AMAZING!*
I AM MERELY *COMPETENT*, ENSIGN! YOU SHOULD REMEM... *WHAT..?*
CAPTAIN--ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT?*
WHO..? OH, MR. *SPOCK!* TH-THE REPTILE--WHERE *IS IT?* AND MY *CREWMEN?*
BOTH *DEAD*, CAPTAIN--- AS IS THE *LIZARD!* WE WERE *TOO LATE* TO SAVE THEM!
BUT OUR *PRIME* CONCERN RIGHT NOW IS *RETURNING YOU* SAFELY TO THE SHIP! THERE IS AN *IMPORTANT MESSAGE* WAITING FROM STAR FLEET COMMAND!

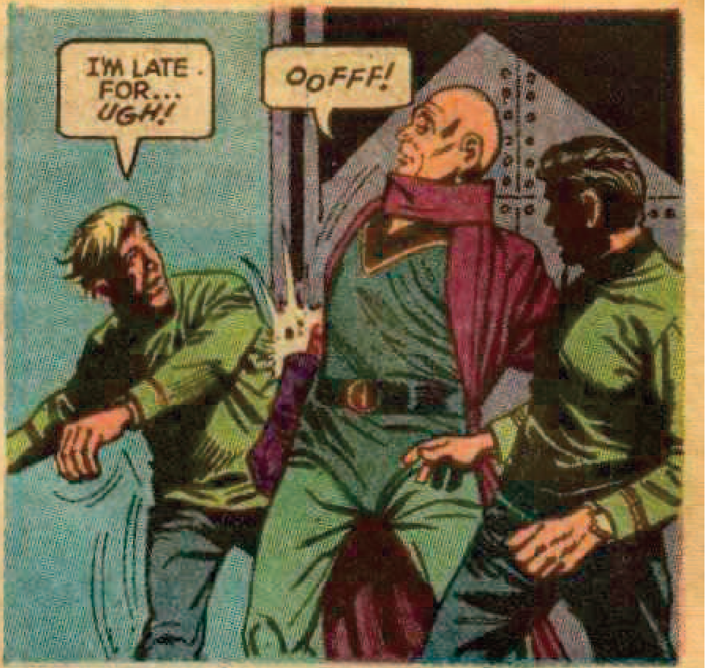

AND SHORTLY--IN THE STARSHIP'S SICK BAY...
HOW IS HE, DOCTOR?
THERE'S A GASH ON HIS HEAD--PROBABLY FROM THE FIGHT--AND THERE'S A SLIGHT CHANCE OF CONCUSSION! BUT KNOWING JIM'S CONSTITUTION, I'D SAY HE'LL BE FINE--WITH A LITTLE REST!
NO TIME TO REST! I MUST CONTACT STAR FLEET!
IN A SPACE-WART'S EYE YOU WILL! GET BACK ON THAT COT!
I CAN'T, BONES! IT'S A PRIORITY ONE MESSAGE! THE FATE OF WORLDS MAY BE AT STAKE!
MUCH THOUGH I HATE TO, I'M AFRAID I MUST AGREE WITH THE CAPTAIN, DOCTOR! HE MUST ACCEPT THE MESSAGE!
THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE IS UNCOMMONLY QUIET AS THE VIEWSCREEN GLOWS WITH A SOFT LIGHT...
THIS IS KIRK ON THE ENTERPRISE--GO AHEAD, STAR FLEET!

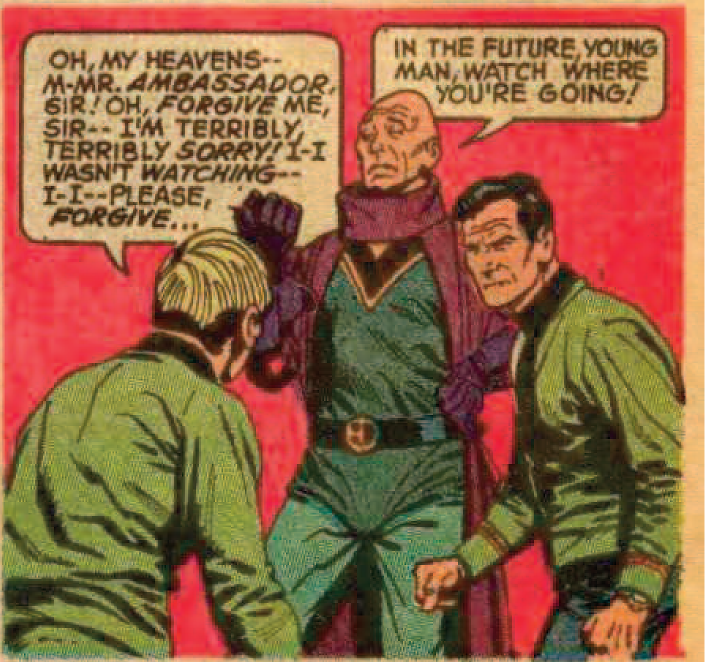

JIM, I KNOW THIS IS A LITTLE *OUT OF YOUR LINE* --BUT WE HAVE A SPECIAL MISSION FOR YOU OF THE *UTMOST URGENCY!*
AS YOU KNOW, OUR *DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS* WITH THE PLANETS IN THE OMEGA SYSTEM ARE *SHAKY!* THEY NEED ONLY THE *SLIGHTEST* PROVOCATION TO SHIFT THEIR ALLIANCE TO THE *KLINGON* EMPIRE!
THERE IS AN OMEGAN *AMBASSADOR* WAITING AT STAR BASE 6 FOR SAFE PASSAGE HOME! *GIVE* HIM THAT PASSAGE, JIM--YOU *PROVE* TO HIM THAT HIS SYSTEM *BELONGS* IN THE FEDERATION!
YOU MUST BE EXTREMELY *CAREFUL*, JIM--TO DO NOTHING THAT THE AMBASSADOR COULD POSSIBLY MISINTERPRET AS *UNFRIENDLY!*
JUST GET HIM *HOME*--AS *QUICKLY* AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE! I DON'T CARE *HOW* YOU DO IT!
AND MOMENTS AFTER THE IMAGE FADES...
WELL, *THAT'S* OVER WITH! NOW *YOU'RE* GOING BACK TO *BED!*
WRONG, BONES --I'VE STILL GOT A *JOB* TO DO! WE'RE HEADING FOR *STAR BASE 6!*

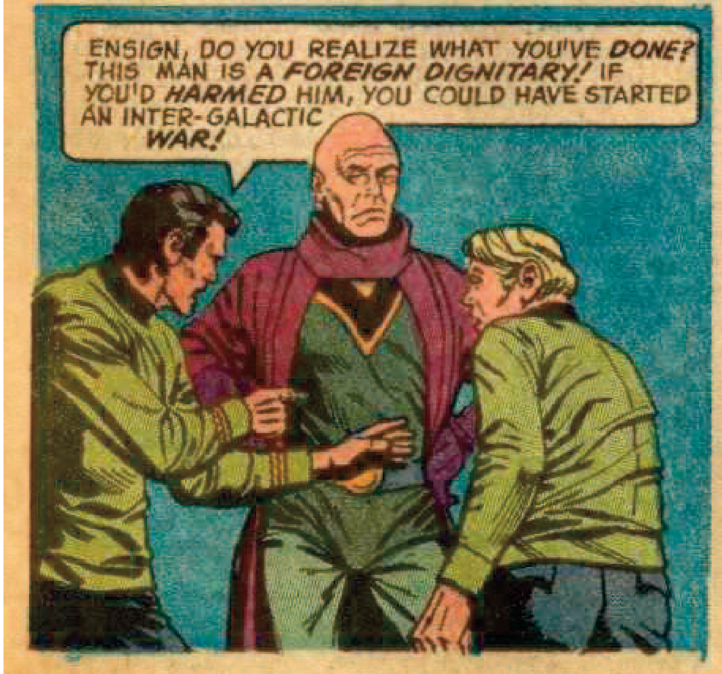

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 18:41.4--WE ARE IN ORBIT AROUND STAR BASE 6, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE OMEGAN AMBASSADOR...
HERE HE COMES NOW, MR. SPOCK--PIPE HIM ABOARD!
WELCOME ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE, MR. AMBASSADOR--IT'S A PLEASURE TO...
SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS ENTERPRISE! IT IS NOT EXACTLY WHAT I HAD EXPECTED!
FORGIVE US IF WE DON'T MEET YOUR EXPECTATIONS, SIR--BUT WE'LL TRY TO MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE!
PLEASE--FIRST OFFICER SPOCK WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS! ANYTHING WE HAVE IS YOURS!
ALL I DESIRE FROM YOU, CAPTAIN, IS EFFICIENCY! I HAVE URGENT BUSINESS AT HOME--AND I TRUST YOU WILL GET ME THERE IN SUFFICIENT TIME TO PERFORM IT!

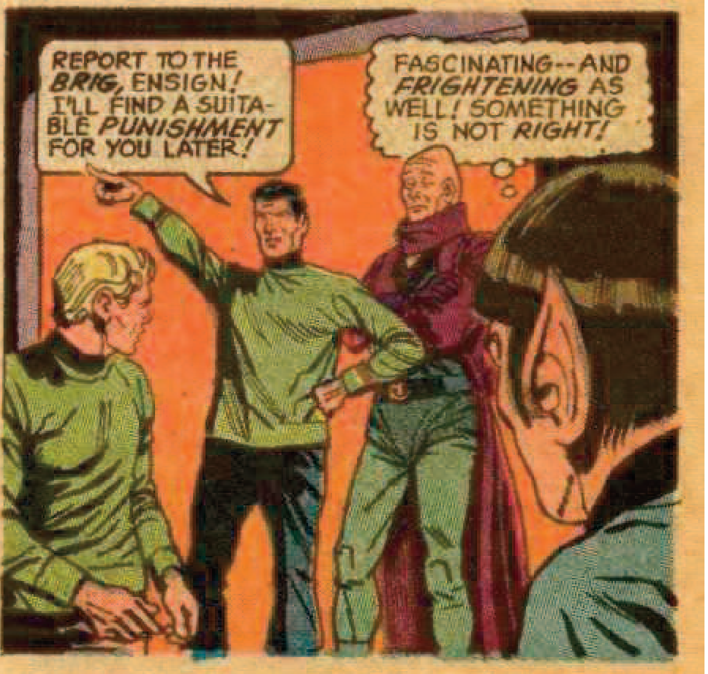

FASTER THAN LIGHT, THE STARSHIP STREAKS THROUGH THE VOID, ITS IMPULSE ENGINES RACING, *RACING*...
STATUS REPORT, SPOCK?
WE ARE MAKING *EXCELLENT* PROGRESS, CAPTAIN!
SPLENDID! WHAT'S OUR CURRENT *SPEED*, SCOTTY?
WE'RE TRAVELIN' AT *WARP 2*, CAPTAIN!
IS *THAT* ALL? INCREASE TO WARP *4*--*IMMEDIATELY*, SCOTT!
WARP *4*? ISN'T THAT A TRIFLE *FAST*, CAP'N? WE'RE MAKIN' *FINE* TIME AS...
I *THOUGHT* I GAVE YOU AN *ORDER*, MR. SCOTT! AND I'M *NOT* USED TO BEING *DISOBEYED!*
NOW YOU'LL *ADJUST* OUR SPEED--OR I'LL *KNOW* THE REASON *WHY!*
AYE, AYE, CAP'N! YOU'RE THE BOSS--*SIR!*

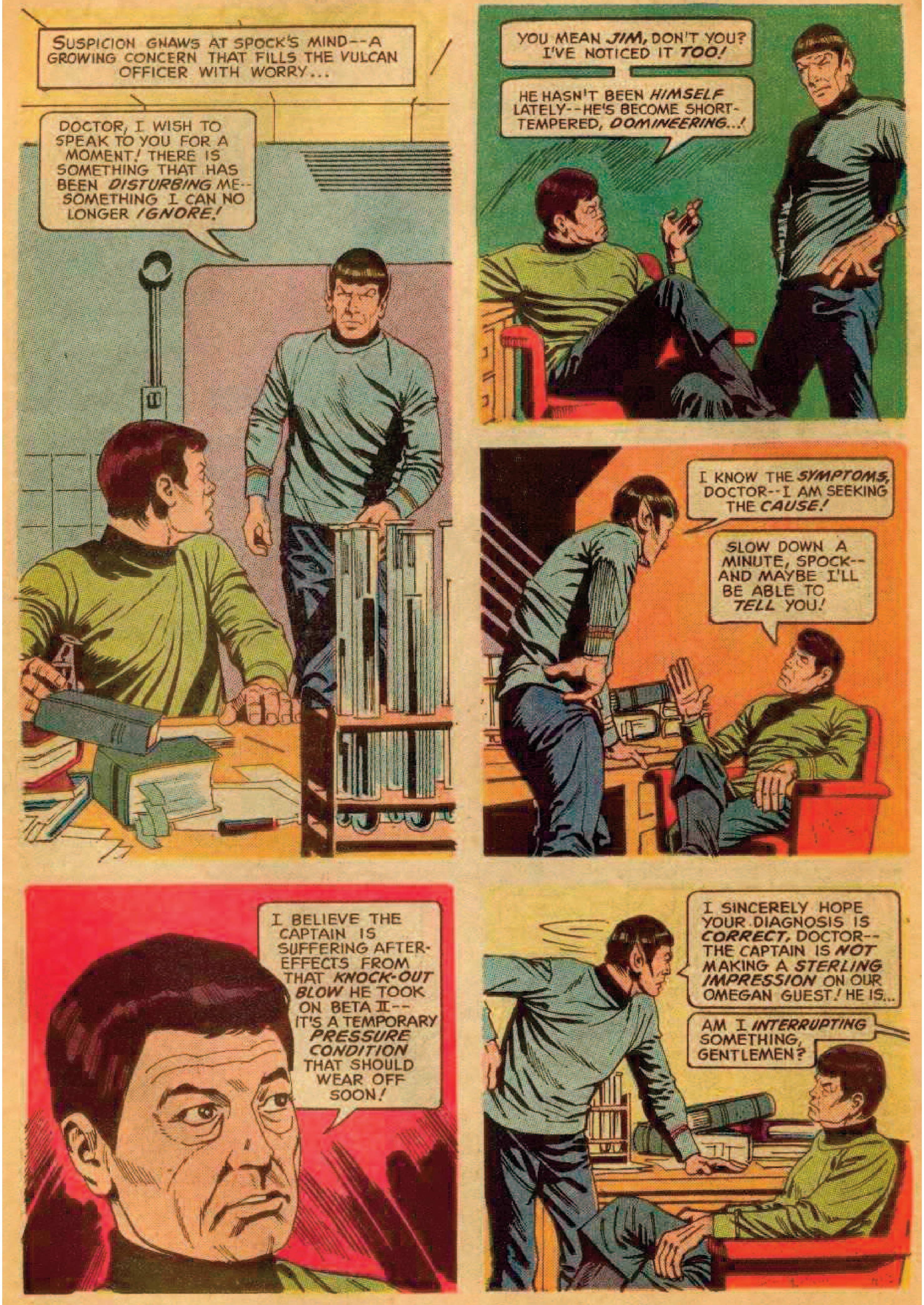

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
YOU SEE, MR. AMBASSADOR, THE ENTERPRISE IS CAPABLE OF *NUMEROUS* TASKS--IT HAS SUFFICIENT *FIRE-POWER* TO PROTECT COUNTLESS PLANETS, ITS *LABS* ARE THE MOST *COMPLETE* IN ALL THE GALAXIES, ITS...

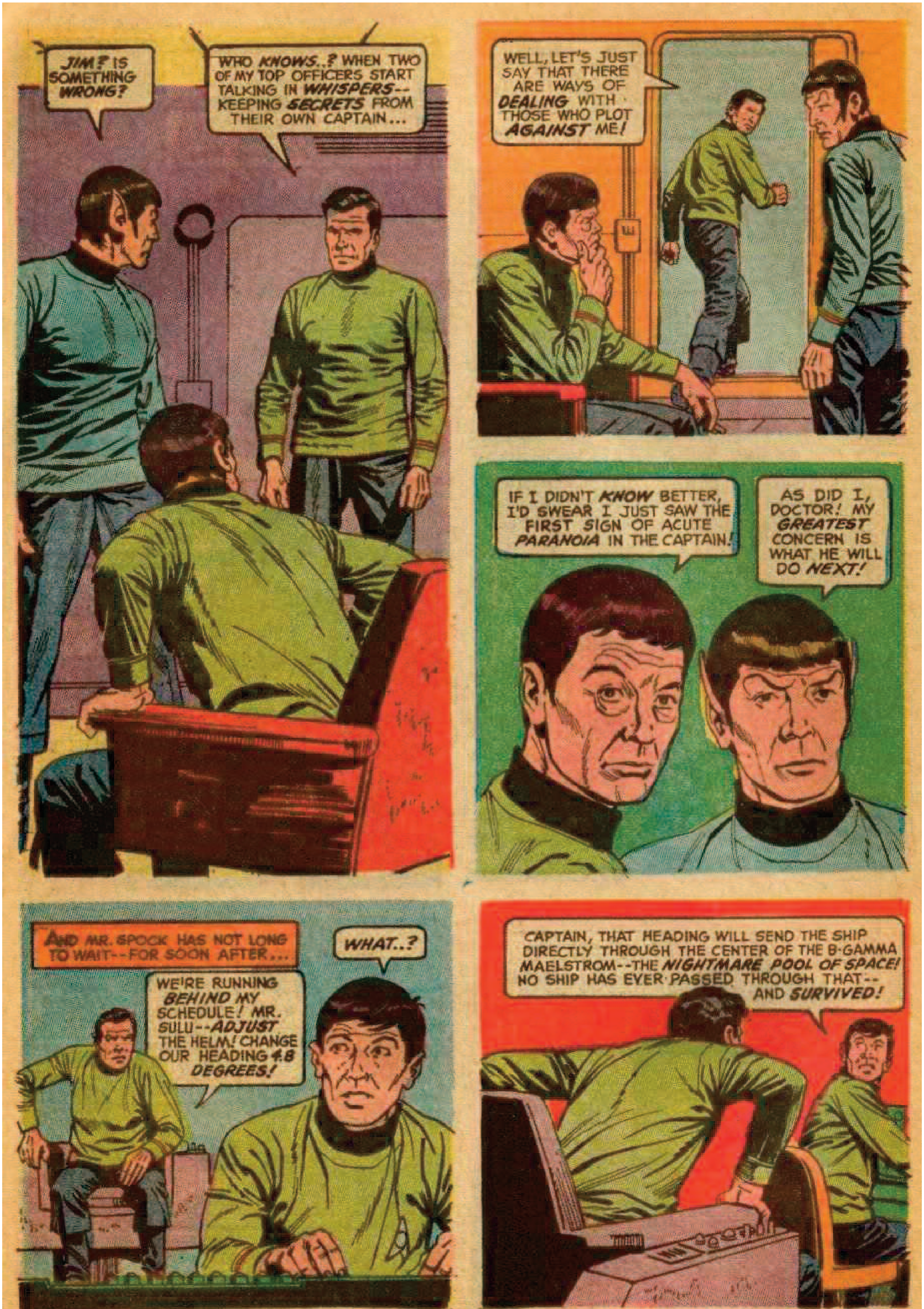

I'M LATE FOR... *UGH!*
OOFFF!

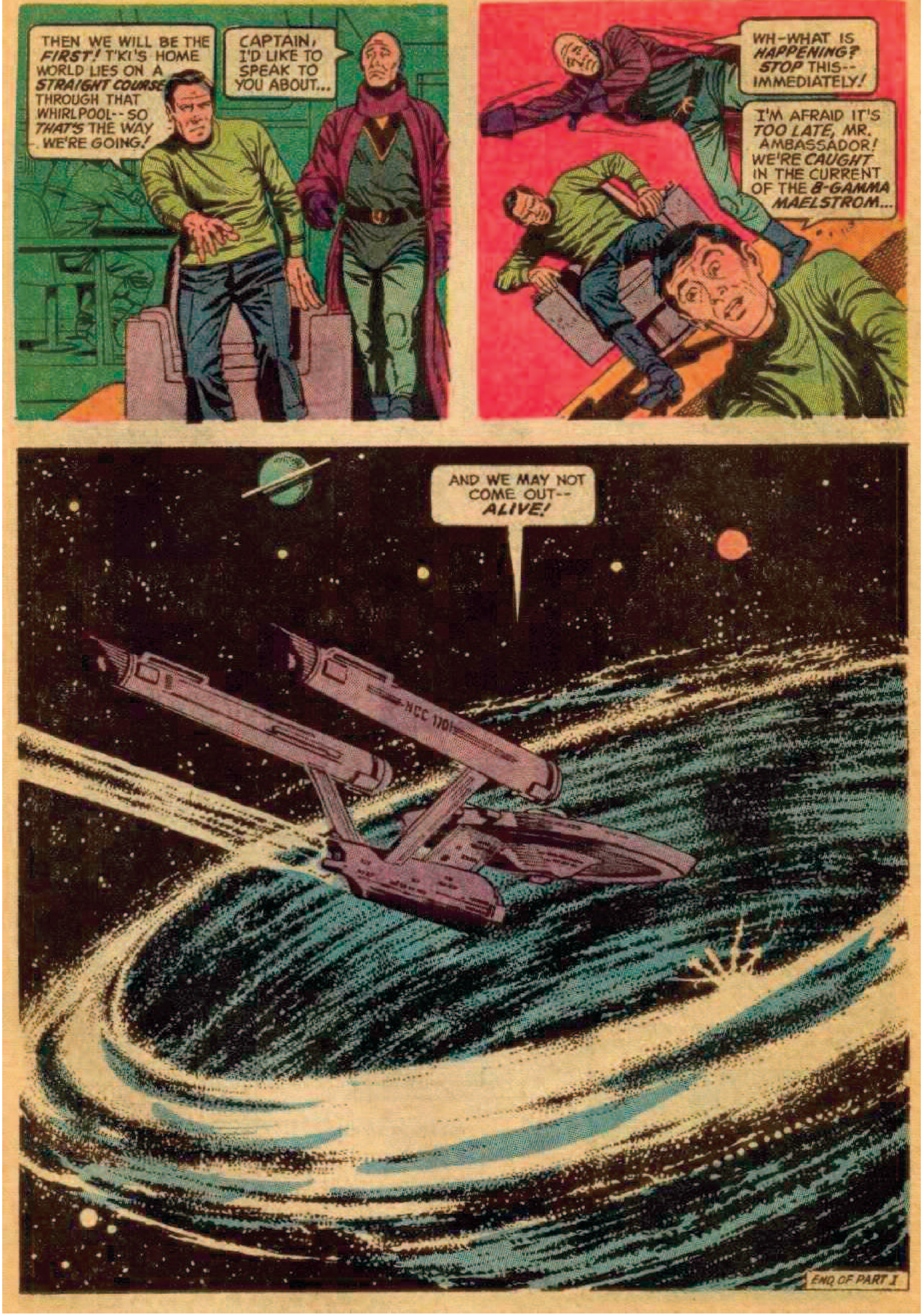

OH, MY HEAVENS-- M-MR. *AMBASSADOR*, SIR! OH, *FORGIVE* ME, SIR-- I'M TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY *SORRY!* I-I WASN'T *WATCHING*-- I-I--PLEASE, *FORGIVE*...
IN THE FUTURE, YOUNG MAN, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

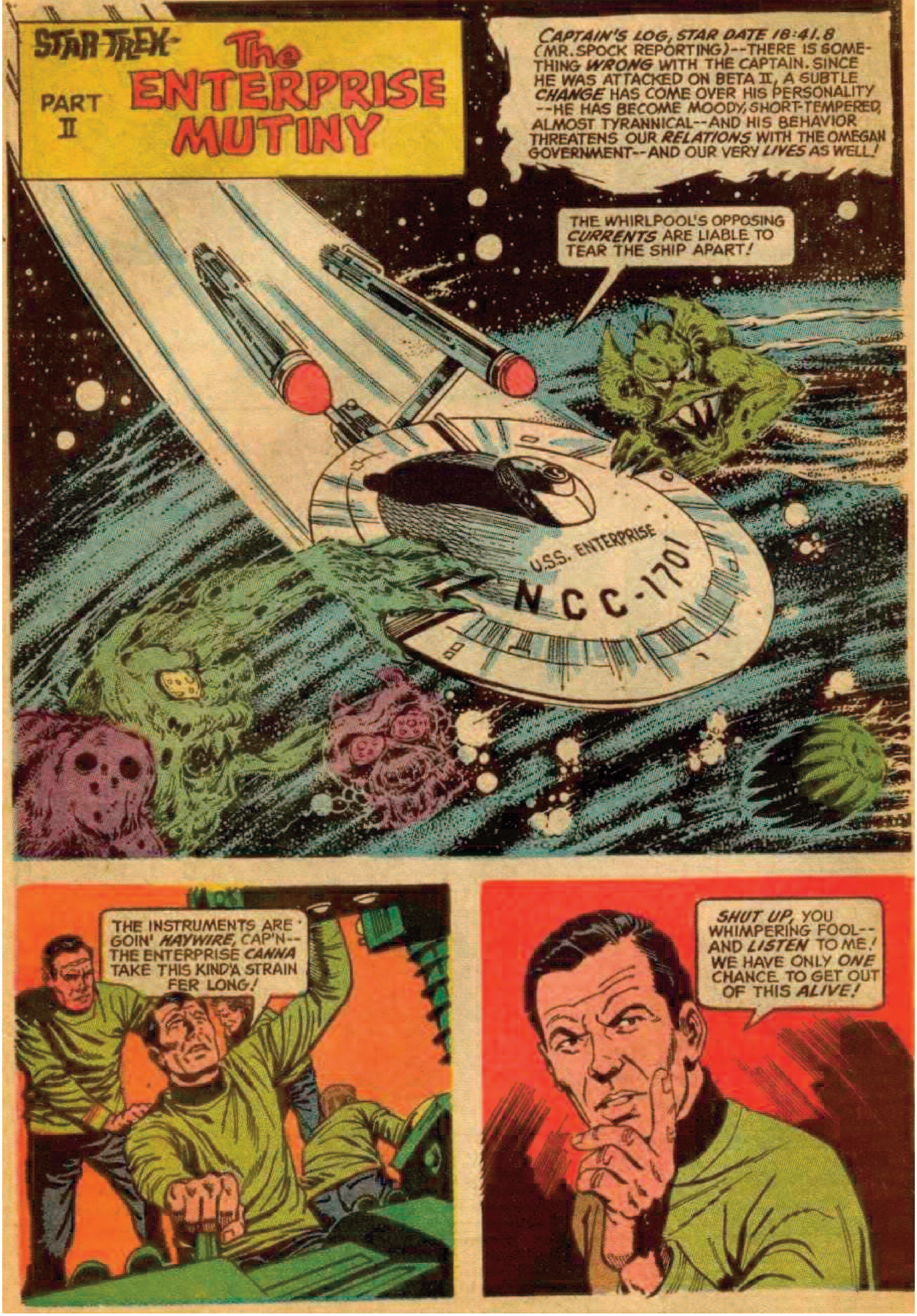

ENSIGN, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE *DONE?* THIS MAN IS A *FOREIGN DIGNITARY!* IF YOU'D *HARMED* HIM, YOU COULD HAVE STARTED AN INTER-GALACTIC *WAR!*

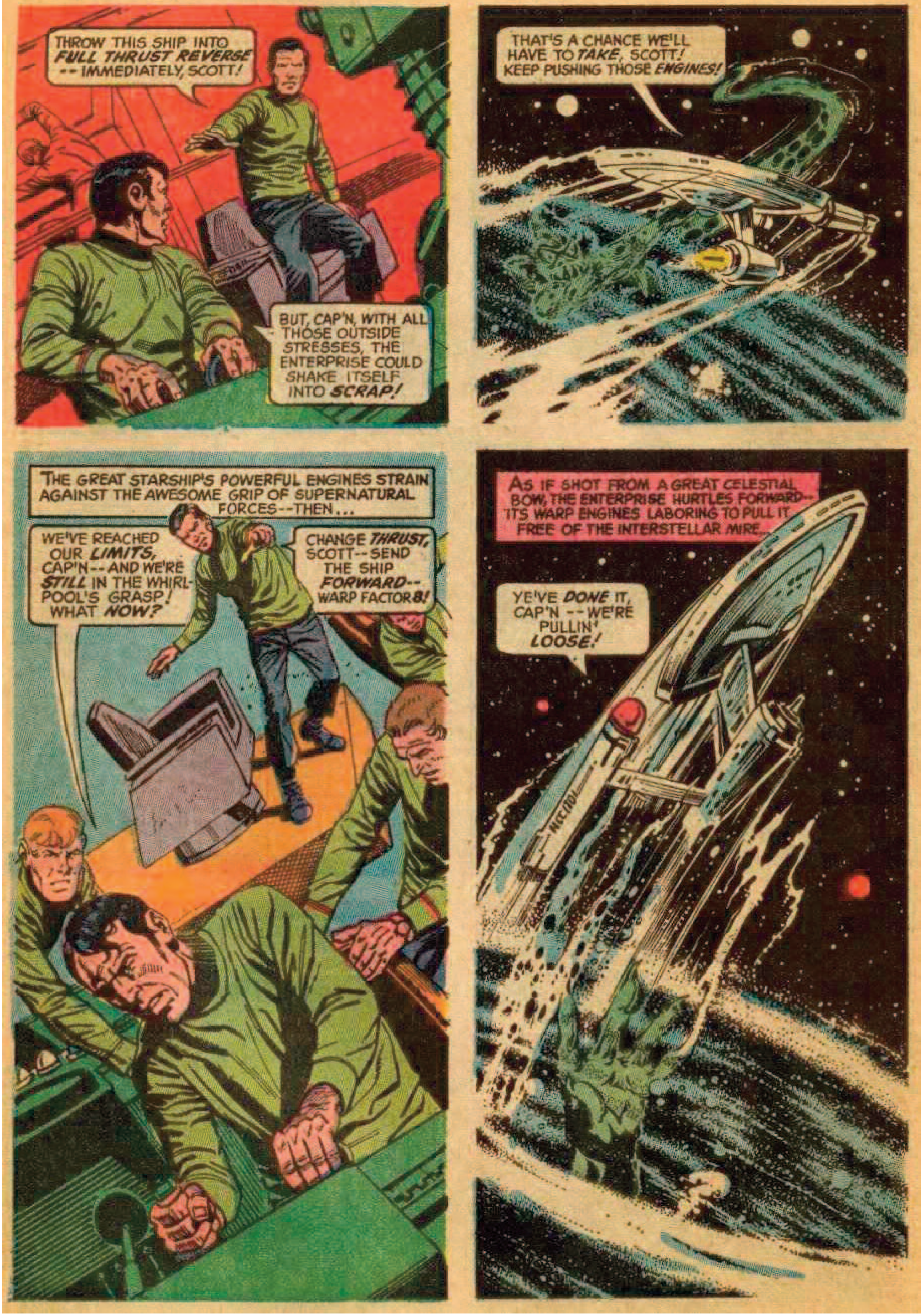

REPORT TO THE *BRIG*, ENSIGN! I'LL FIND A SUITABLE *PUNISHMENT* FOR YOU LATER!
FASCINATING--AND *FRIGHTENING* AS WELL! SOMETHING IS NOT *RIGHT!*

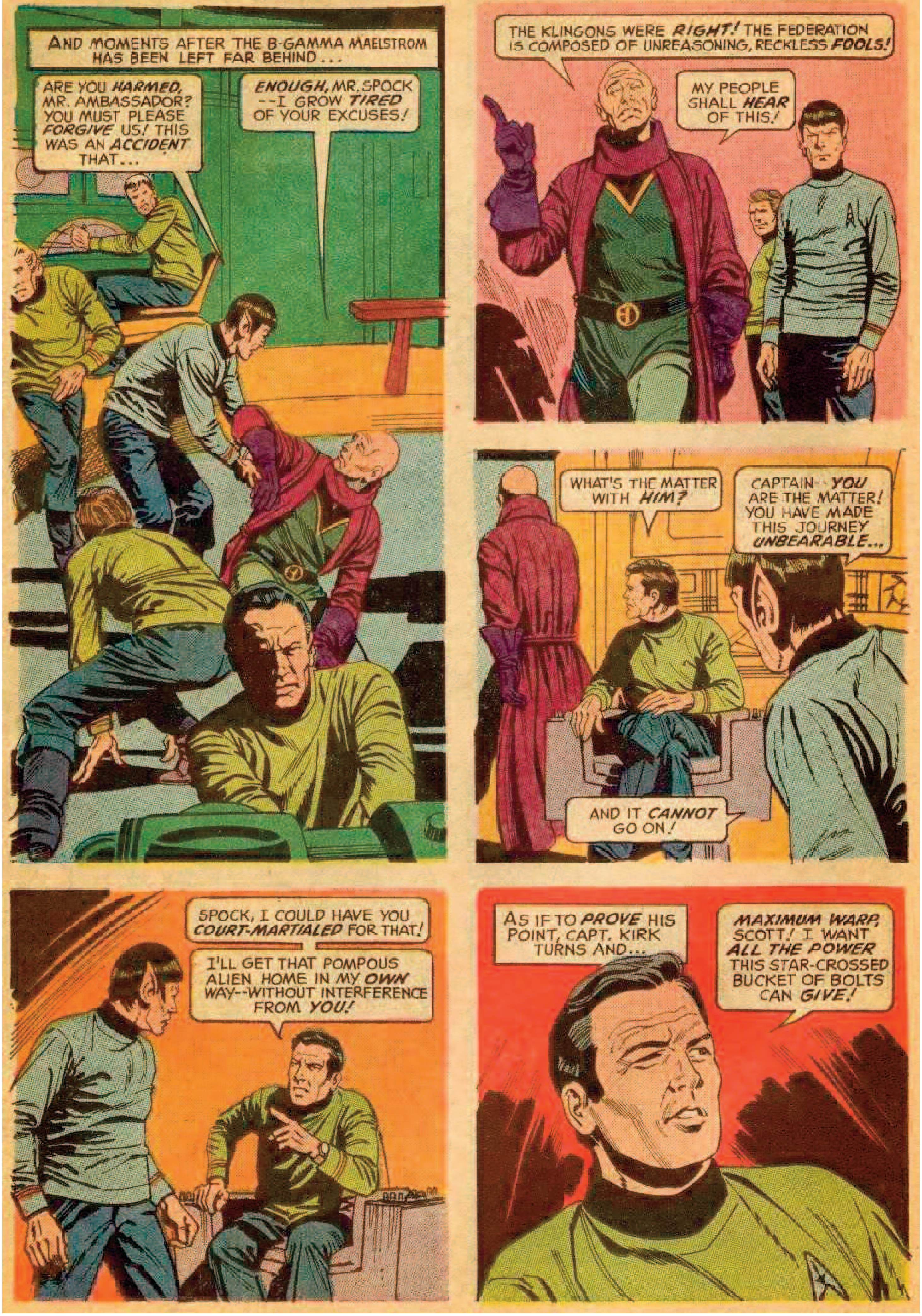

SUSPICION GNAWS AT SPOCK'S MIND--A GROWING CONCERN THAT FILLS THE VULCAN OFFICER WITH WORRY...
DOCTOR, I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT! THERE IS SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN *DISTURBING* ME--SOMETHING I CAN NO LONGER *IGNORE!*
YOU MEAN *JIM*, DON'T YOU? I'VE NOTICED IT *TOO!*
HE HASN'T BEEN *HIMSELF* LATELY--HE'S BECOME SHORT-TEMPERED, *DOMINEERING...!*
I KNOW THE *SYMPTOMS*, DOCTOR--I AM SEEKING THE *CAUSE!*
SLOW DOWN A MINUTE, SPOCK--AND MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO *TELL* YOU!
I BELIEVE THE CAPTAIN IS SUFFERING AFTER-EFFECTS FROM THAT *KNOCK-OUT BLOW* HE TOOK ON BETA II--IT'S A TEMPORARY *PRESSURE CONDITION* THAT SHOULD WEAR OFF SOON!
I SINCERELY HOPE YOUR DIAGNOSIS IS *CORRECT*, DOCTOR--THE CAPTAIN IS *NOT* MAKING A *STERLING IMPRESSION* ON OUR OMEGAN GUEST! HE IS...
AM I *INTERRUPTING* SOMETHING, GENTLEMEN?

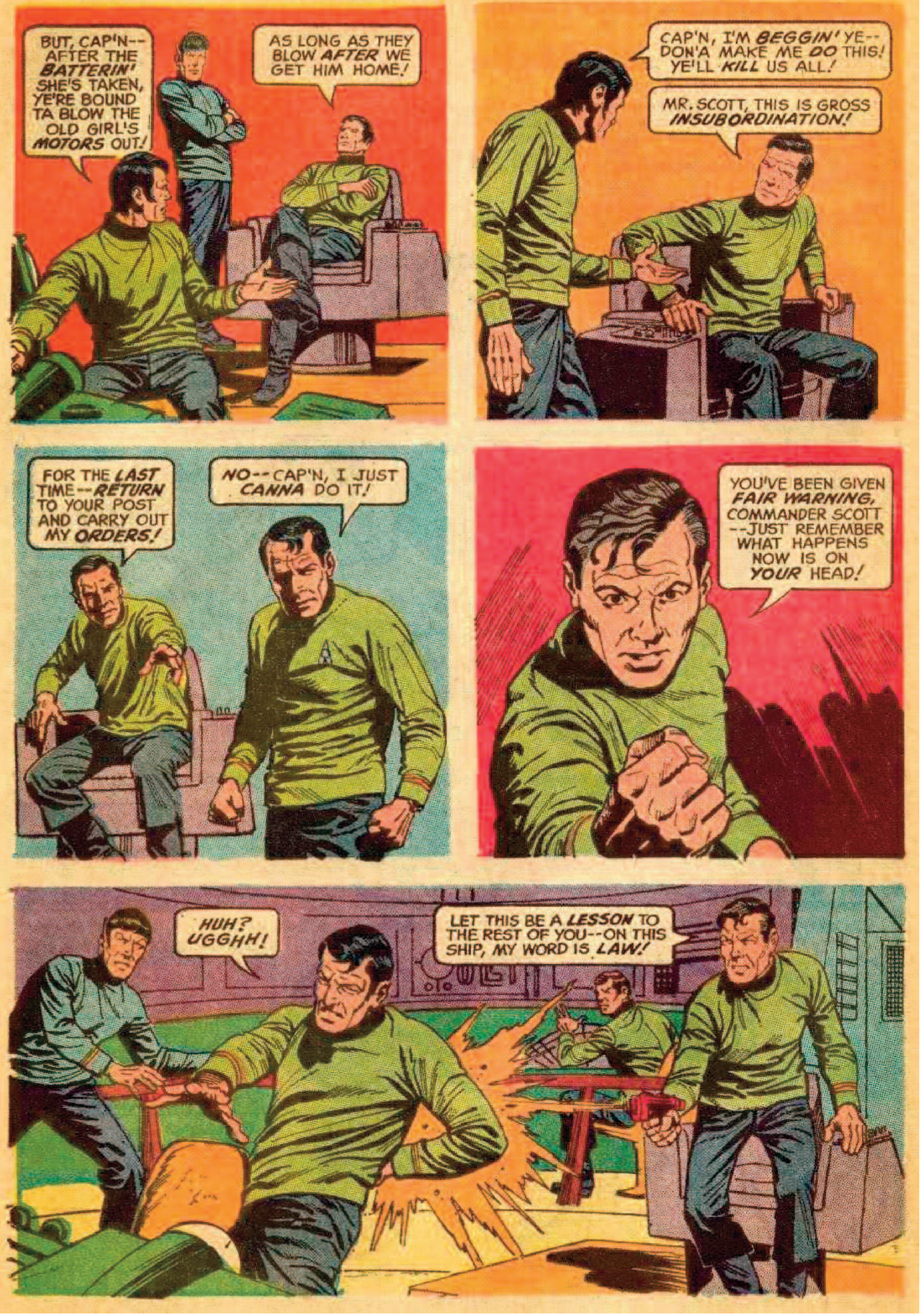

JIM? IS SOMETHING WRONG?
WHO KNOWS..? WHEN TWO OF MY TOP OFFICERS START TALKING IN WHISPERS-- KEEPING SECRETS FROM THEIR OWN CAPTAIN...
WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT THERE ARE WAYS OF DEALING WITH THOSE WHO PLOT AGAINST ME!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR I JUST SAW THE FIRST SIGN OF ACUTE PARANOIA IN THE CAPTAIN!
AS DID I, DOCTOR! MY GREATEST CONCERN IS WHAT HE WILL DO NEXT!
AND MR. SPOCK HAS NOT LONG TO WAIT--FOR SOON AFTER...
WHAT..?
WE'RE RUNNING BEHIND MY SCHEDULE! MR. SULU--ADJUST THE HELM! CHANGE OUR HEADING 4.8 DEGREES!
CAPTAIN, THAT HEADING WILL SEND THE SHIP DIRECTLY THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE B-GAMMA MAELSTROM--THE NIGHTMARE POOL OF SPACE! NO SHIP HAS EVER PASSED THROUGH THAT-- AND SURVIVED!

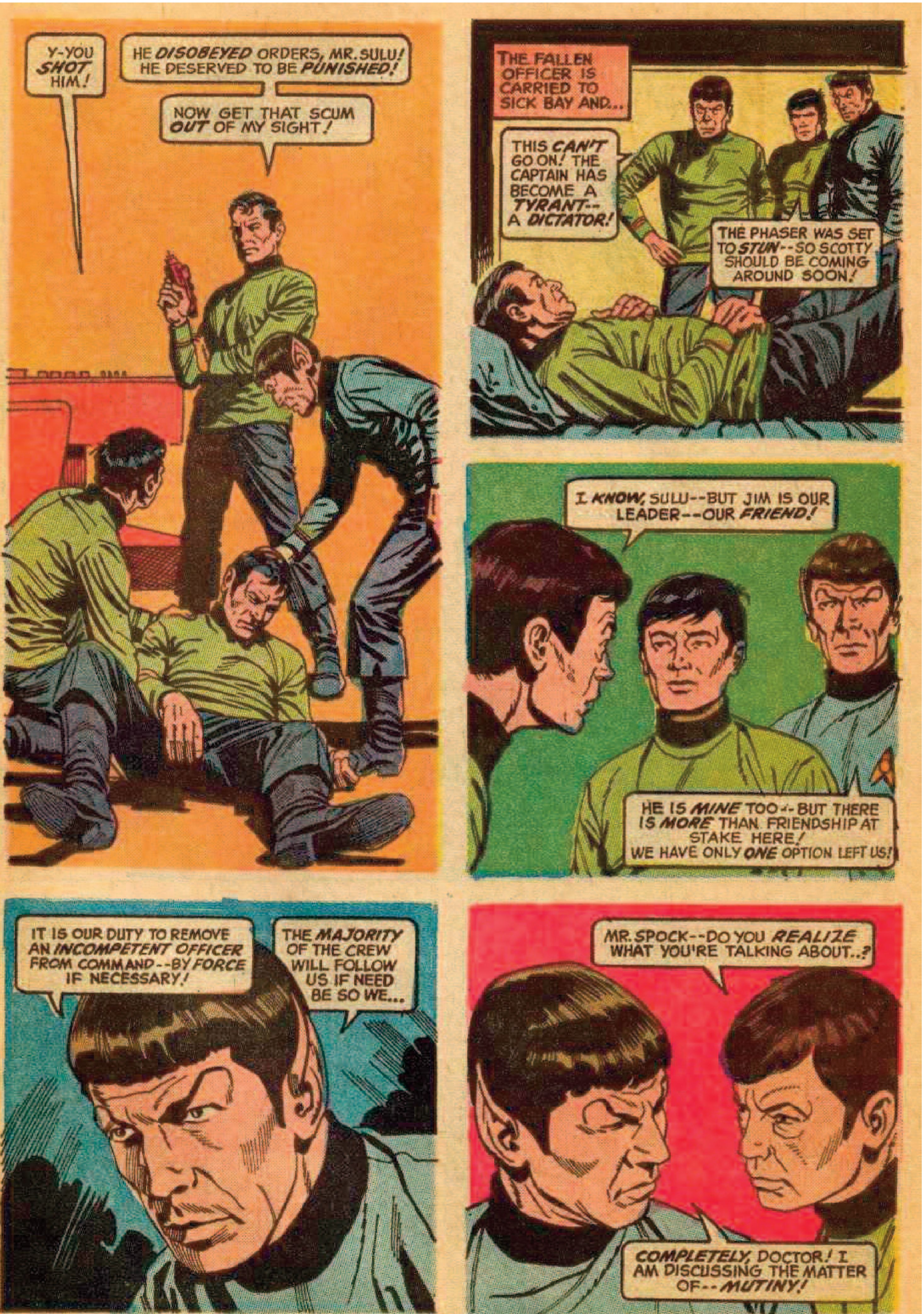

THEN WE WILL BE THE *FIRST!* T'KI'S HOME WORLD LIES ON A *STRAIGHT COURSE* THROUGH THAT WHIRLPOOL--SO *THAT'S* THE WAY WE'RE GOING!
CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT...
WH-WHAT IS *HAPPENING? STOP* THIS--IMMEDIATELY!
I'M AFRAID IT'S *TOO LATE*, MR. AMBASSADOR! WE'RE *CAUGHT* IN THE CURRENT OF THE *8-GAMMA MAELSTROM*...
AND WE MAY NOT COME OUT--*ALIVE!*
NCC 1701
END OF PART I

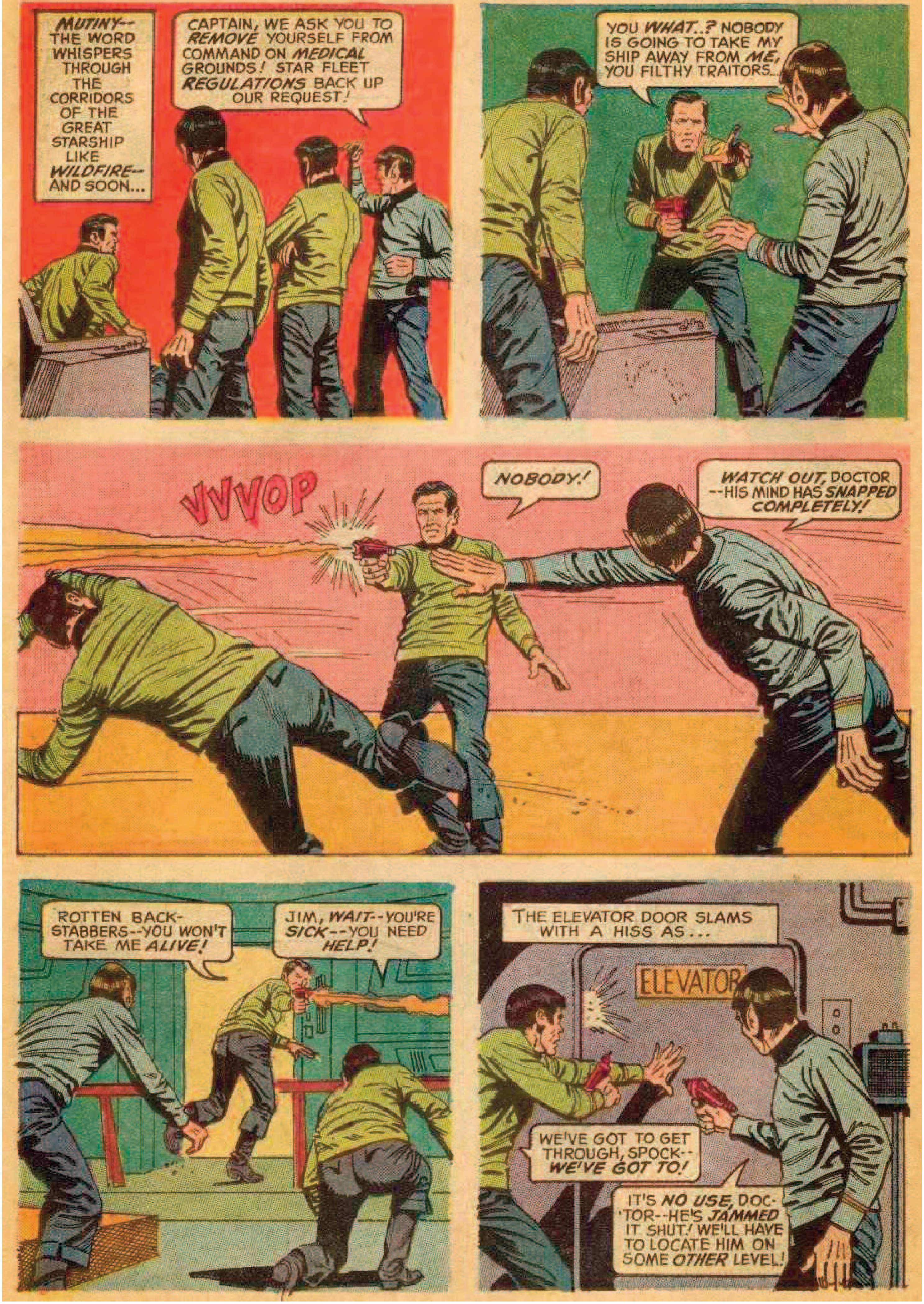

STAR TREK
PART II
The ENTERPRISE MUTINY
CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 18:41.8 (MR. SPOCK REPORTING)--THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CAPTAIN. SINCE HE WAS ATTACKED ON BETA II, A SUBTLE CHANGE HAS COME OVER HIS PERSONALITY --HE HAS BECOME MOODY, SHORT-TEMPERED, ALMOST TYRANNICAL--AND HIS BEHAVIOR THREATENS OUR RELATIONS WITH THE OMEGAN GOVERNMENT--AND OUR VERY LIVES AS WELL!
THE WHIRLPOOL'S OPPOSING CURRENTS ARE LIABLE TO TEAR THE SHIP APART!
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE
NCC-1701
THE INSTRUMENTS ARE GOIN' HAYWIRE, CAP'N-- THE ENTERPRISE CANNA TAKE THIS KIND'A STRAIN FER LONG!
SHUT UP, YOU WHIMPERING FOOL-- AND LISTEN TO ME! WE HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

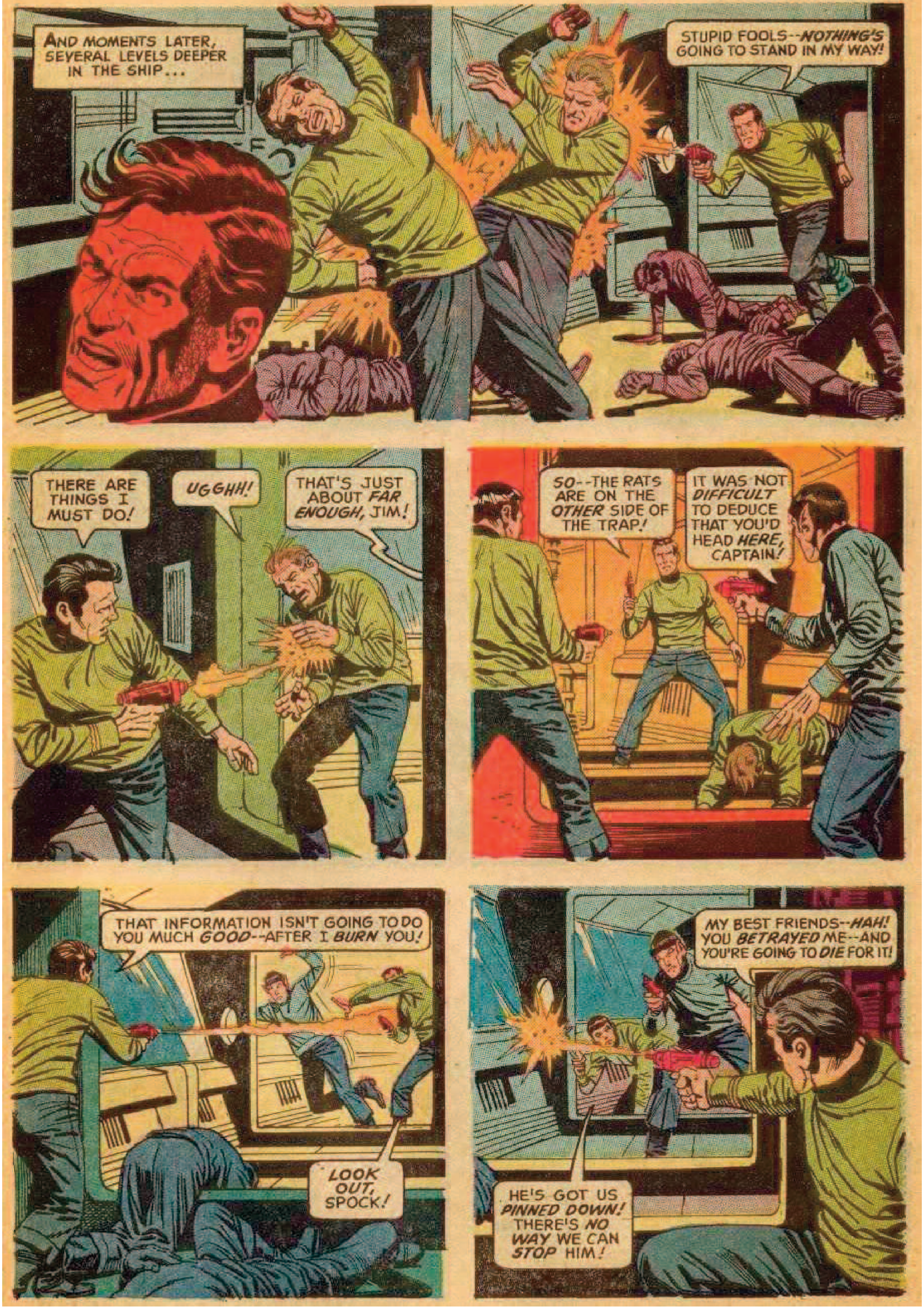

THROW THIS SHIP INTO *FULL THRUST REVERSE* -- IMMEDIATELY, SCOTT!
BUT, CAP'N, WITH ALL THOSE OUTSIDE STRESSES, THE ENTERPRISE COULD SHAKE ITSELF INTO *SCRAP!*
THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO *TAKE*, SCOTT! KEEP PUSHING THOSE *ENGINES!*
THE GREAT STARSHIP'S POWERFUL ENGINES STRAIN AGAINST THE AWESOME GRIP OF SUPERNATURAL FORCES--THEN...
WE'VE REACHED OUR *LIMITS*, CAP'N--AND WE'RE *STILL* IN THE WHIRLPOOL'S GRASP! WHAT *NOW?*
CHANGE *THRUST*, SCOTT--SEND THE SHIP *FORWARD*--WARP FACTOR 8!
AS IF SHOT FROM A GREAT CELESTIAL BOW, THE ENTERPRISE HURTLES FORWARD--ITS WARP ENGINES LABORING TO PULL IT FREE OF THE INTERSTELLAR MIRE...
YE'VE *DONE* IT, CAP'N--WE'RE PULLIN' *LOOSE!*
NCC-1701

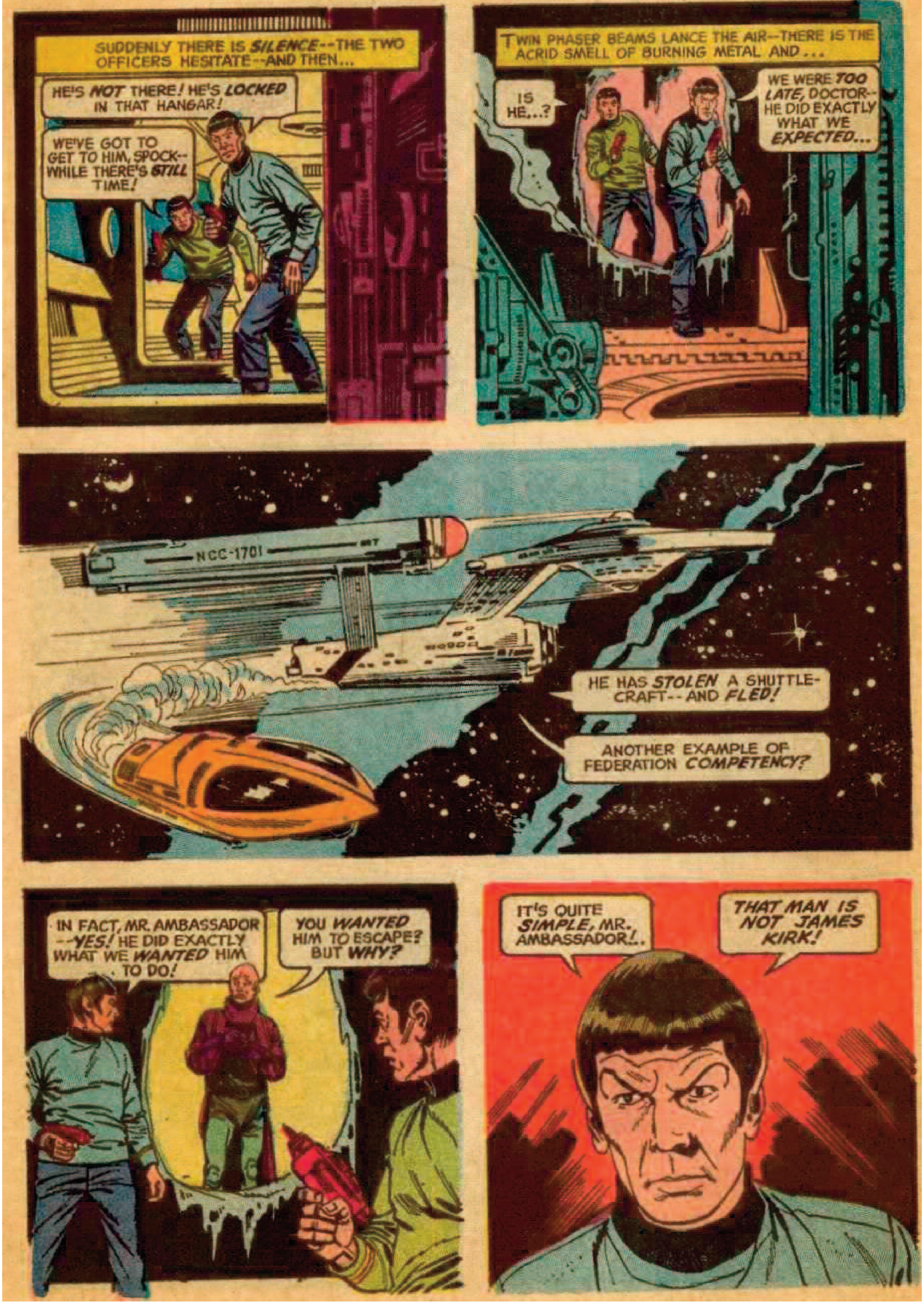

AND MOMENTS AFTER THE B-GAMMA MAELSTROM HAS BEEN LEFT FAR BEHIND...
ARE YOU *HARMED,* MR. AMBASSADOR? YOU MUST PLEASE *FORGIVE* US! THIS WAS AN *ACCIDENT* THAT...
ENOUGH, MR. SPOCK --I GROW *TIRED* OF YOUR EXCUSES!
THE KLINGONS WERE *RIGHT!* THE FEDERATION IS COMPOSED OF UNREASONING, RECKLESS *FOOLS!*
MY PEOPLE SHALL *HEAR* OF THIS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH *HIM?*
CAPTAIN--*YOU* ARE THE MATTER! YOU HAVE MADE THIS JOURNEY *UNBEARABLE...*
AND IT *CANNOT* GO ON!
SPOCK, I COULD HAVE YOU *COURT-MARTIALED* FOR THAT!
I'LL GET THAT POMPOUS ALIEN HOME IN MY *OWN* WAY--WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM *YOU!*
AS IF TO *PROVE* HIS POINT, CAPT. KIRK TURNS AND...
MAXIMUM WARP, SCOTT! I WANT *ALL THE POWER* THIS STAR-CROSSED BUCKET OF BOLTS CAN *GIVE!*

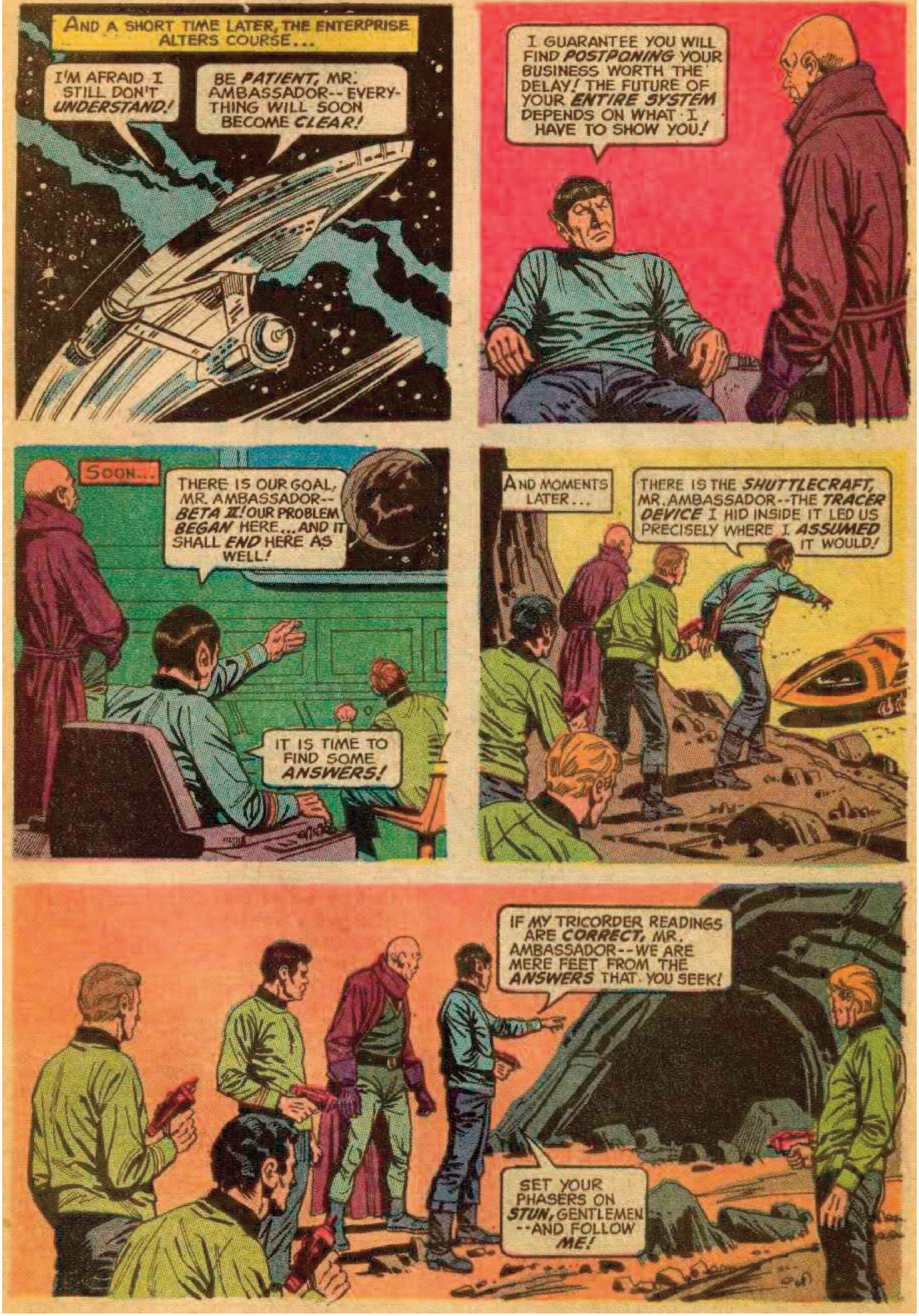

BUT, CAP'N-- AFTER THE BATTERIN' SHE'S TAKEN, YE'RE BOUND TA BLOW THE OLD GIRL'S MOTORS OUT!
AS LONG AS THEY BLOW AFTER WE GET HIM HOME!
CAP'N, I'M BEGGIN' YE-- DON'A MAKE ME DO THIS! YE'LL KILL US ALL!
MR. SCOTT, THIS IS GROSS INSUBORDINATION!
FOR THE LAST TIME--RETURN TO YOUR POST AND CARRY OUT MY ORDERS!
NO--CAP'N, I JUST CANNA DO IT!
YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN FAIR WARNING, COMMANDER SCOTT --JUST REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENS NOW IS ON YOUR HEAD!
HUH? UGGHH!
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO THE REST OF YOU--ON THIS SHIP, MY WORD IS LAW!

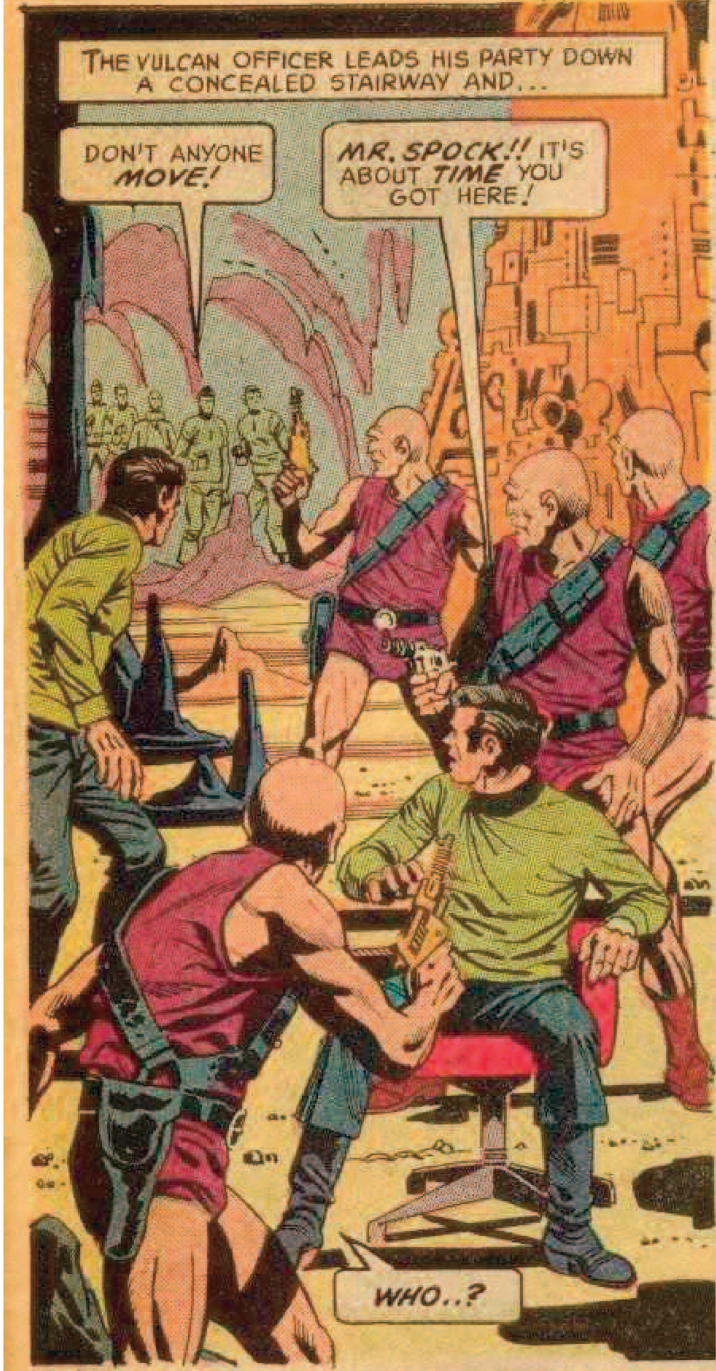

Y-YOU SHOT HIM!
HE DISOBEYED ORDERS, MR. SULU! HE DESERVED TO BE PUNISHED!
NOW GET THAT SCUM OUT OF MY SIGHT!
THE FALLEN OFFICER IS CARRIED TO SICK BAY AND...
THIS CAN'T GO ON! THE CAPTAIN HAS BECOME A TYRANT-- A DICTATOR!
THE PHASER WAS SET TO STUN--SO SCOTTY SHOULD BE COMING AROUND SOON!
I KNOW, SULU--BUT JIM IS OUR LEADER--OUR FRIEND!
HE IS MINE TOO--BUT THERE IS MORE THAN FRIENDSHIP AT STAKE HERE! WE HAVE ONLY ONE OPTION LEFT US!
IT IS OUR DUTY TO REMOVE AN INCOMPETENT OFFICER FROM COMMAND--BY FORCE IF NECESSARY!
THE MAJORITY OF THE CREW WILL FOLLOW US IF NEED BE SO WE...
MR. SPOCK--DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT..?
COMPLETELY, DOCTOR! I AM DISCUSSING THE MATTER OF--MUTINY!

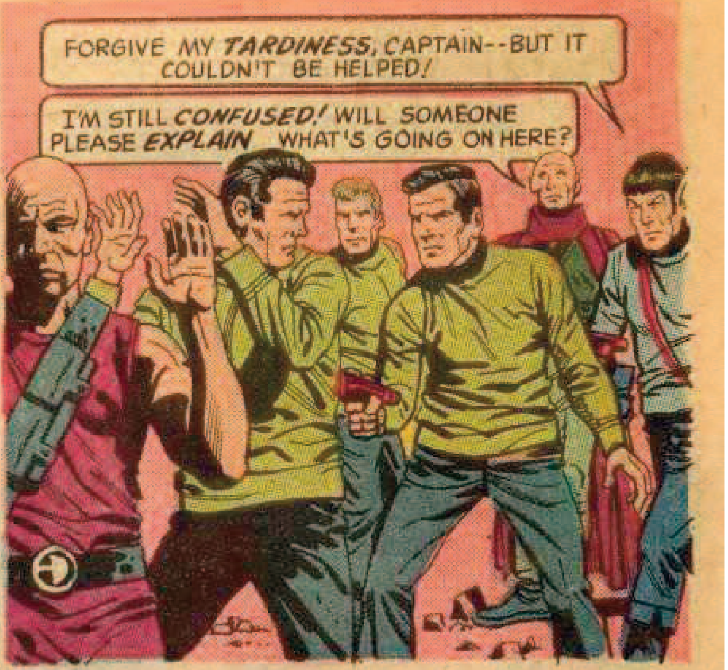

MUTINY-- THE WORD WHISPERS THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE GREAT STARSHIP LIKE WILDFIRE-- AND SOON...
CAPTAIN, WE ASK YOU TO REMOVE YOURSELF FROM COMMAND ON MEDICAL GROUNDS! STAR FLEET REGULATIONS BACK UP OUR REQUEST!
YOU WHAT..? NOBODY IS GOING TO TAKE MY SHIP AWAY FROM ME, YOU FILTHY TRAITORS...
VVVOP
NOBODY!
WATCH OUT, DOCTOR --HIS MIND HAS SNAPPED COMPLETELY!
ROTTEN BACK-STABBERS--YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE!
JIM, WAIT--YOU'RE SICK--YOU NEED HELP!
THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLAMS WITH A HISS AS...
ELEVATOR
WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH, SPOCK-- WE'VE GOT TO!
IT'S NO USE, DOCTOR--HE'S JAMMED IT SHUT! WE'LL HAVE TO LOCATE HIM ON SOME OTHER LEVEL!

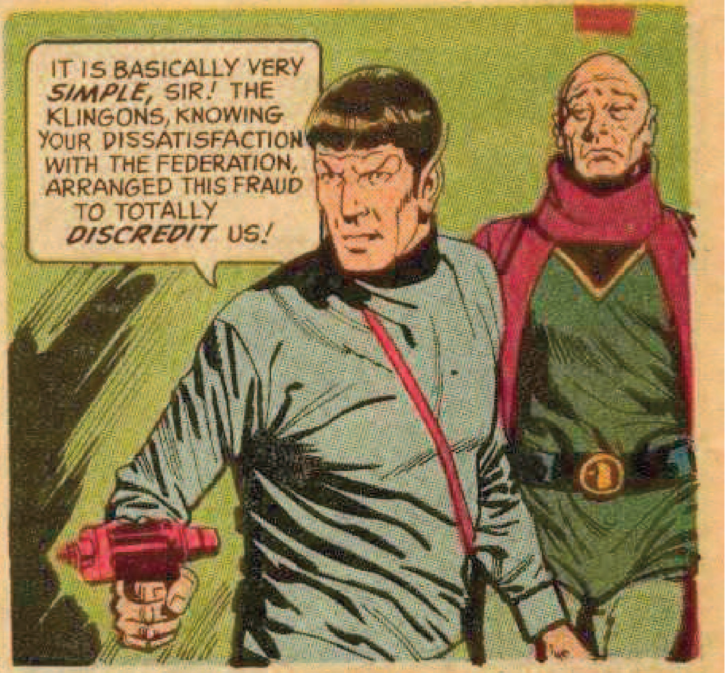

AND MOMENTS LATER, SEVERAL LEVELS DEEPER IN THE SHIP...
STUPID FOOLS--*NOTHING'S* GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY!
THERE ARE THINGS I MUST DO!
UGGHH!
THAT'S JUST ABOUT *FAR ENOUGH,* JIM!
SO--THE RATS ARE ON THE *OTHER* SIDE OF THE TRAP!
IT WAS NOT *DIFFICULT* TO DEDUCE THAT YOU'D HEAD *HERE,* CAPTAIN!
THAT INFORMATION ISN'T GOING TO DO YOU MUCH *GOOD*--AFTER I *BURN* YOU!
LOOK OUT, SPOCK!
MY BEST FRIENDS--*HAH!* YOU *BETRAYED* ME--AND YOU'RE GOING TO *DIE* FOR IT!
HE'S GOT US *PINNED DOWN!* THERE'S *NO WAY* WE CAN *STOP* HIM!

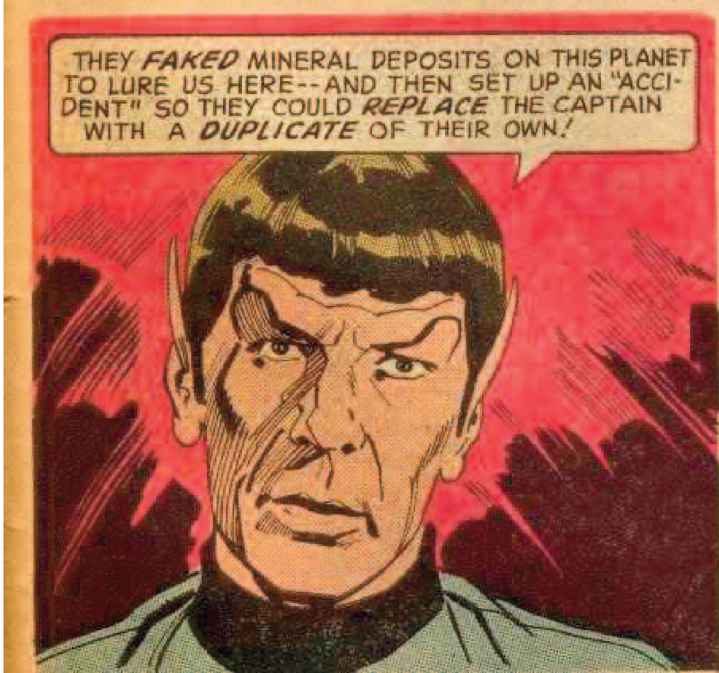

SUDDENLY THERE IS SILENCE--THE TWO OFFICERS HESITATE--AND THEN...
HE'S NOT THERE! HE'S LOCKED IN THAT HANGAR!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM, SPOCK--WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
TWIN PHASER BEAMS LANCE THE AIR--THERE IS THE ACRID SMELL OF BURNING METAL AND...
IS HE...?
WE WERE TOO LATE, DOCTOR--HE DID EXACTLY WHAT WE EXPECTED...
NCC-1701
HE HAS STOLEN A SHUTTLE-CRAFT--AND FLED!
ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF FEDERATION COMPETENCY?
IN FACT, MR. AMBASSADOR--YES! HE DID EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED HIM TO DO!
YOU WANTED HIM TO ESCAPE? BUT WHY?
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, MR. AMBASSADOR!..
THAT MAN IS NOT JAMES KIRK!

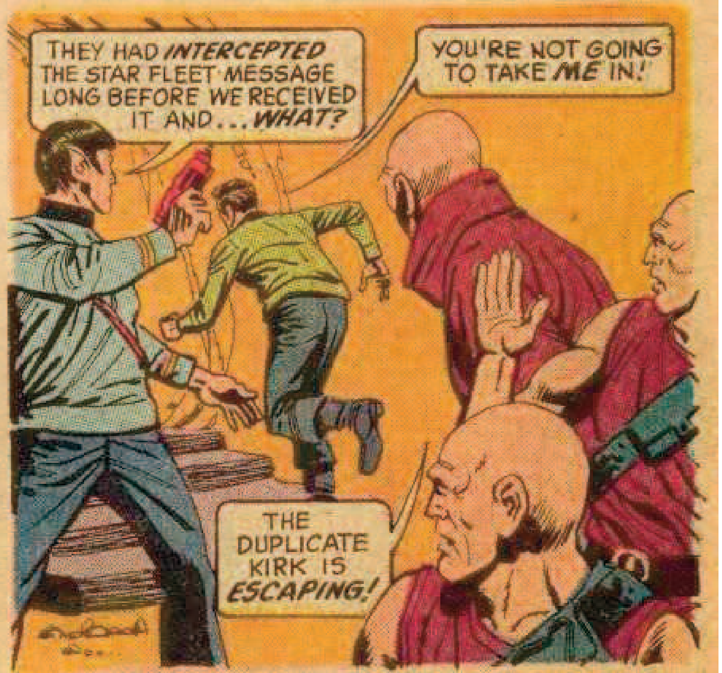

AND A SHORT TIME LATER, THE ENTERPRISE ALTERS COURSE...
I'M AFRAID I STILL DON'T *UNDERSTAND!*
BE *PATIENT,* MR. AMBASSADOR-- EVERYTHING WILL SOON BECOME *CLEAR!*
I GUARANTEE YOU WILL FIND *POSTPONING* YOUR BUSINESS WORTH THE DELAY! THE FUTURE OF YOUR *ENTIRE SYSTEM* DEPENDS ON WHAT I HAVE TO SHOW YOU!
SOON...
THERE IS OUR GOAL, MR. AMBASSADOR-- *BETA II!* OUR PROBLEM *BEGAN* HERE... AND IT SHALL *END* HERE AS WELL!
IT IS TIME TO FIND SOME *ANSWERS!*
AND MOMENTS LATER...
THERE IS THE *SHUTTLECRAFT,* MR. AMBASSADOR--THE *TRACER DEVICE* I HID INSIDE IT LED US PRECISELY WHERE I *ASSUMED* IT WOULD!
IF *MY* TRICORDER READINGS ARE *CORRECT,* MR. AMBASSADOR--WE ARE MERE FEET FROM THE *ANSWERS* THAT YOU SEEK!
SET YOUR PHASERS ON *STUN,* GENTLEMEN --AND FOLLOW *ME!*

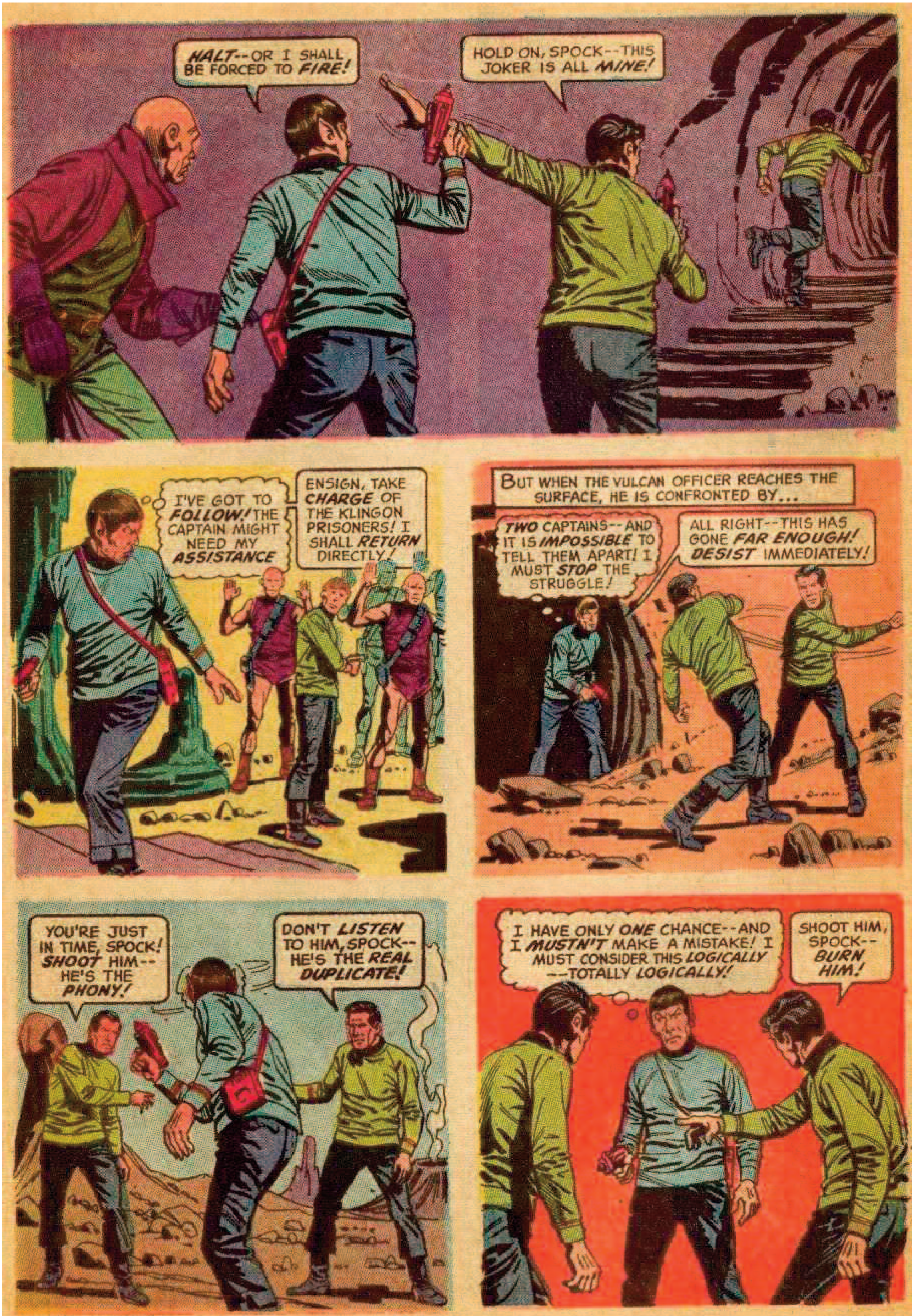

THE VULCAN OFFICER LEADS HIS PARTY DOWN A CONCEALED STAIRWAY AND...
DON'T ANYONE *MOVE!*
MR. SPOCK!! IT'S ABOUT *TIME* YOU GOT HERE!
WHO..?

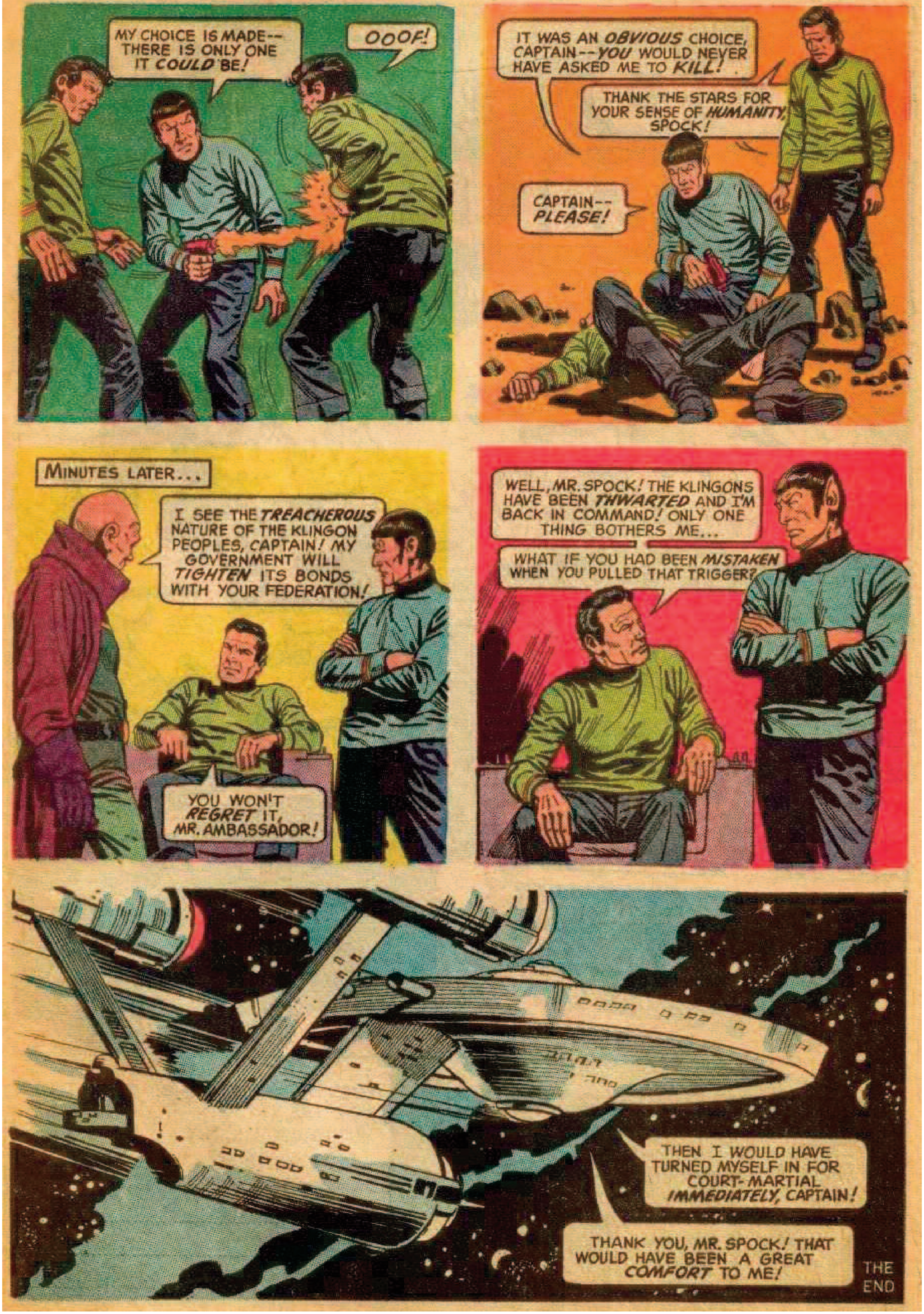

FORGIVE MY *TARDINESS*, CAPTAIN--BUT IT COULDN'T BE HELPED!
I'M STILL *CONFUSED!* WILL SOMEONE PLEASE *EXPLAIN* WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

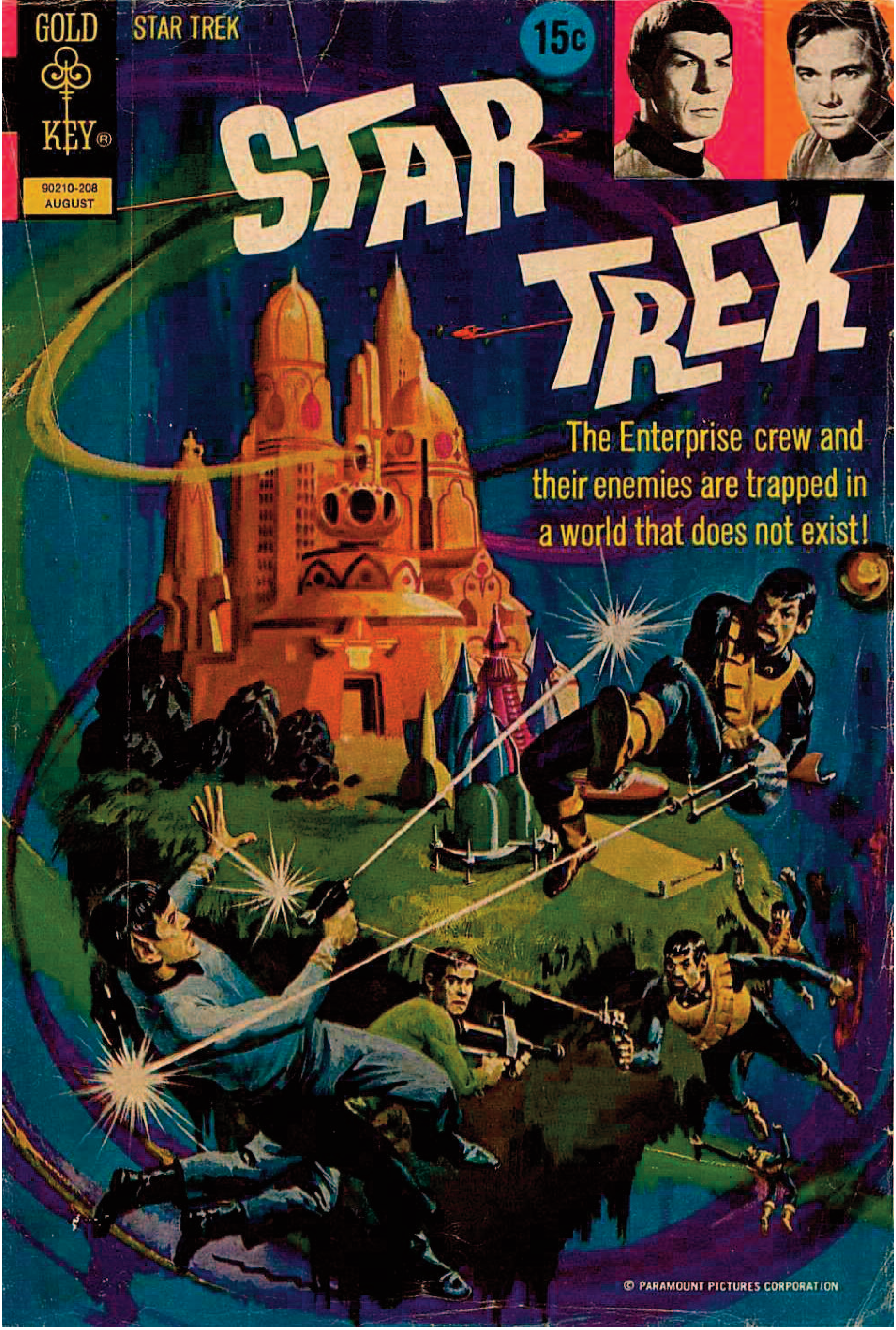

IT IS BASICALLY VERY *SIMPLE*, SIR! THE KLINGONS, KNOWING YOUR DISSATISFACTION WITH THE FEDERATION, ARRANGED THIS FRAUD TO TOTALLY *DISCREDIT* US!


THEY *FAKED* MINERAL DEPOSITS ON THIS PLANET TO LURE US HERE--AND THEN SET UP AN "ACCIDENT" SO THEY COULD *REPLACE* THE CAPTAIN WITH A *DUPLICATE* OF THEIR OWN!


THEY HAD *INTERCEPTED* THE STAR FLEET MESSAGE LONG BEFORE WE RECEIVED IT AND... *WHAT?*
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE *ME* IN!
THE DUPLICATE KIRK IS *ESCAPING!*


HALT--OR I SHALL BE FORCED TO FIRE!
HOLD ON, SPOCK--THIS JOKER IS ALL MINE!
I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW! THE CAPTAIN MIGHT NEED MY ASSISTANCE
ENSIGN, TAKE CHARGE OF THE KLINGON PRISONERS! I SHALL RETURN DIRECTLY!
BUT WHEN THE VULCAN OFFICER REACHES THE SURFACE, HE IS CONFRONTED BY...
TWO CAPTAINS--AND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL THEM APART! I MUST STOP THE STRUGGLE!
ALL RIGHT--THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! DESIST IMMEDIATELY!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, SPOCK! SHOOT HIM--HE'S THE PHONY!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, SPOCK--HE'S THE REAL DUPLICATE!
I HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE--AND I MUSTN'T MAKE A MISTAKE! I MUST CONSIDER THIS LOGICALLY--TOTALLY LOGICALLY!
SHOOT HIM, SPOCK--BURN HIM!


MY CHOICE IS MADE-- THERE IS ONLY ONE IT *COULD* BE!
OOOF!
IT WAS AN *OBVIOUS* CHOICE, CAPTAIN--*YOU* WOULD NEVER HAVE ASKED ME TO *KILL!*
THANK THE STARS FOR YOUR SENSE OF *HUMANITY*, SPOCK!
CAPTAIN-- *PLEASE!*
MINUTES LATER...
I SEE THE *TREACHEROUS* NATURE OF THE KLINGON PEOPLES, CAPTAIN! MY GOVERNMENT WILL *TIGHTEN* ITS BONDS WITH YOUR FEDERATION!
YOU WON'T *REGRET* IT, MR. AMBASSADOR!
WELL, MR. SPOCK! THE KLINGONS HAVE BEEN *THWARTED* AND I'M BACK IN COMMAND! ONLY ONE THING BOTHERS ME...
WHAT IF YOU HAD BEEN *MISTAKEN* WHEN YOU PULLED THAT TRIGGER?
THEN I WOULD HAVE TURNED MYSELF IN FOR COURT-MARTIAL *IMMEDIATELY*, CAPTAIN!
THANK YOU, MR. SPOCK! THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT *COMFORT* TO ME!
THE END


GOLD KEY
STAR TREK
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AUGUST
STAR TREK
The Enterprise crew and their enemies are trapped in a world that does not exist!
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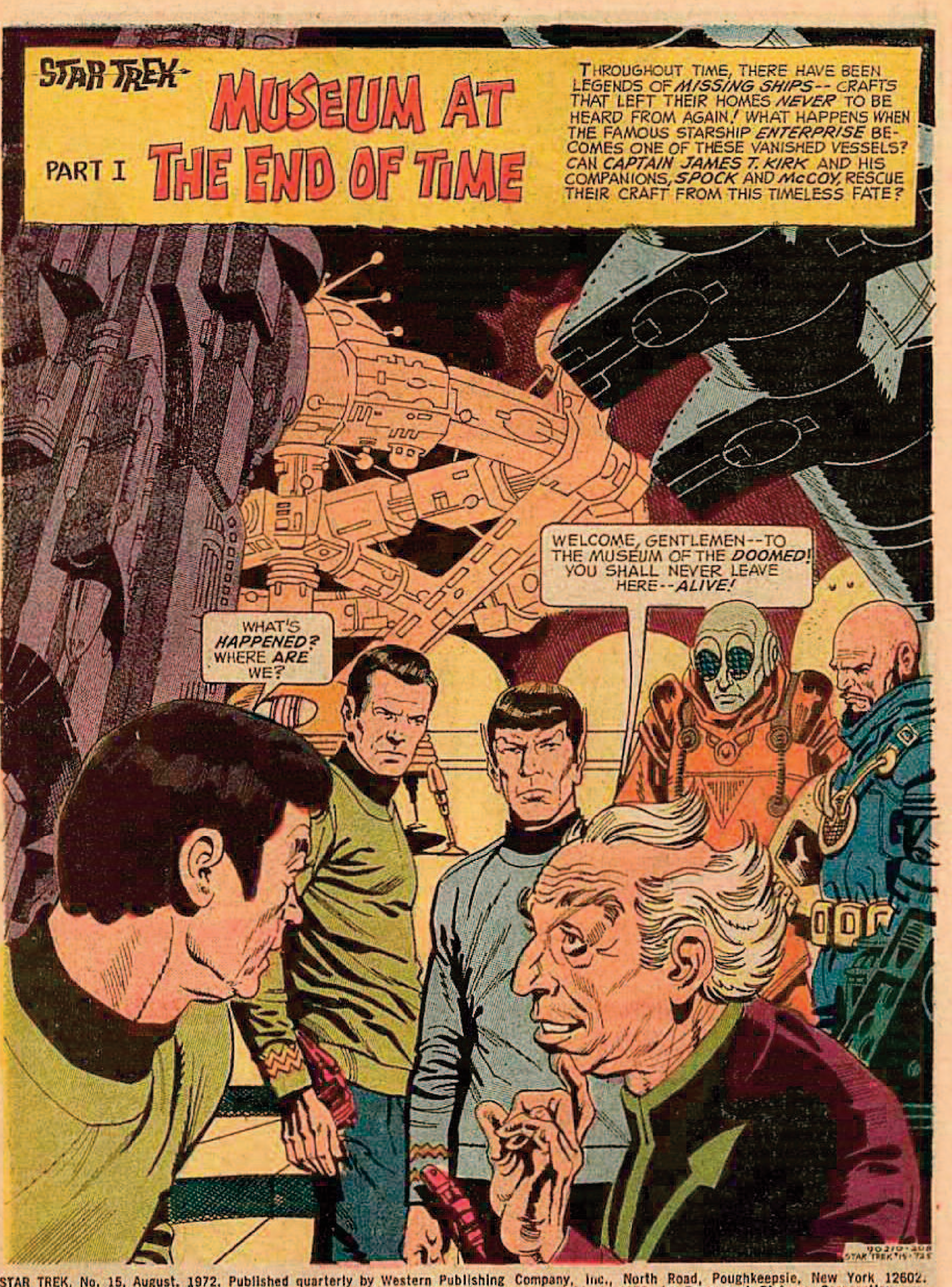
STAR TREK
PART I
MUSEUM AT THE END OF TIME
THROUGHOUT TIME, THERE HAVE BEEN LEGENDS OF *MISSING SHIPS*-- CRAFTS THAT LEFT THEIR HOMES *NEVER* TO BE HEARD FROM AGAIN! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FAMOUS STARSHIP *ENTERPRISE* BECOMES ONE OF THESE VANISHED VESSELS? CAN *CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK* AND HIS COMPANIONS, *SPOCK* AND *McCOY*, RESCUE THEIR CRAFT FROM THIS TIMELESS FATE?
WELCOME, GENTLEMEN--TO THE MUSEUM OF THE *DOOMED*! YOU SHALL NEVER LEAVE HERE--*ALIVE!*
WHAT'S *HAPPENED?* WHERE *ARE* WE?
90210-208
STAR TREK 15-725

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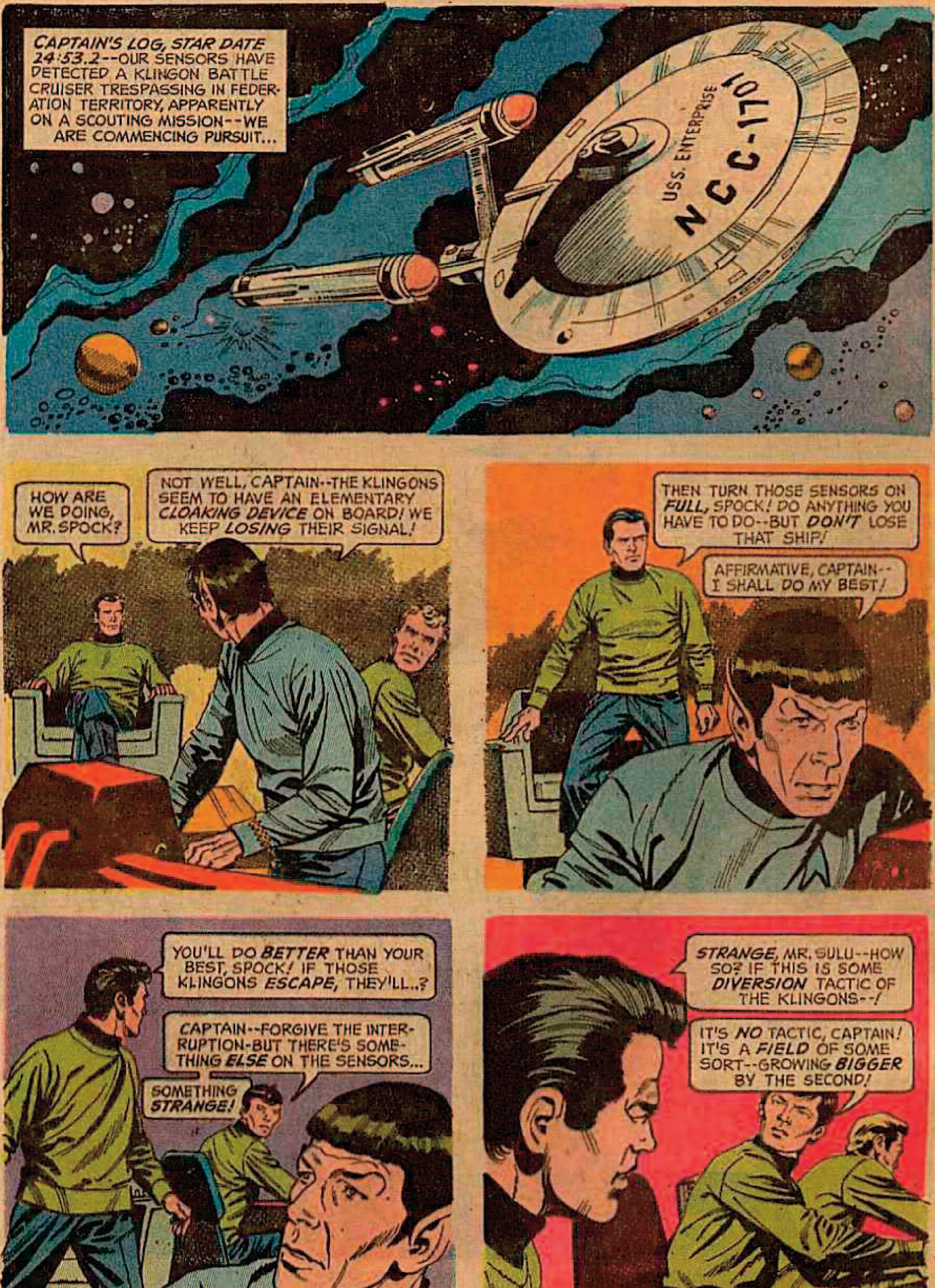
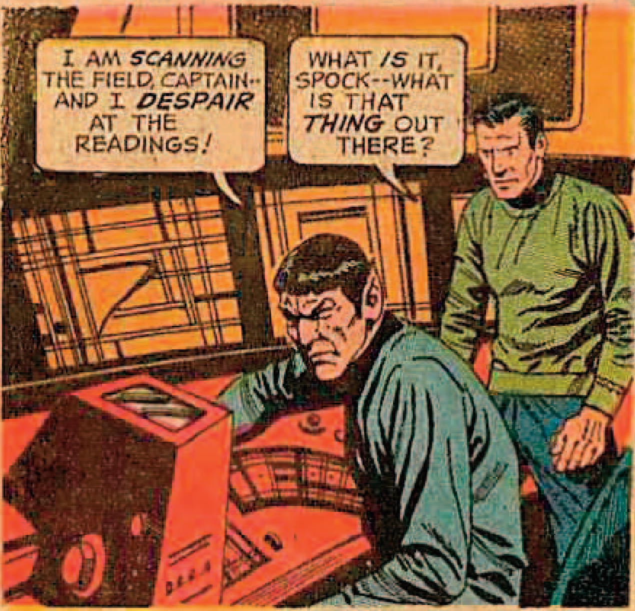
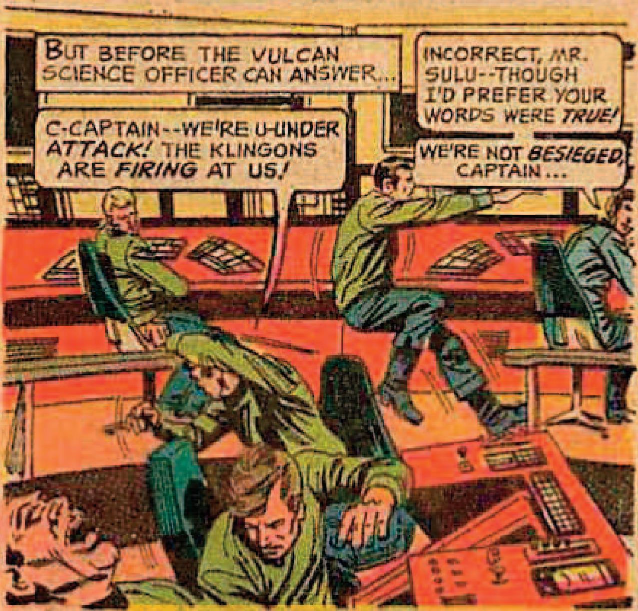
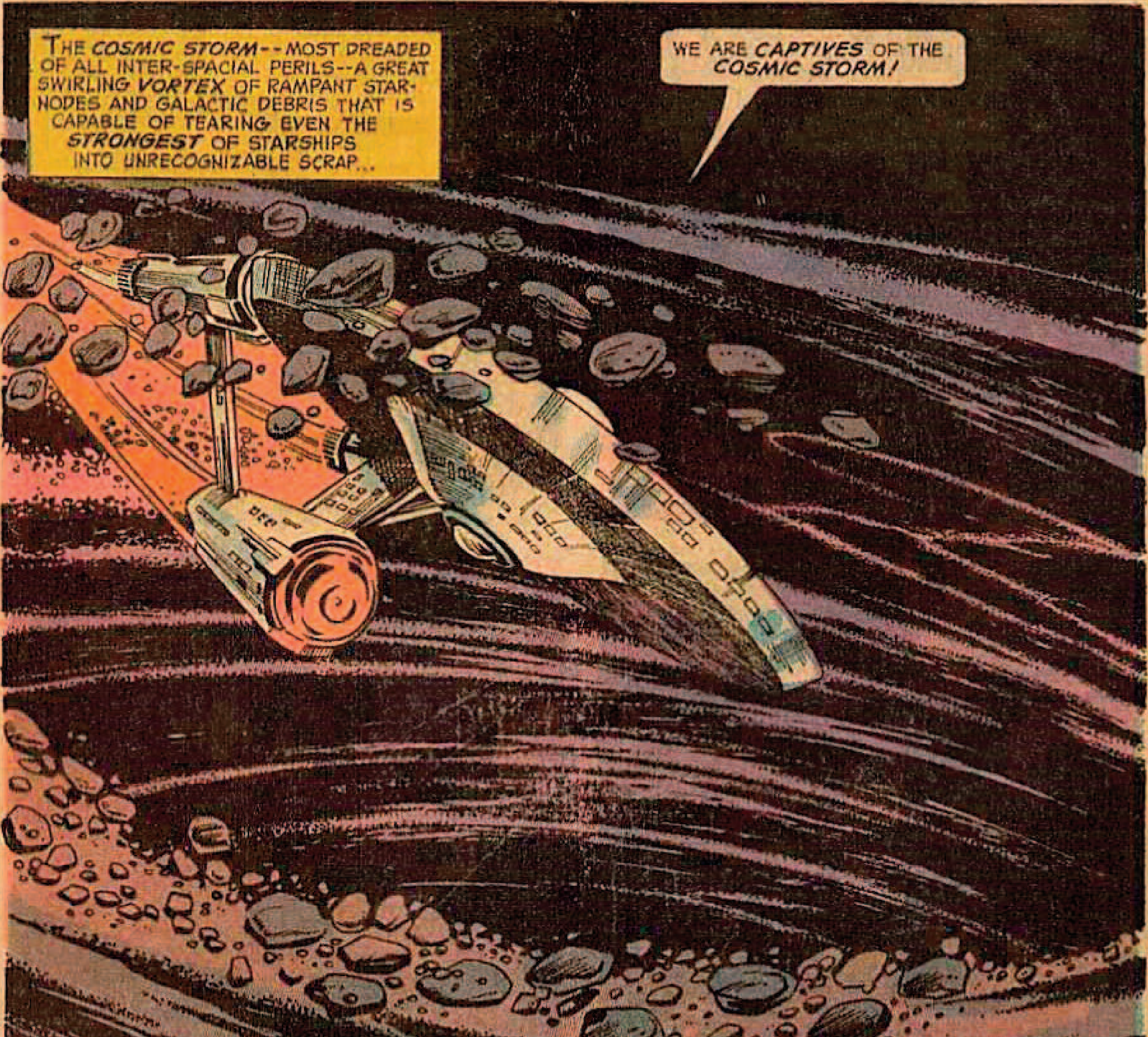
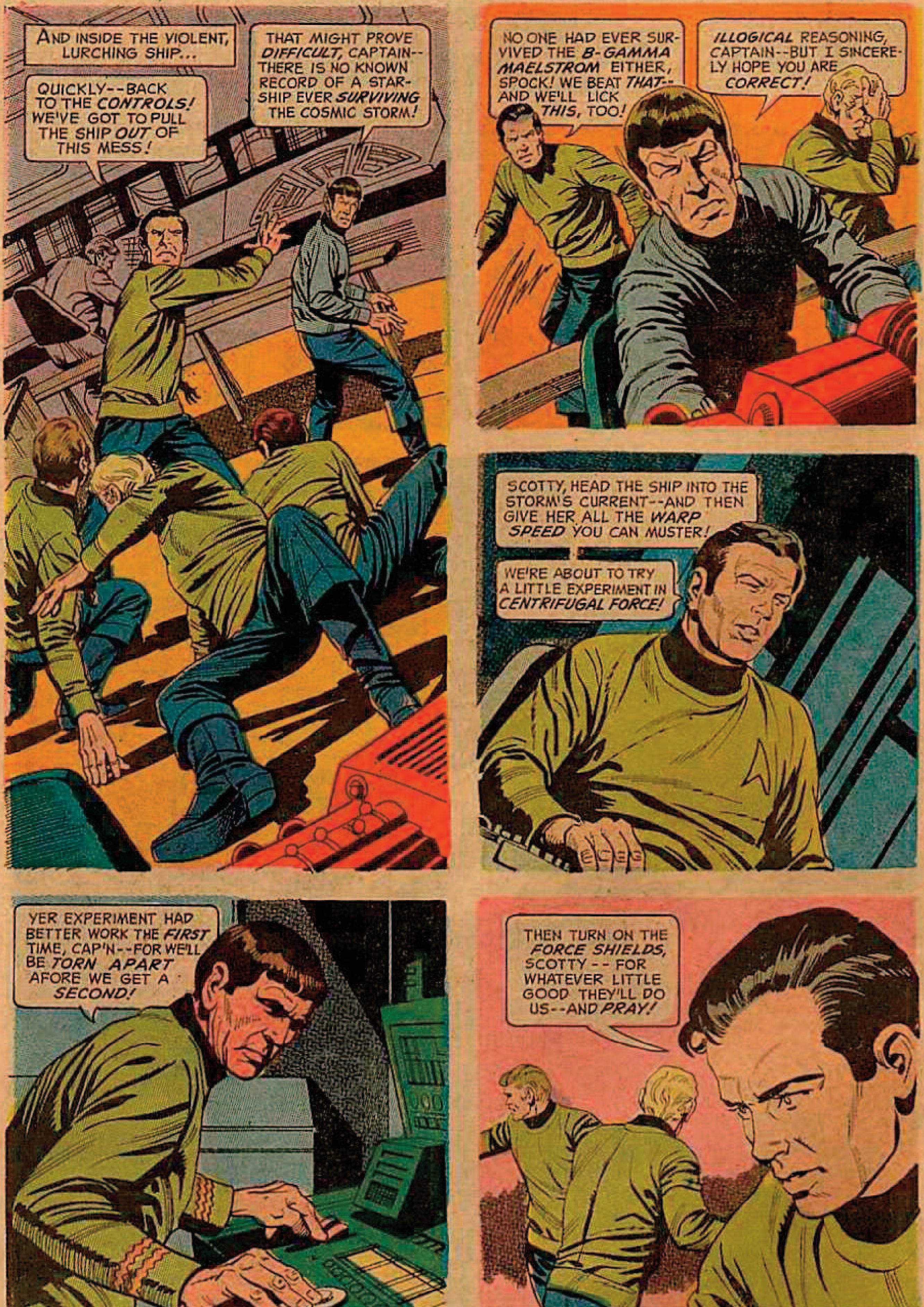
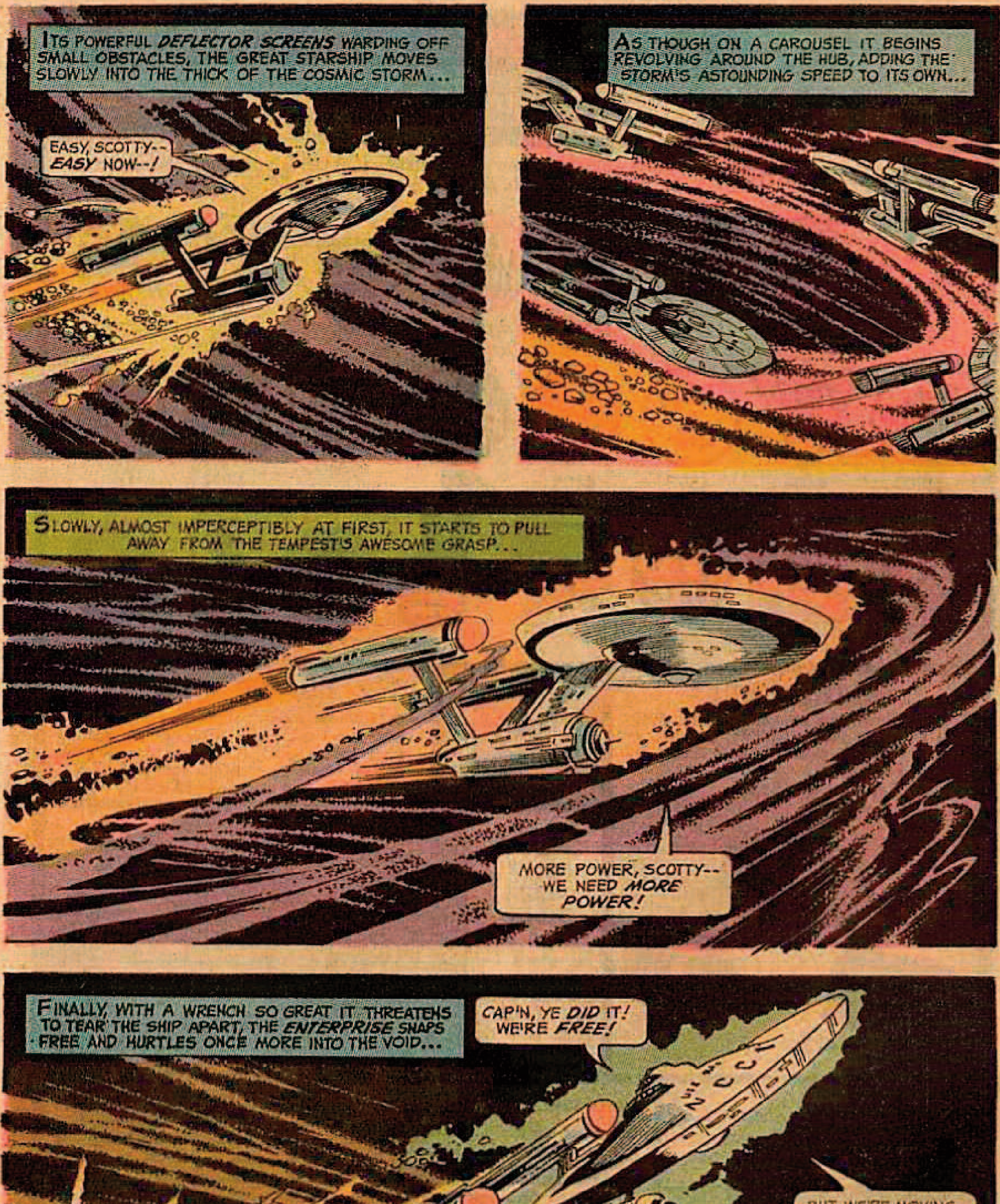

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 24:53.2--OUR SENSORS HAVE DETECTED A KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER TRESPASSING IN FEDERATION TERRITORY, APPARENTLY ON A SCOUTING MISSION--WE ARE COMMENCING PURSUIT...
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE
NCC-1701
HOW ARE WE DOING, MR. SPOCK?
NOT WELL, CAPTAIN--THE KLINGONS SEEM TO HAVE AN ELEMENTARY CLOAKING DEVICE ON BOARD! WE KEEP LOSING THEIR SIGNAL!
THEN TURN THOSE SENSORS ON FULL, SPOCK! DO ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO DO--BUT DON'T LOSE THAT SHIP!
AFFIRMATIVE, CAPTAIN--I SHALL DO MY BEST!
YOU'LL DO BETTER THAN YOUR BEST, SPOCK! IF THOSE KLINGONS ESCAPE, THEY'LL..?
CAPTAIN--FORGIVE THE INTERRUPTION-BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE ON THE SENSORS...
SOMETHING STRANGE!
STRANGE, MR. SULU--HOW SO? IF THIS IS SOME DIVERSION TACTIC OF THE KLINGONS--!
IT'S NO TACTIC, CAPTAIN! IT'S A FIELD OF SOME SORT--GROWING BIGGER BY THE SECOND!

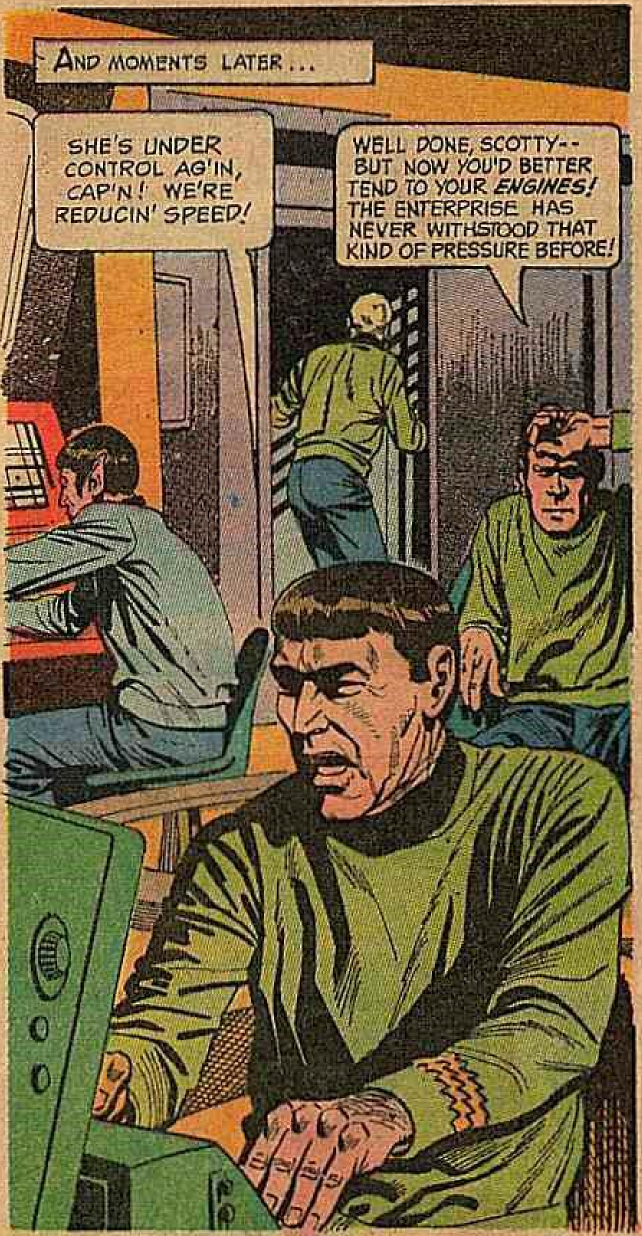

I AM SCANNING THE FIELD, CAPTAIN-- AND I DESPAIR AT THE READINGS!
WHAT IS IT, SPOCK--WHAT IS THAT THING OUT THERE?

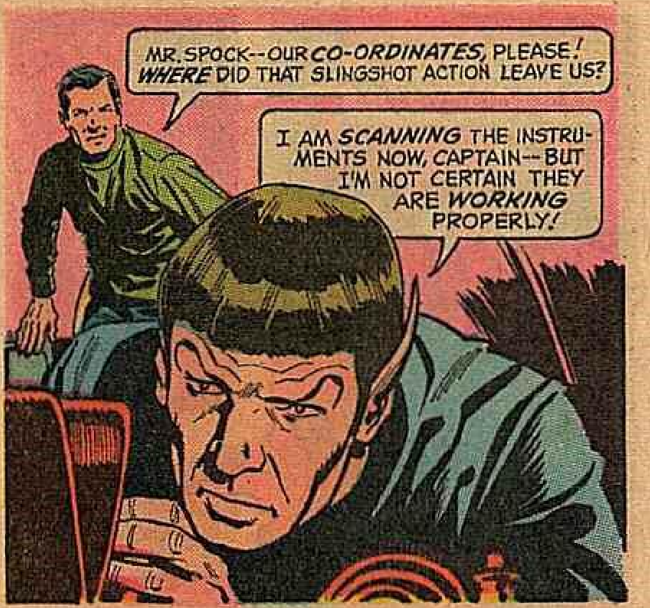

BUT BEFORE THE VULCAN SCIENCE OFFICER CAN ANSWER...
C-CAPTAIN--WE'RE U-UNDER ATTACK! THE KLINGONS ARE FIRING AT US!
INCORRECT, MR. SULU--THOUGH I'D PREFER YOUR WORDS WERE TRUE!
WE'RE NOT BESIEGED, CAPTAIN...

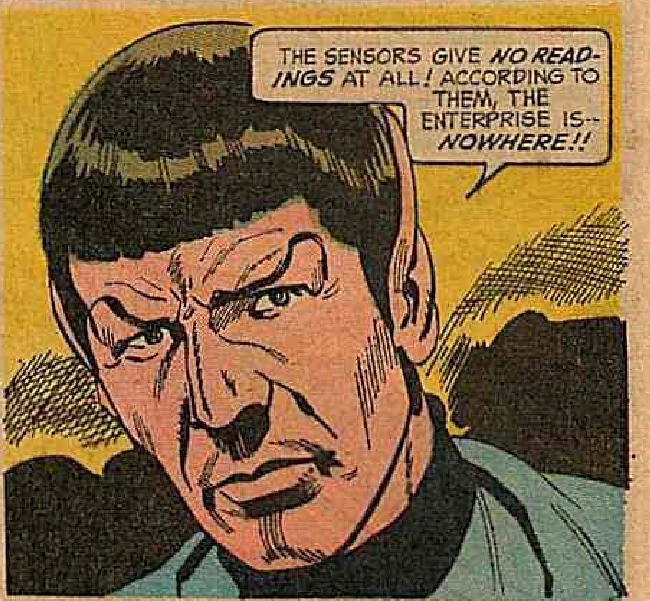

THE COSMIC STORM--MOST DREADED OF ALL INTER-SPACIAL PERILS--A GREAT SWIRLING VORTEX OF RAMPANT STAR-NODES AND GALACTIC DEBRIS THAT IS CAPABLE OF TEARING EVEN THE STRONGEST OF STARSHIPS INTO UNRECOGNIZABLE SCRAP...
WE ARE CAPTIVES OF THE COSMIC STORM!

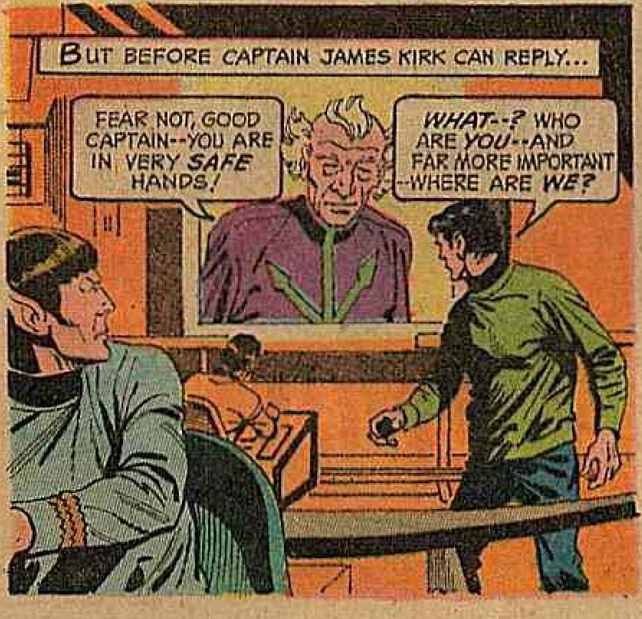

AND INSIDE THE VIOLENT, LURCHING SHIP...
QUICKLY--BACK TO THE CONTROLS! WE'VE GOT TO PULL THE SHIP OUT OF THIS MESS!
THAT MIGHT PROVE DIFFICULT, CAPTAIN--THERE IS NO KNOWN RECORD OF A STARSHIP EVER SURVIVING THE COSMIC STORM!
NO ONE HAD EVER SURVIVED THE B-GAMMA MAELSTROM EITHER, SPOCK! WE BEAT THAT--AND WE'LL LICK THIS, TOO!
ILLOGICAL REASONING, CAPTAIN--BUT I SINCERELY HOPE YOU ARE CORRECT!
SCOTTY, HEAD THE SHIP INTO THE STORM'S CURRENT--AND THEN GIVE HER ALL THE WARP SPEED YOU CAN MUSTER!
WE'RE ABOUT TO TRY A LITTLE EXPERIMENT IN CENTRIFUGAL FORCE!
YER EXPERIMENT HAD BETTER WORK THE FIRST TIME, CAP'N--FOR WE'LL BE TORN APART AFORE WE GET A SECOND!
THEN TURN ON THE FORCE SHIELDS, SCOTTY--FOR WHATEVER LITTLE GOOD THEY'LL DO US--AND PRAY!

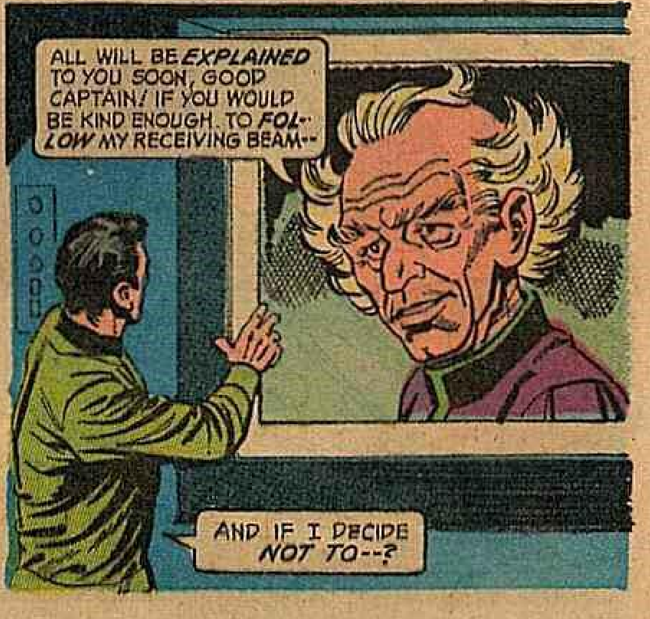

ITS POWERFUL *DEFLECTOR SCREENS* WARDING OFF SMALL OBSTACLES, THE GREAT STARSHIP MOVES SLOWLY INTO THE THICK OF THE COSMIC STORM...
EASY, SCOTTY-- *EASY* NOW--!
AS THOUGH ON A CAROUSEL IT BEGINS REVOLVING AROUND THE HUB, ADDING THE STORM'S ASTOUNDING SPEED TO ITS OWN...
SLOWLY, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY AT FIRST, IT STARTS TO PULL AWAY FROM THE TEMPEST'S AWESOME GRASP...
MORE POWER, SCOTTY-- WE NEED *MORE POWER!*
FINALLY, WITH A WRENCH SO GREAT IT THREATENS TO TEAR THE SHIP APART, THE *ENTERPRISE* SNAPS FREE AND HURTLES ONCE MORE INTO THE VOID...
CAP'N, YE *DID* IT! WE'RE *FREE!*
NCC
BUT WE'RE MOVING MUCH *TOO FAST!* SLOW US DOWN, SCOTTY!

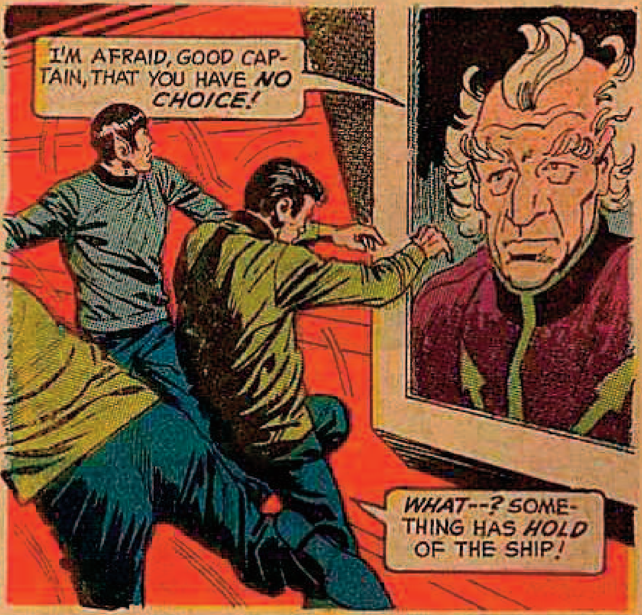

AND MOMENTS LATER...
SHE'S UNDER CONTROL AG'IN, CAP'N! WE'RE REDUCIN' SPEED!
WELL DONE, SCOTTY-- BUT NOW YOU'D BETTER TEND TO YOUR *ENGINES!* THE ENTERPRISE HAS NEVER WITHSTOOD THAT KIND OF PRESSURE BEFORE!

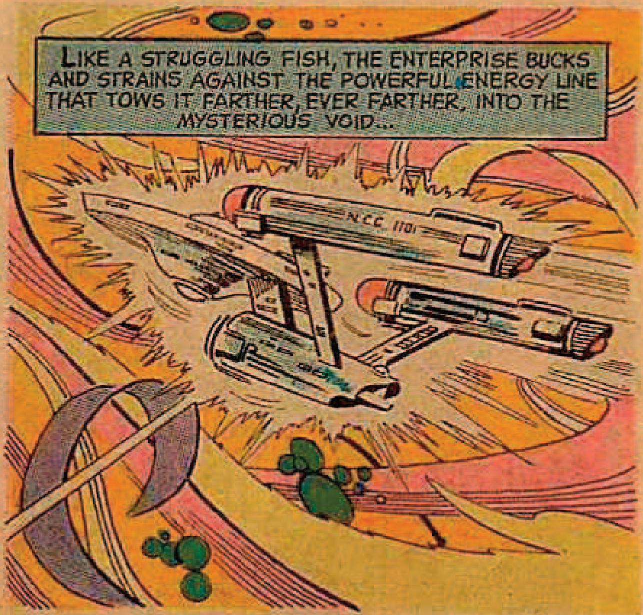

MR. SPOCK--OUR *CO-ORDINATES,* PLEASE! *WHERE* DID THAT SLINGSHOT ACTION LEAVE US?
I AM *SCANNING* THE INSTRUMENTS NOW, CAPTAIN--BUT I'M NOT CERTAIN THEY ARE *WORKING* PROPERLY!

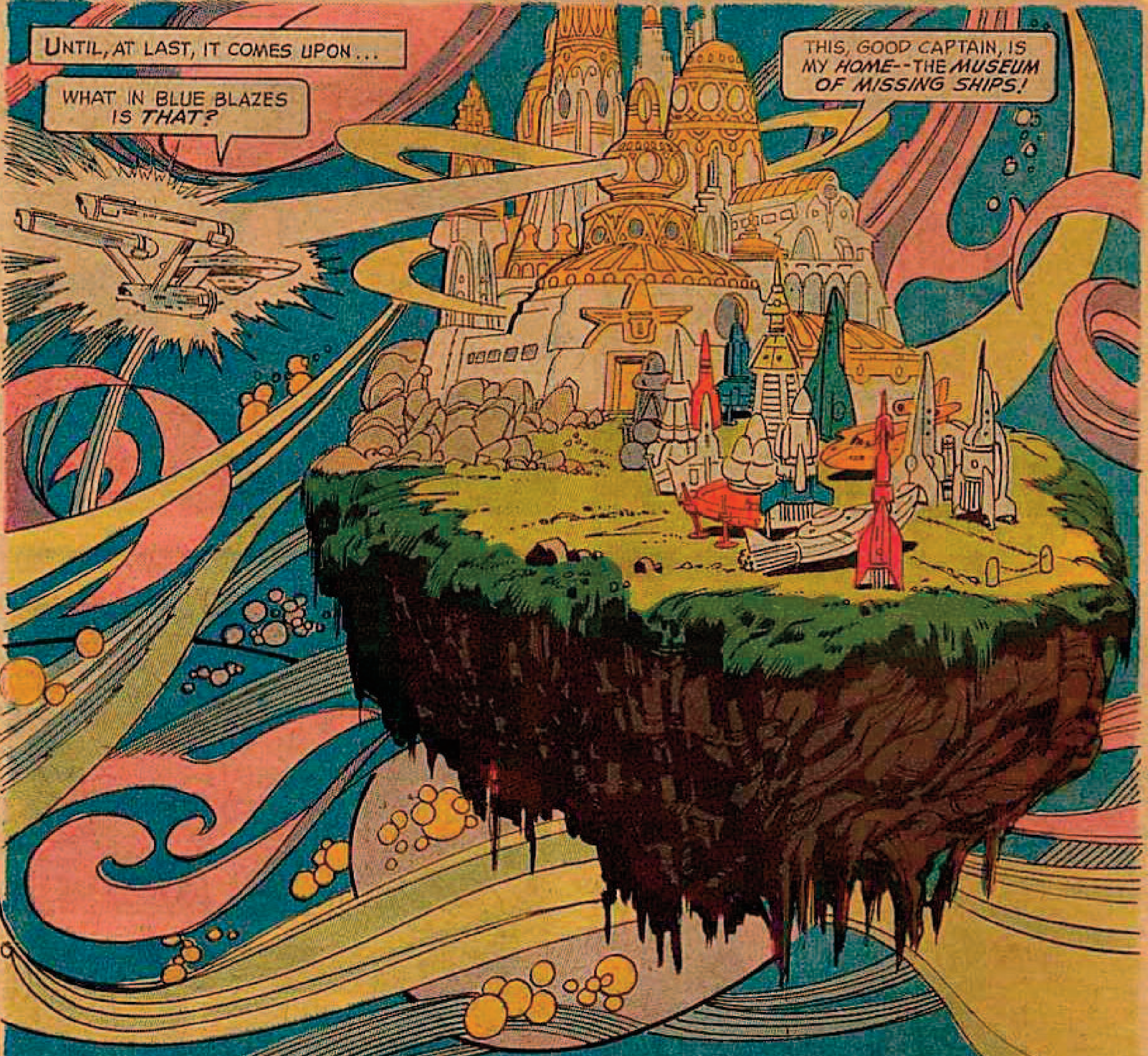

THE SENSORS GIVE *NO READINGS* AT ALL! ACCORDING TO THEM, THE ENTERPRISE IS-- *NOWHERE!!*

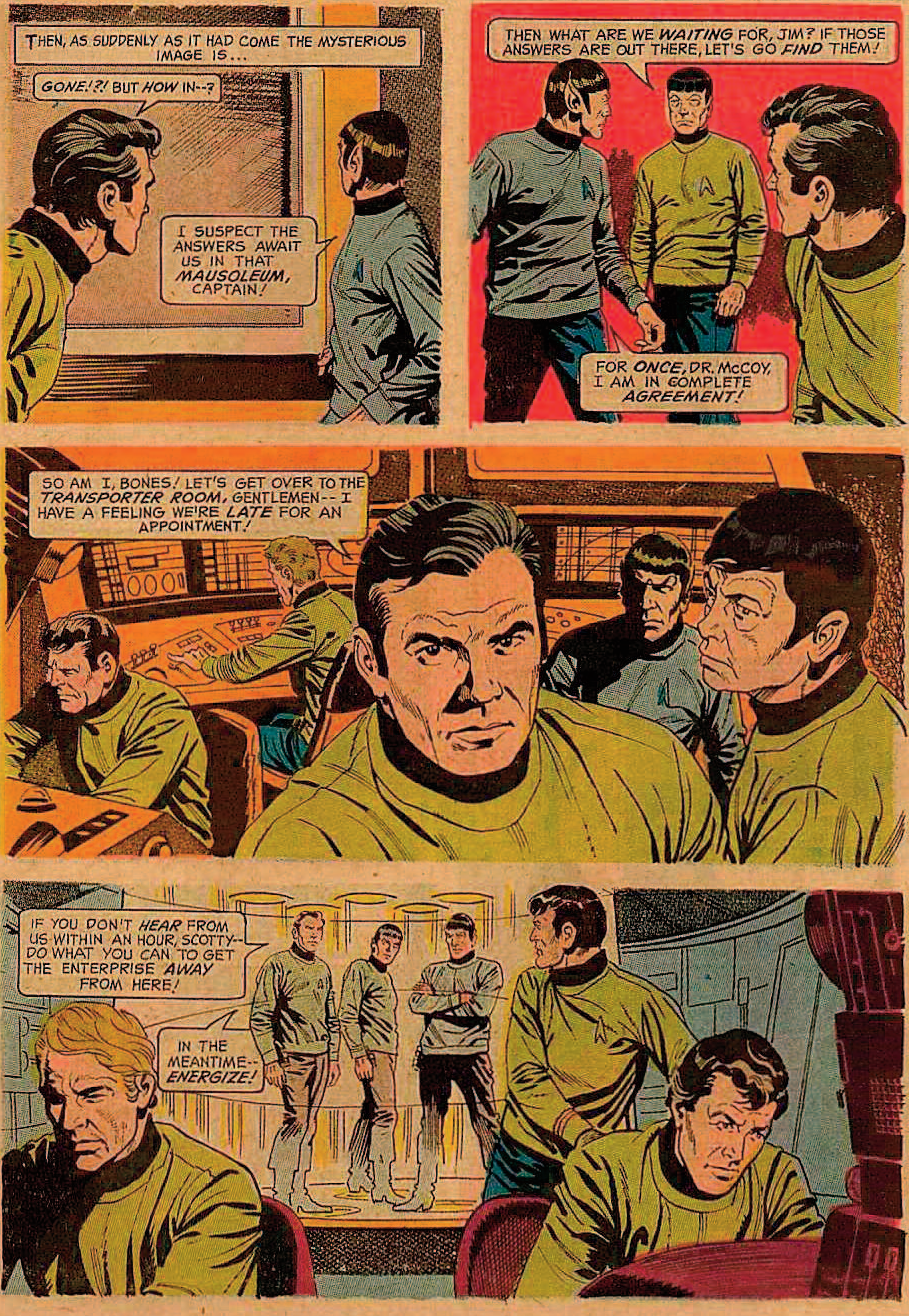

BUT BEFORE CAPTAIN JAMES KIRK CAN REPLY...
FEAR NOT, GOOD CAPTAIN--YOU ARE IN VERY *SAFE* HANDS!
WHAT--? WHO ARE *YOU*--AND FAR MORE IMPORTANT --WHERE ARE *WE?*

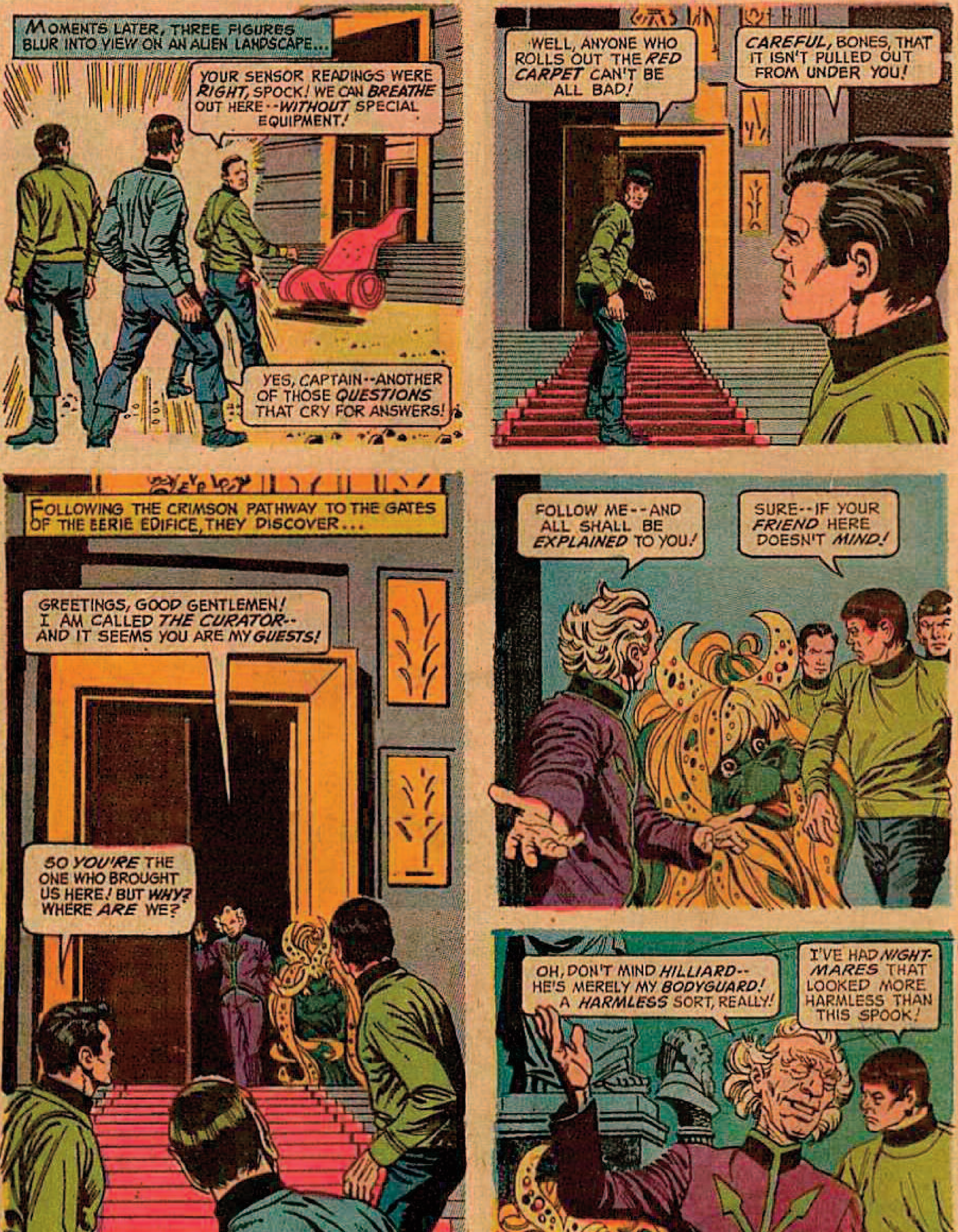

ALL WILL BE *EXPLAINED* TO YOU SOON, GOOD CAPTAIN! IF YOU WOULD BE KIND ENOUGH TO *FOLLOW* MY RECEIVING BEAM--
AND IF I DECIDE *NOT TO--?*

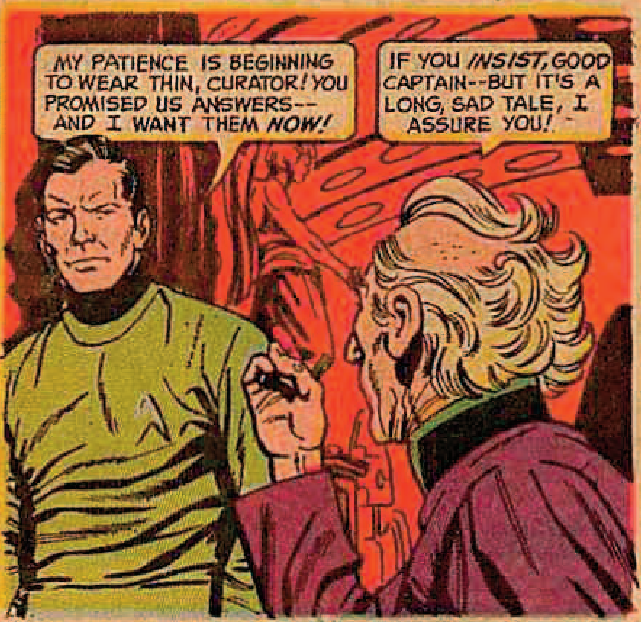

I'M AFRAID, GOOD CAPTAIN, THAT YOU HAVE *NO CHOICE!*
WHAT--? SOMETHING HAS *HOLD* OF THE SHIP!

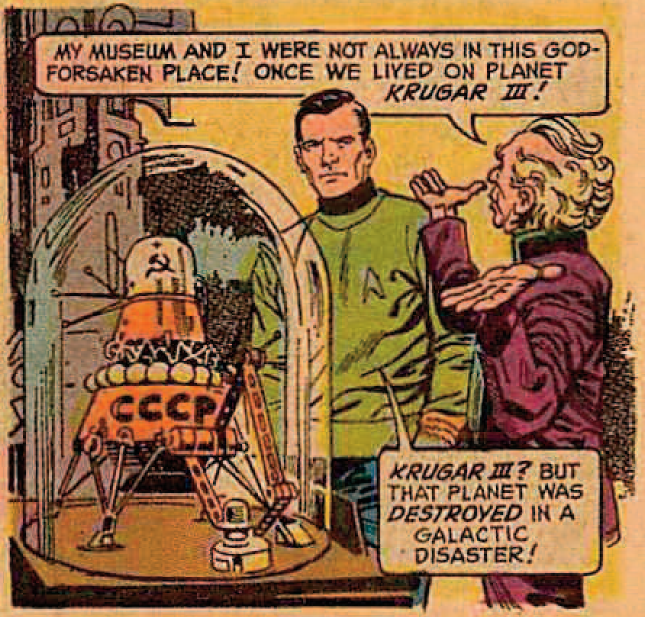

LIKE A STRUGGLING FISH, THE ENTERPRISE BUCKS AND STRAINS AGAINST THE POWERFUL ENERGY LINE THAT TOWS IT FARTHER, EVER FARTHER, INTO THE MYSTERIOUS VOID...
N.C.C. 1701

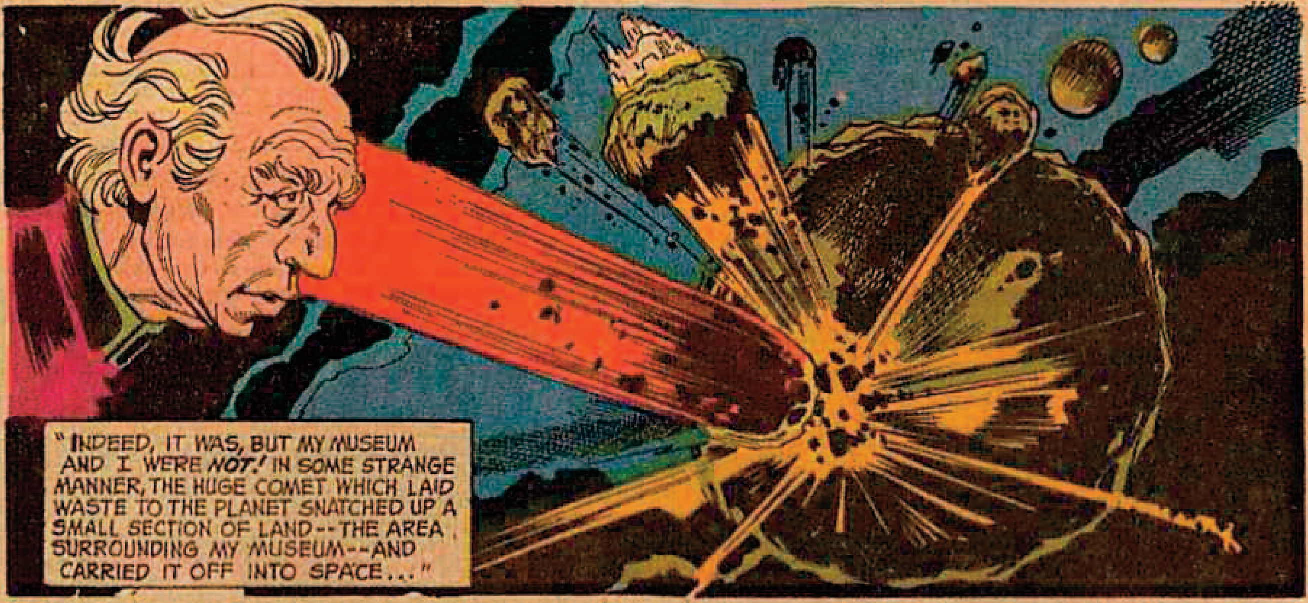

UNTIL, AT LAST, IT COMES UPON...
WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES IS *THAT?*
THIS, GOOD CAPTAIN, IS MY *HOME*--THE *MUSEUM OF MISSING SHIPS!*

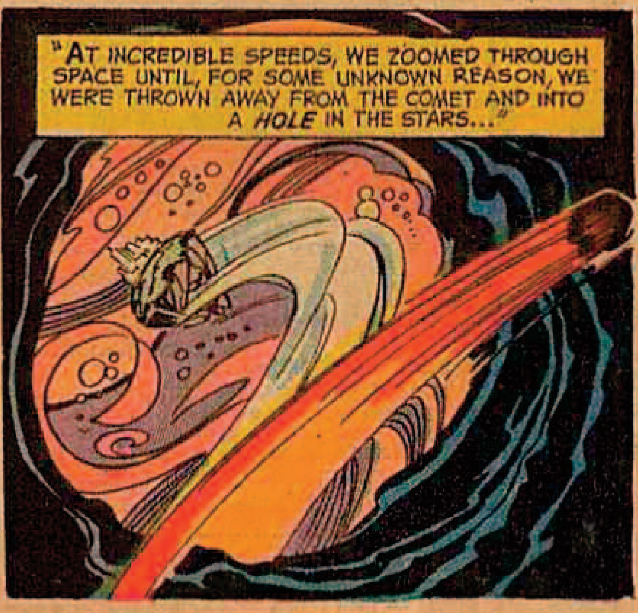

THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD COME THE MYSTERIOUS IMAGE IS...
GONE!?! BUT HOW IN--?
I SUSPECT THE ANSWERS AWAIT US IN THAT MAUSOLEUM, CAPTAIN!
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, JIM? IF THOSE ANSWERS ARE OUT THERE, LET'S GO FIND THEM!
FOR ONCE, DR. McCOY, I AM IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT!
SO AM I, BONES! LET'S GET OVER TO THE TRANSPORTER ROOM, GENTLEMEN-- I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT!
IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM US WITHIN AN HOUR, SCOTTY-- DO WHAT YOU CAN TO GET THE ENTERPRISE AWAY FROM HERE!
IN THE MEANTIME-- ENERGIZE!

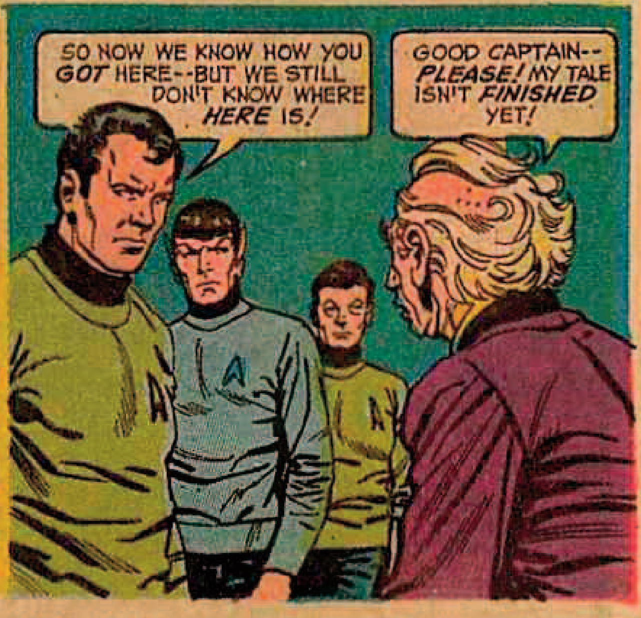

MOMENTS LATER, THREE FIGURES BLUR INTO VIEW ON AN ALIEN LANDSCAPE...
YOUR SENSOR READINGS WERE *RIGHT*, SPOCK! WE CAN *BREATHE* OUT HERE--*WITHOUT* SPECIAL EQUIPMENT!
YES, CAPTAIN--ANOTHER OF THOSE *QUESTIONS* THAT CRY FOR ANSWERS!
WELL, ANYONE WHO ROLLS OUT THE *RED CARPET* CAN'T BE ALL BAD!
CAREFUL, BONES, THAT IT ISN'T PULLED OUT FROM UNDER YOU!
FOLLOWING THE CRIMSON PATHWAY TO THE GATES OF THE EERIE EDIFICE, THEY DISCOVER...
GREETINGS, GOOD GENTLEMEN! I AM CALLED *THE CURATOR*-- AND IT SEEMS YOU ARE MY *GUESTS*!
SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT US HERE! BUT *WHY?* WHERE *ARE* WE?
FOLLOW ME--AND ALL SHALL BE *EXPLAINED* TO YOU!
SURE--IF YOUR *FRIEND* HERE DOESN'T *MIND*!
OH, DON'T MIND *HILLIARD*-- HE'S MERELY MY *BODYGUARD*! A *HARMLESS* SORT, REALLY!
I'VE HAD *NIGHTMARES* THAT LOOKED MORE HARMLESS THAN THIS SPOOK!

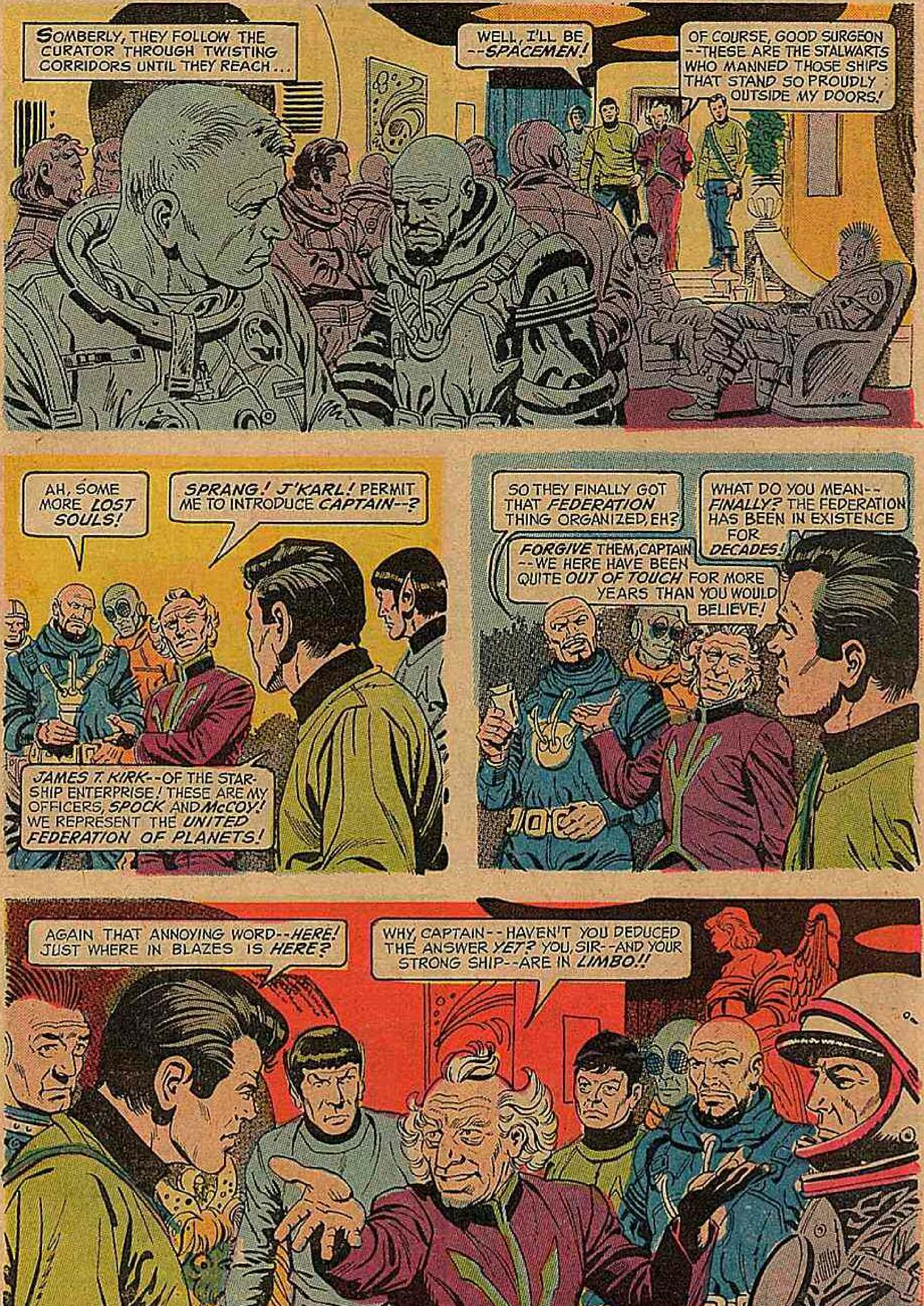

MY PATIENCE IS BEGINNING TO WEAR THIN, CURATOR! YOU PROMISED US ANSWERS-- AND I WANT THEM *NOW!*
IF YOU *INSIST*, GOOD CAPTAIN--BUT IT'S A LONG, SAD TALE, I ASSURE YOU!

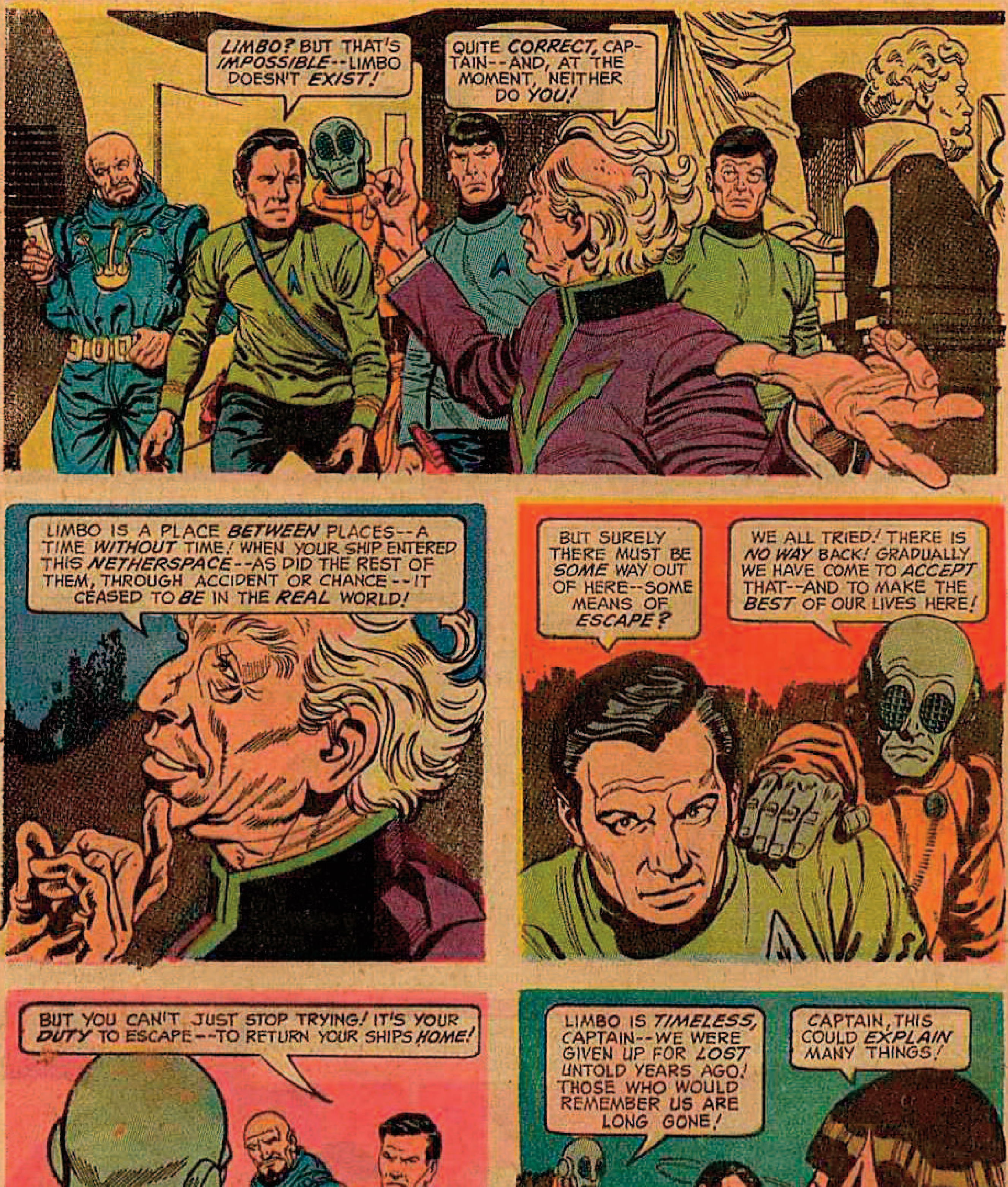

MY MUSEUM AND I WERE NOT ALWAYS IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE! ONCE WE LIVED ON PLANET *KRUGAR III!*
CCCP
KRUGAR III? BUT THAT PLANET WAS *DESTROYED* IN A GALACTIC DISASTER!

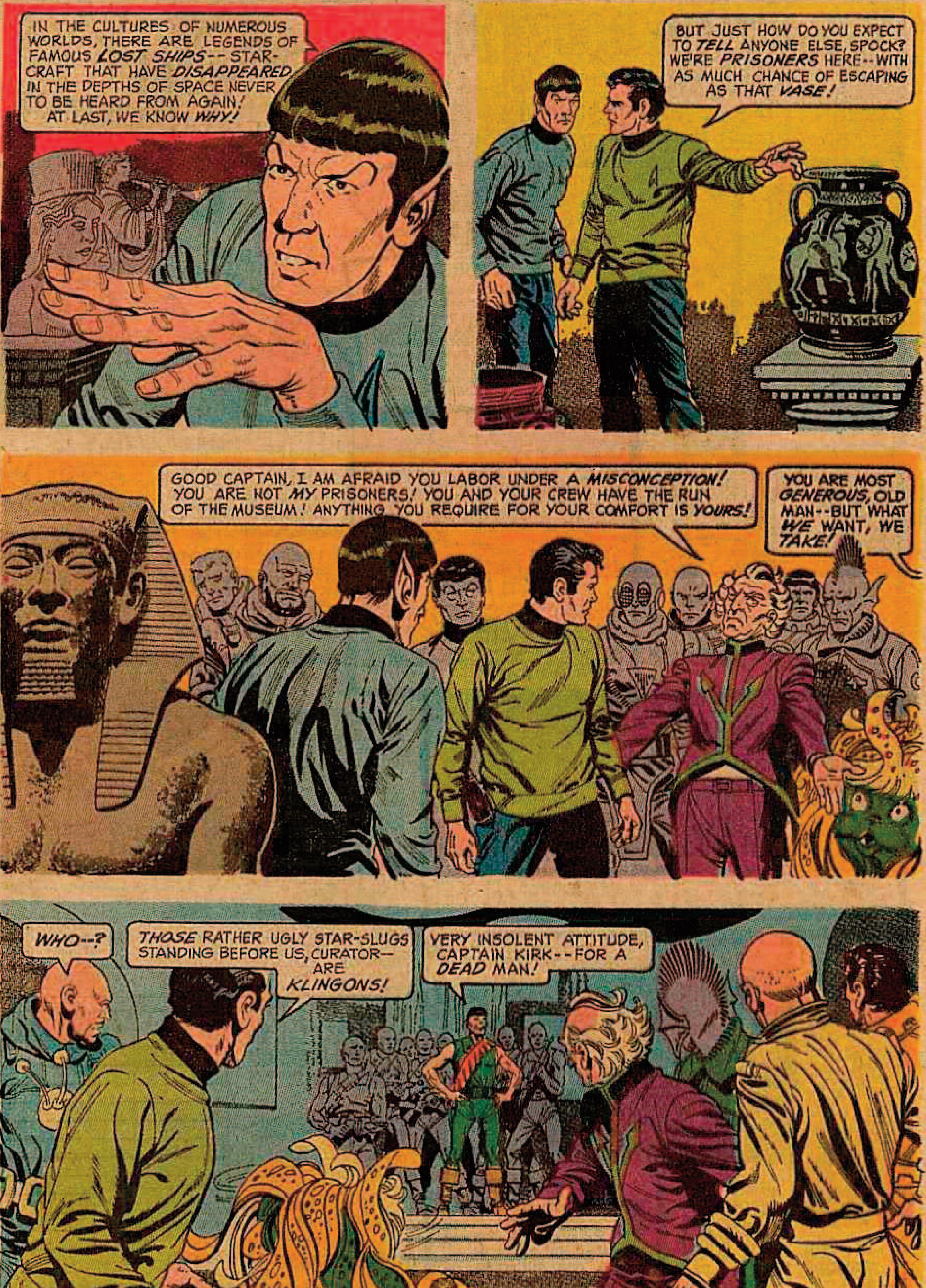

"INDEED, IT WAS, BUT MY MUSEUM AND I WERE *NOT!* IN SOME STRANGE MANNER, THE HUGE COMET WHICH LAID WASTE TO THE PLANET SNATCHED UP A SMALL SECTION OF LAND--THE AREA SURROUNDING MY MUSEUM--AND CARRIED IT OFF INTO SPACE..."


"AT INCREDIBLE SPEEDS, WE ZOOMED THROUGH SPACE UNTIL, FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, WE WERE THROWN AWAY FROM THE COMET AND INTO A *HOLE* IN THE STARS..."


SO NOW WE KNOW HOW YOU *GOT* HERE--BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE *HERE* IS!
GOOD CAPTAIN-- *PLEASE!* MY TALE ISN'T *FINISHED* YET!


SOMBERLY, THEY FOLLOW THE CURATOR THROUGH TWISTING CORRIDORS UNTIL THEY REACH...
WELL, I'LL BE --*SPACEMEN!*
OF COURSE, GOOD SURGEON --THESE ARE THE STALWARTS WHO MANNED THOSE SHIPS THAT STAND SO PROUDLY OUTSIDE MY DOORS!
AH, SOME MORE *LOST SOULS!*
SPRANG! J'KARL! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE *CAPTAIN--?*
JAMES T. KIRK--OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE! THESE ARE MY OFFICERS, *SPOCK* AND *McCOY!* WE REPRESENT THE *UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS!*
SO THEY FINALLY GOT THAT *FEDERATION* THING ORGANIZED, EH?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- *FINALLY?* THE FEDERATION HAS BEEN IN EXISTENCE FOR *DECADES!*
FORGIVE THEM, CAPTAIN --WE HERE HAVE BEEN QUITE *OUT OF TOUCH* FOR MORE YEARS THAN YOU WOULD BELIEVE!
AGAIN THAT ANNOYING WORD--*HERE!* JUST WHERE IN BLAZES IS *HERE?*
WHY, CAPTAIN--HAVEN'T YOU DEDUCED THE ANSWER *YET?* YOU, SIR--AND YOUR STRONG SHIP--ARE IN *LIMBO!!*

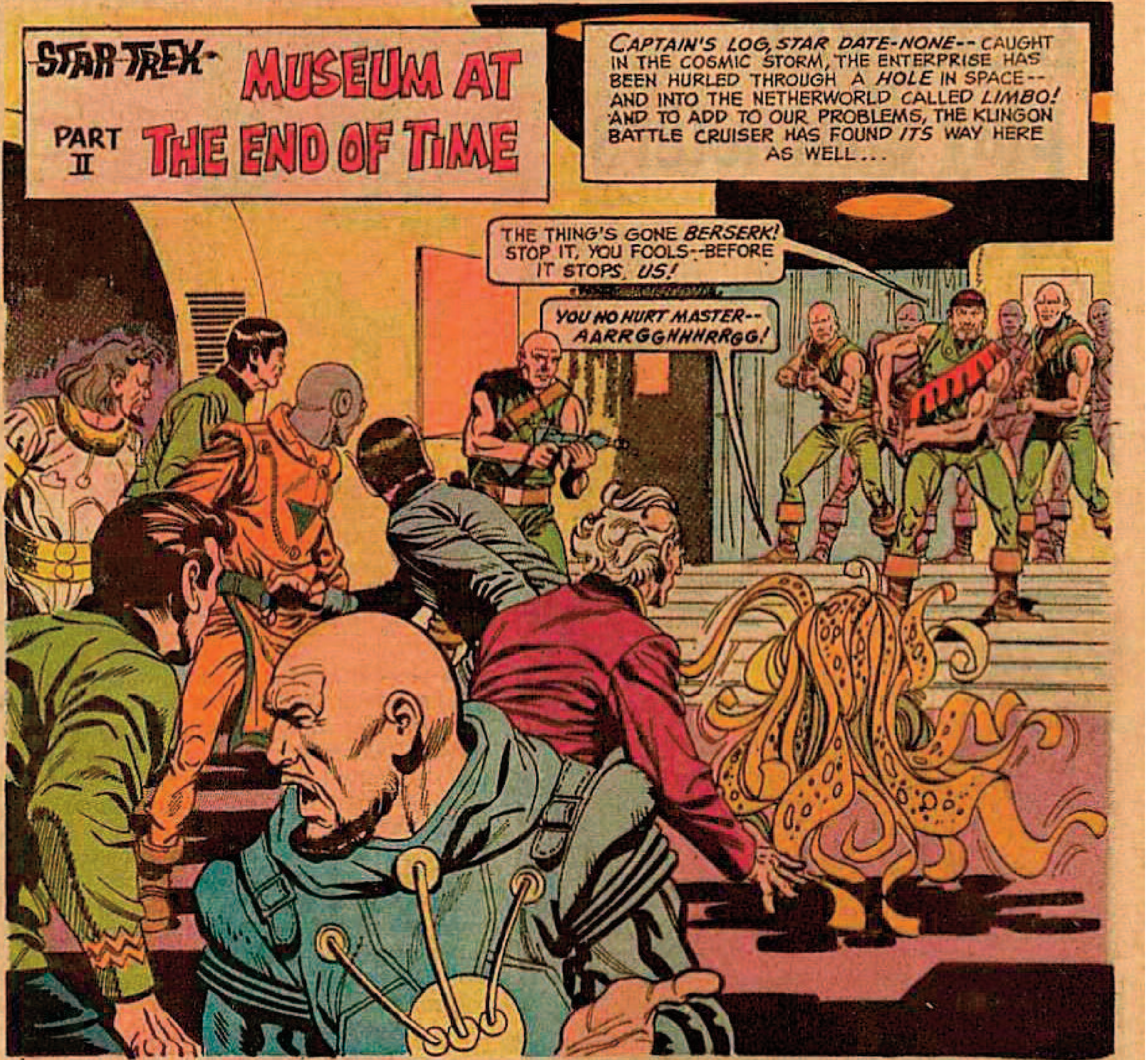

LIMBO? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE--LIMBO DOESN'T EXIST!
QUITE CORRECT, CAPTAIN--AND, AT THE MOMENT, NEITHER DO YOU!
LIMBO IS A PLACE BETWEEN PLACES--A TIME WITHOUT TIME! WHEN YOUR SHIP ENTERED THIS NETHERSPACE--AS DID THE REST OF THEM, THROUGH ACCIDENT OR CHANCE--IT CEASED TO BE IN THE REAL WORLD!
BUT SURELY THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE--SOME MEANS OF ESCAPE?
WE ALL TRIED! THERE IS NO WAY BACK! GRADUALLY WE HAVE COME TO ACCEPT THAT--AND TO MAKE THE BEST OF OUR LIVES HERE!
BUT YOU CAN'T JUST STOP TRYING! IT'S YOUR DUTY TO ESCAPE--TO RETURN YOUR SHIPS HOME!
WHY BEAT OUR HEADS AGAINST THE WALL, CAPTAIN?
LIMBO IS TIMELESS, CAPTAIN--WE WERE GIVEN UP FOR LOST UNTOLD YEARS AGO! THOSE WHO WOULD REMEMBER US ARE LONG GONE!
CAPTAIN, THIS COULD EXPLAIN MANY THINGS!

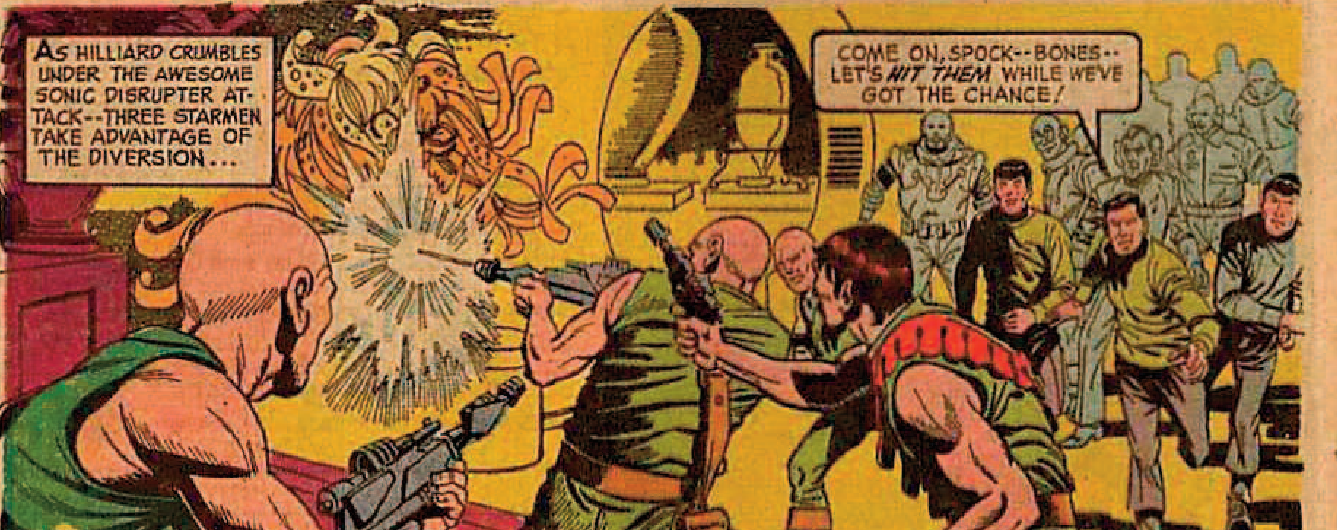

IN THE CULTURES OF NUMEROUS WORLDS, THERE ARE LEGENDS OF FAMOUS *LOST SHIPS*-- STAR-CRAFT THAT HAVE *DISAPPEARED* IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE NEVER TO BE HEARD FROM AGAIN! AT LAST, WE KNOW *WHY!*
BUT JUST HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO *TELL* ANYONE ELSE, SPOCK? WE'RE *PRISONERS* HERE--WITH AS MUCH CHANCE OF ESCAPING AS THAT *VASE!*
GOOD CAPTAIN, I AM AFRAID YOU LABOR UNDER A *MISCONCEPTION!* YOU ARE NOT *MY* PRISONERS! YOU AND YOUR CREW HAVE THE RUN OF THE MUSEUM! ANYTHING YOU REQUIRE FOR YOUR COMFORT IS *YOURS!*
YOU ARE MOST *GENEROUS*, OLD MAN--BUT WHAT *WE* WANT, WE *TAKE!*
WHO--?
THOSE RATHER UGLY STAR-SLUGS STANDING BEFORE US, CURATOR— ARE *KLINGONS!*
VERY INSOLENT ATTITUDE, CAPTAIN KIRK--FOR A *DEAD* MAN!
END OF PART I.

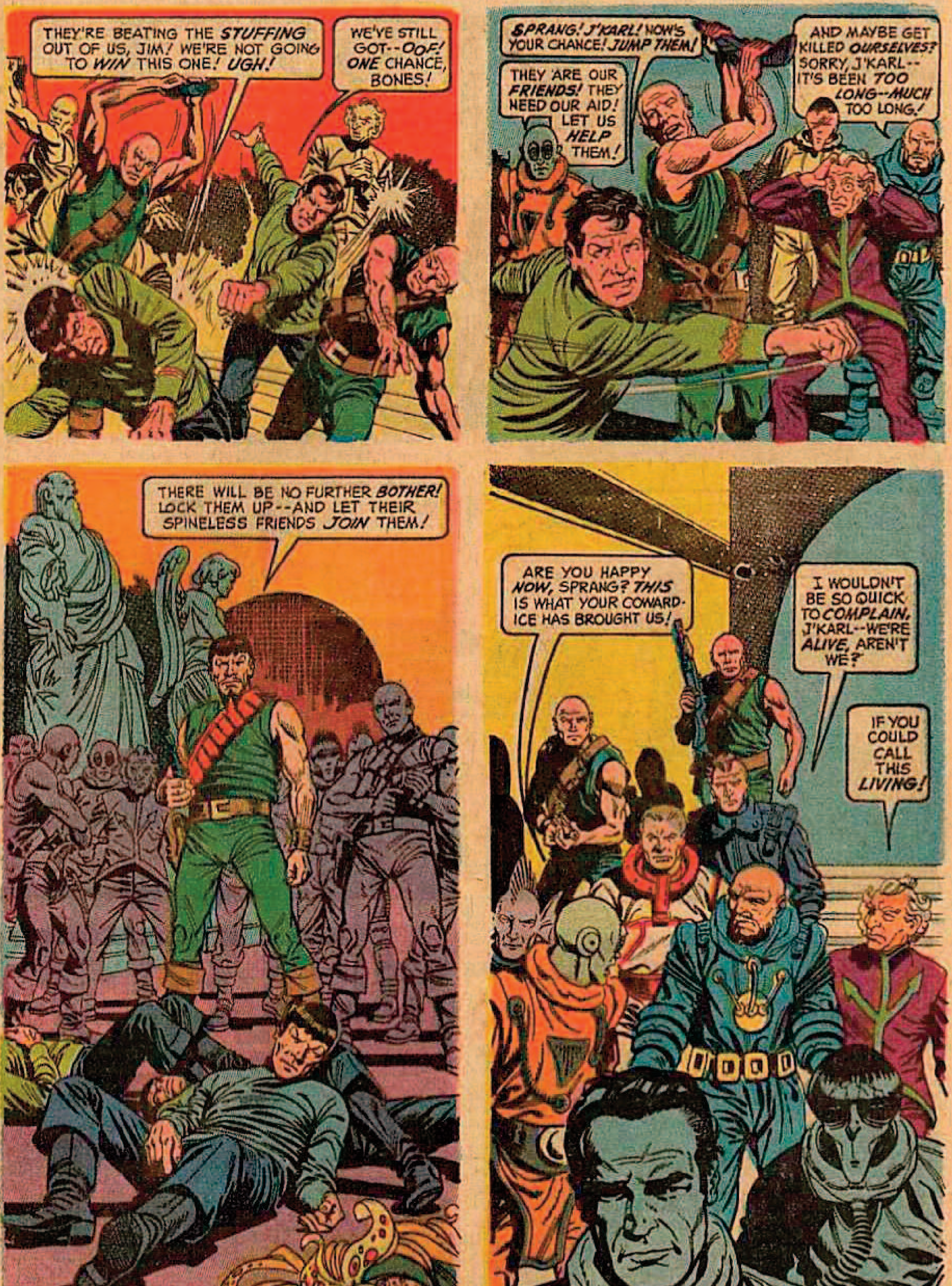
STAR TREK

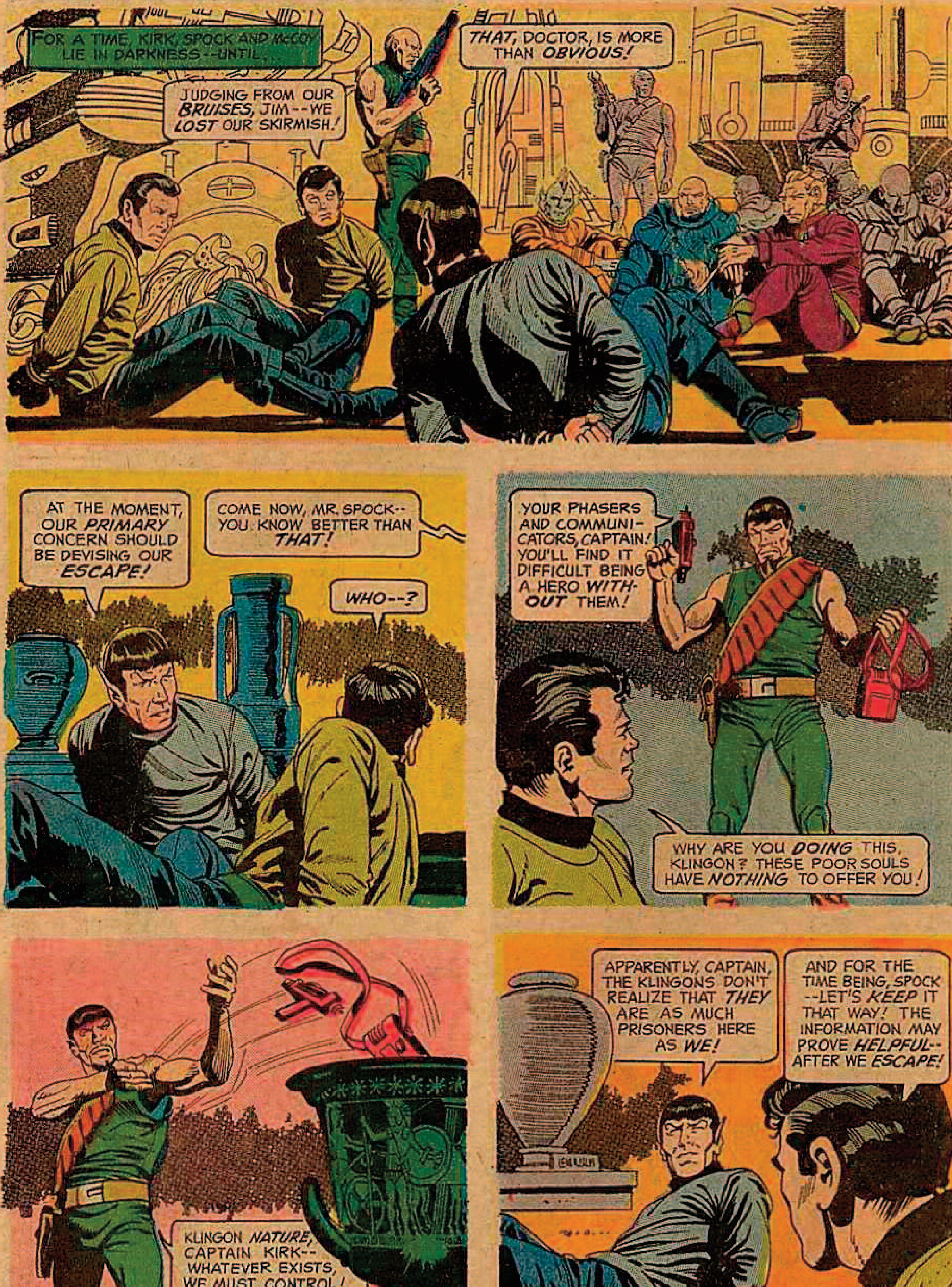
MUSEUM AT THE END OF TIME

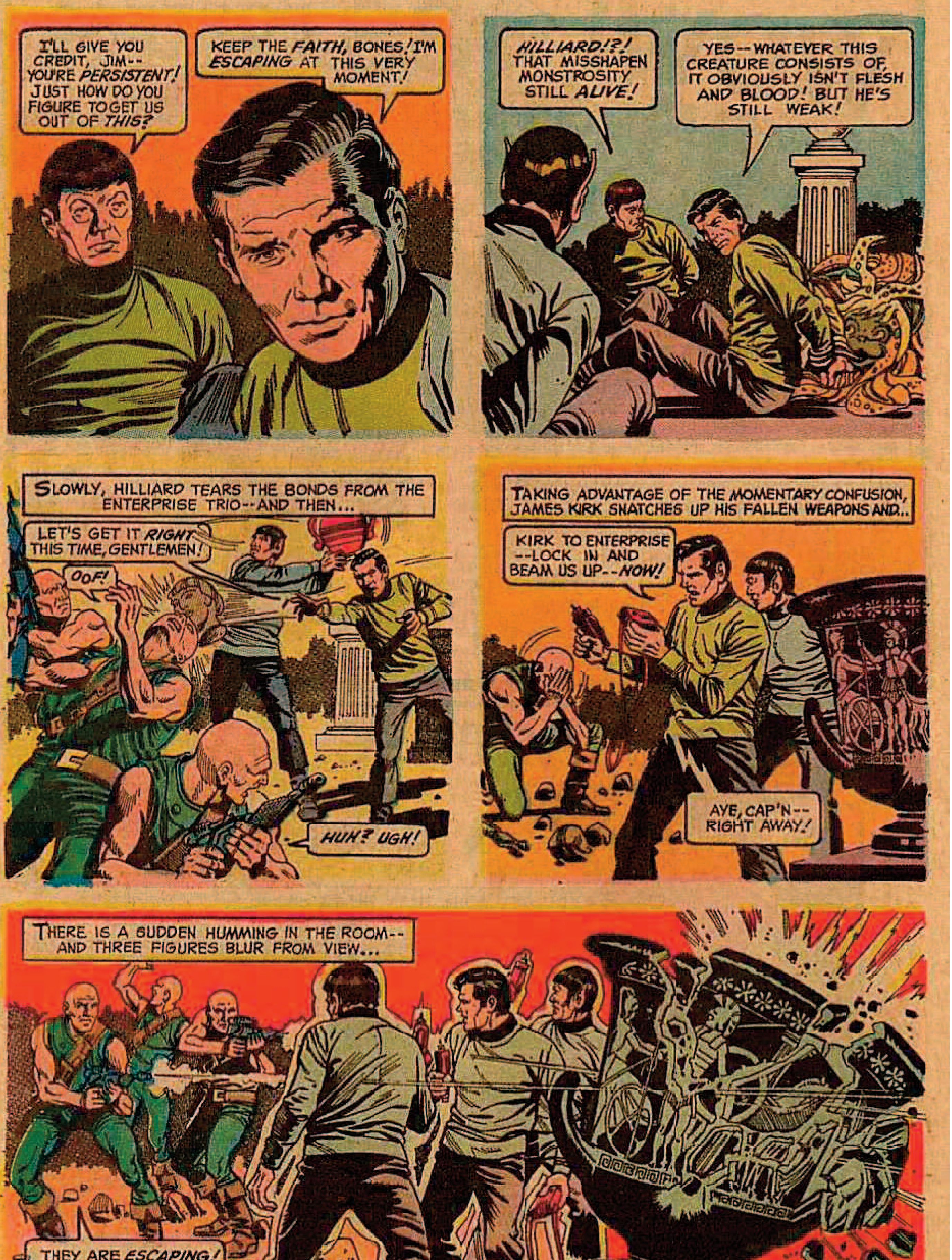
PART II

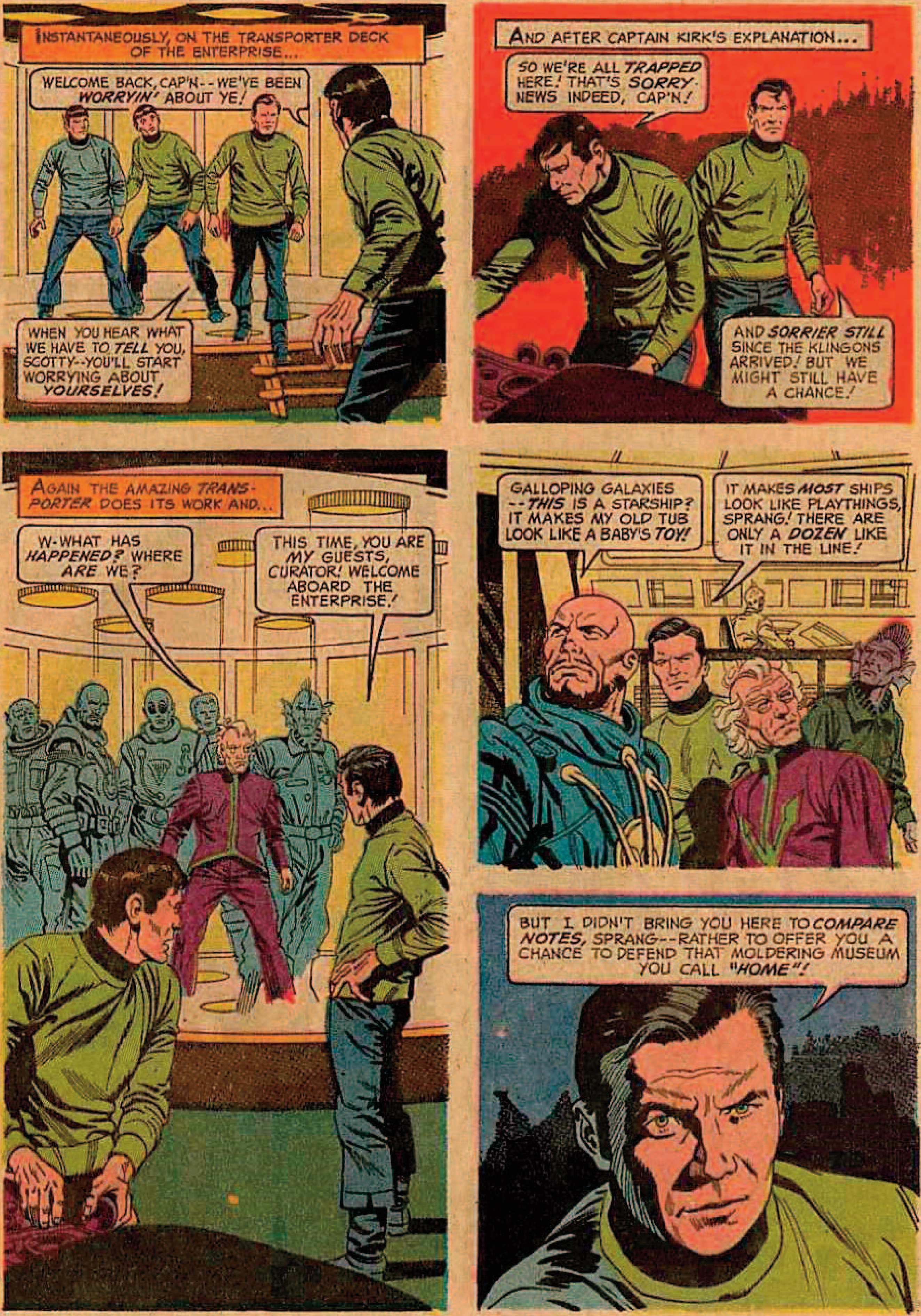

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE-NONE-- CAUGHT IN THE COSMIC STORM, THE ENTERPRISE HAS BEEN HURLED THROUGH A *HOLE* IN SPACE-- AND INTO THE NETHERWORLD CALLED *LIMBO!* AND TO ADD TO OUR PROBLEMS, THE KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER HAS FOUND *ITS* WAY HERE AS WELL...
THE THING'S GONE *BERSERK!* STOP IT, YOU FOOLS--BEFORE IT STOPS *US!*
YOU NO HURT MASTER-- AARRGGNHHHRRGG!

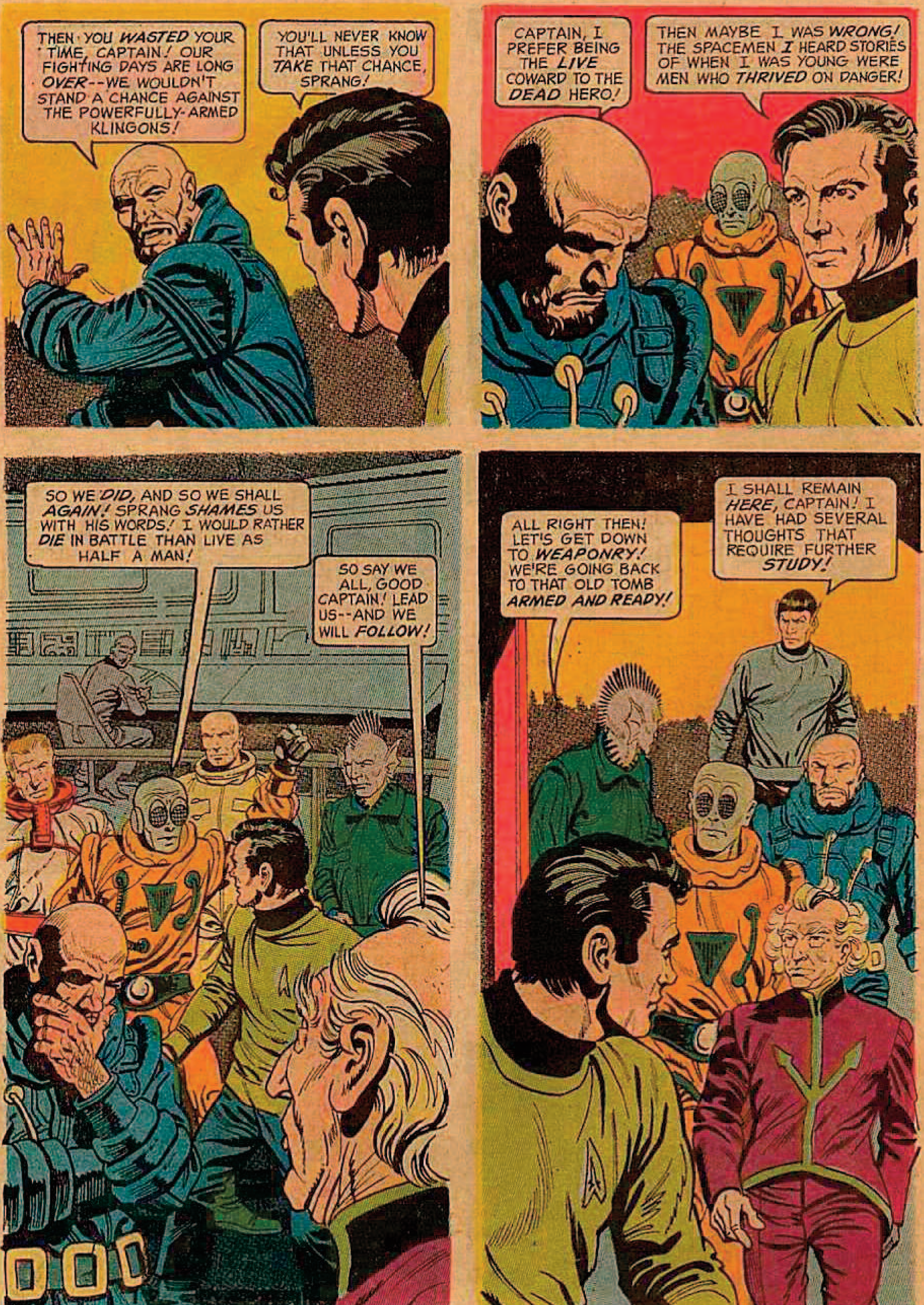

AS HILLIARD CRUMBLES UNDER THE AWESOME SONIC DISRUPTER ATTACK--THREE STARMEN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE DIVERSION...
COME ON, SPOCK--BONES-- LET'S *HIT THEM* WHILE WE'VE GOT THE CHANCE!

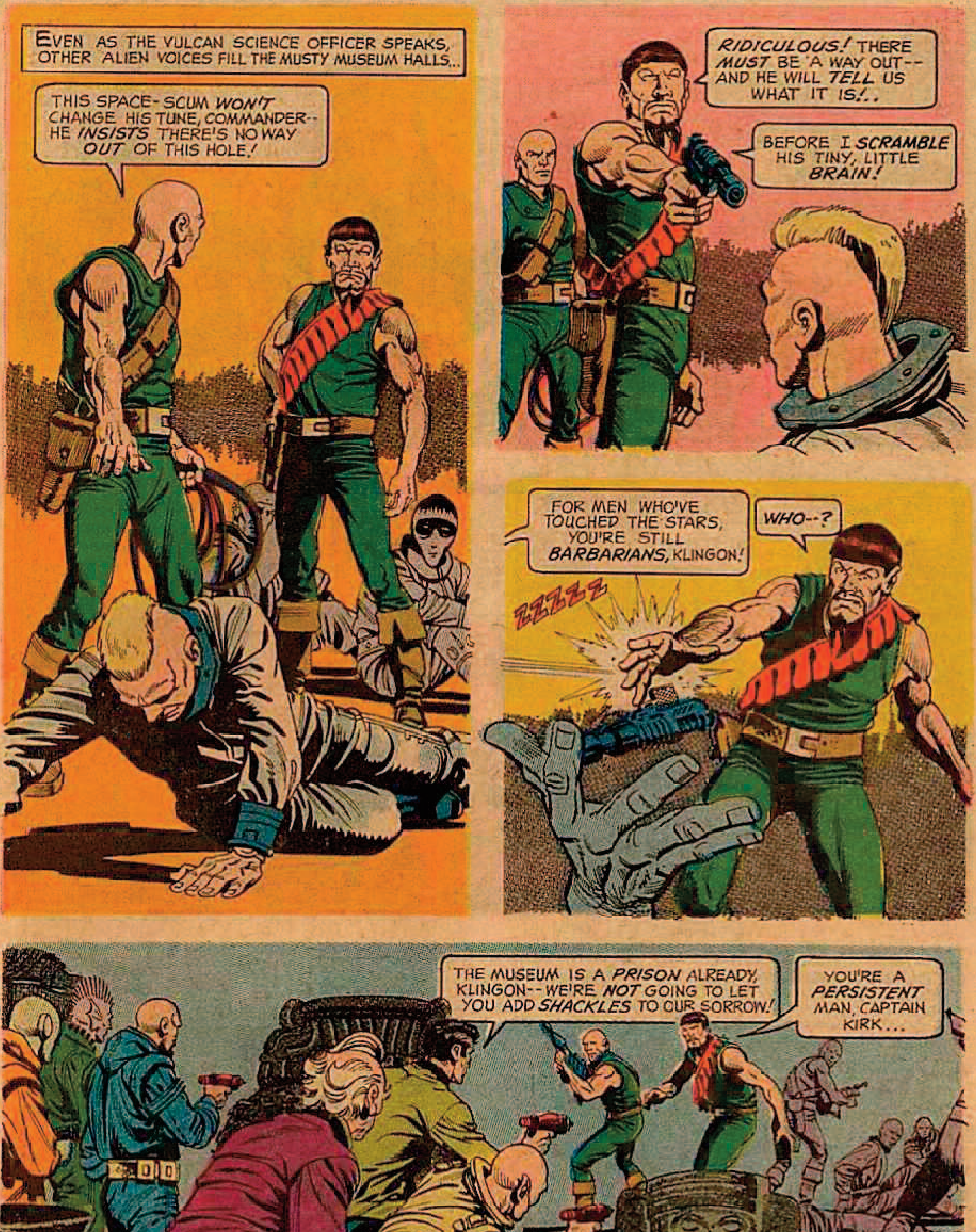

THEY'RE BEATING THE STUFFING OUT OF US, JIM! WE'RE NOT GOING TO WIN THIS ONE! UGH!
WE'VE STILL GOT--OOF! ONE CHANCE, BONES!
SPRANG! J'KARL! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE! JUMP THEM!
THEY ARE OUR FRIENDS! THEY NEED OUR AID! LET US HELP THEM!
AND MAYBE GET KILLED OURSELVES? SORRY, J'KARL--IT'S BEEN TOO LONG--MUCH TOO LONG!
THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER BOTHER! LOCK THEM UP--AND LET THEIR SPINELESS FRIENDS JOIN THEM!
ARE YOU HAPPY NOW, SPRANG? THIS IS WHAT YOUR COWARDICE HAS BROUGHT US!
I WOULDN'T BE SO QUICK TO COMPLAIN, J'KARL--WE'RE ALIVE, AREN'T WE?
IF YOU COULD CALL THIS LIVING!

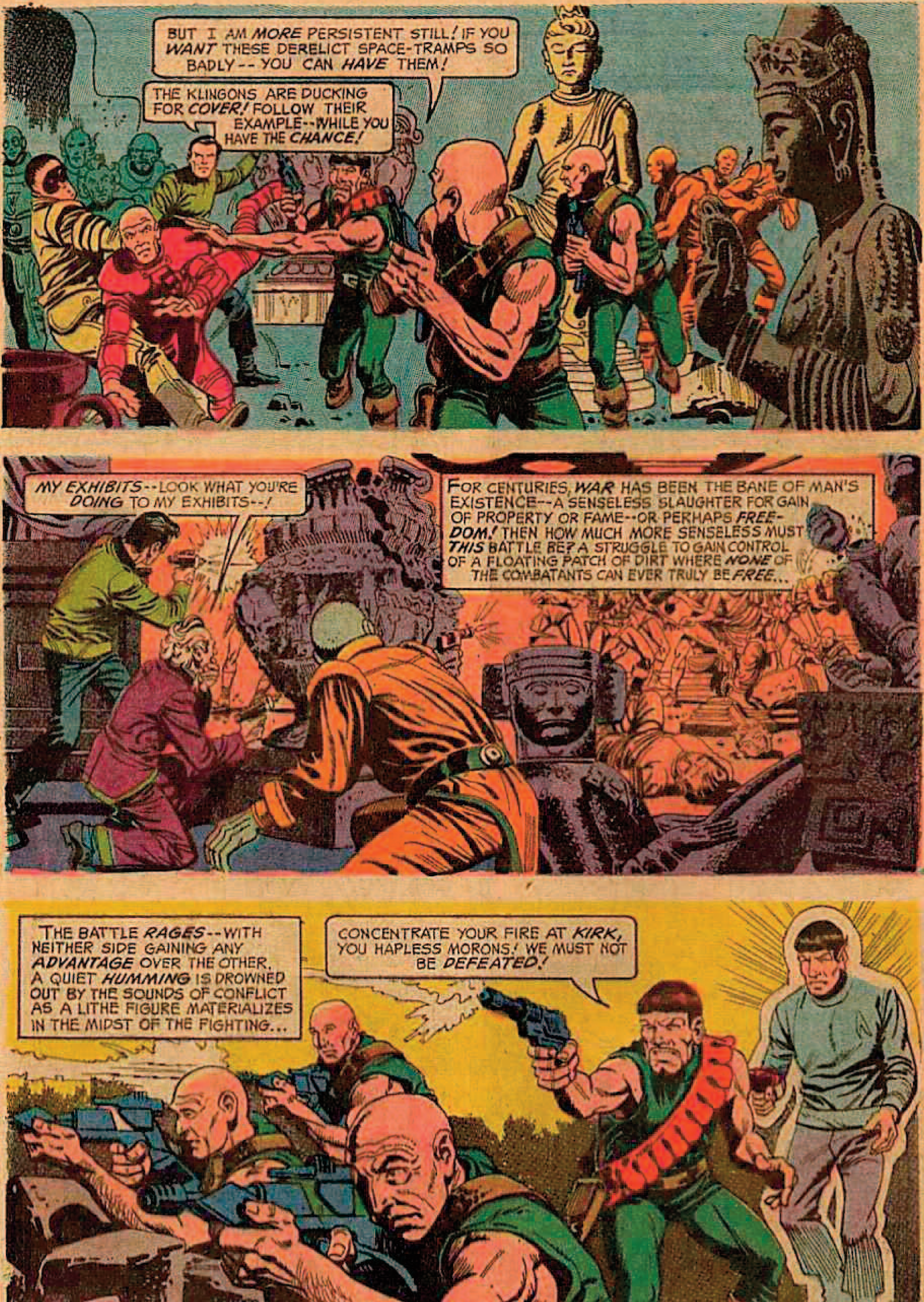

FOR A TIME, KIRK, SPOCK AND McCOY LIE IN DARKNESS--UNTIL...
JUDGING FROM OUR BRUISES, JIM--WE LOST OUR SKIRMISH!
THAT, DOCTOR, IS MORE THAN OBVIOUS!
AT THE MOMENT, OUR PRIMARY CONCERN SHOULD BE DEVISING OUR ESCAPE!
COME NOW, MR. SPOCK--YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT!
WHO--?
YOUR PHASERS AND COMMUNICATORS, CAPTAIN! YOU'LL FIND IT DIFFICULT BEING A HERO WITHOUT THEM!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, KLINGON? THESE POOR SOULS HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER YOU!
KLINGON NATURE, CAPTAIN KIRK--WHATEVER EXISTS, WE MUST CONTROL! THIS ABYSMAL CHUNK OF DIRT WILL BE KLINGON PROPERTY WHEN WE LEAVE!
APPARENTLY, CAPTAIN, THE KLINGONS DON'T REALIZE THAT THEY ARE AS MUCH PRISONERS HERE AS WE!
AND FOR THE TIME BEING, SPOCK--LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY! THE INFORMATION MAY PROVE HELPFUL--AFTER WE ESCAPE!

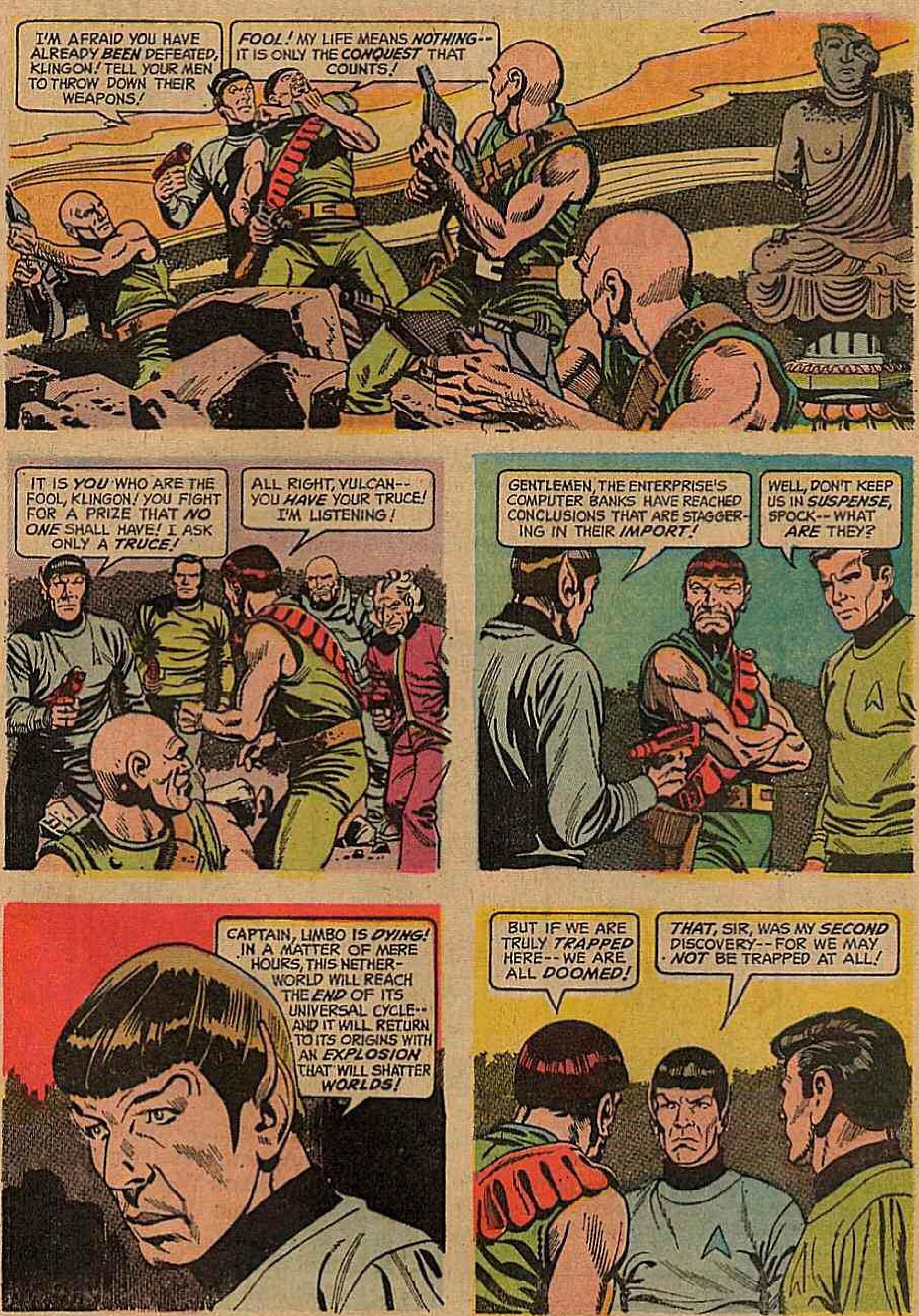

I'LL GIVE YOU CREDIT, JIM-- YOU'RE *PERSISTENT!* JUST HOW DO YOU FIGURE TO GET US OUT OF *THIS?*
KEEP THE *FAITH,* BONES! I'M *ESCAPING* AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
HILLIARD!?! THAT MISSHAPEN MONSTROSITY STILL *ALIVE!*
YES--WHATEVER THIS CREATURE CONSISTS OF, IT OBVIOUSLY ISN'T FLESH AND BLOOD! BUT HE'S STILL WEAK!
SLOWLY, HILLIARD TEARS THE BONDS FROM THE ENTERPRISE TRIO--AND THEN...
LET'S GET IT *RIGHT* THIS TIME, GENTLEMEN!
OOF!
HUH? UGH!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENTARY CONFUSION, JAMES KIRK SNATCHES UP HIS FALLEN WEAPONS AND...
KIRK TO ENTERPRISE --LOCK IN AND BEAM US UP--*NOW!*
AYE, CAP'N-- RIGHT AWAY!
THERE IS A SUDDEN HUMMING IN THE ROOM-- AND THREE FIGURES BLUR FROM VIEW...
THEY ARE *ESCAPING!* THE COMMANDER WILL HAVE OUR *HEADS* FOR THIS!

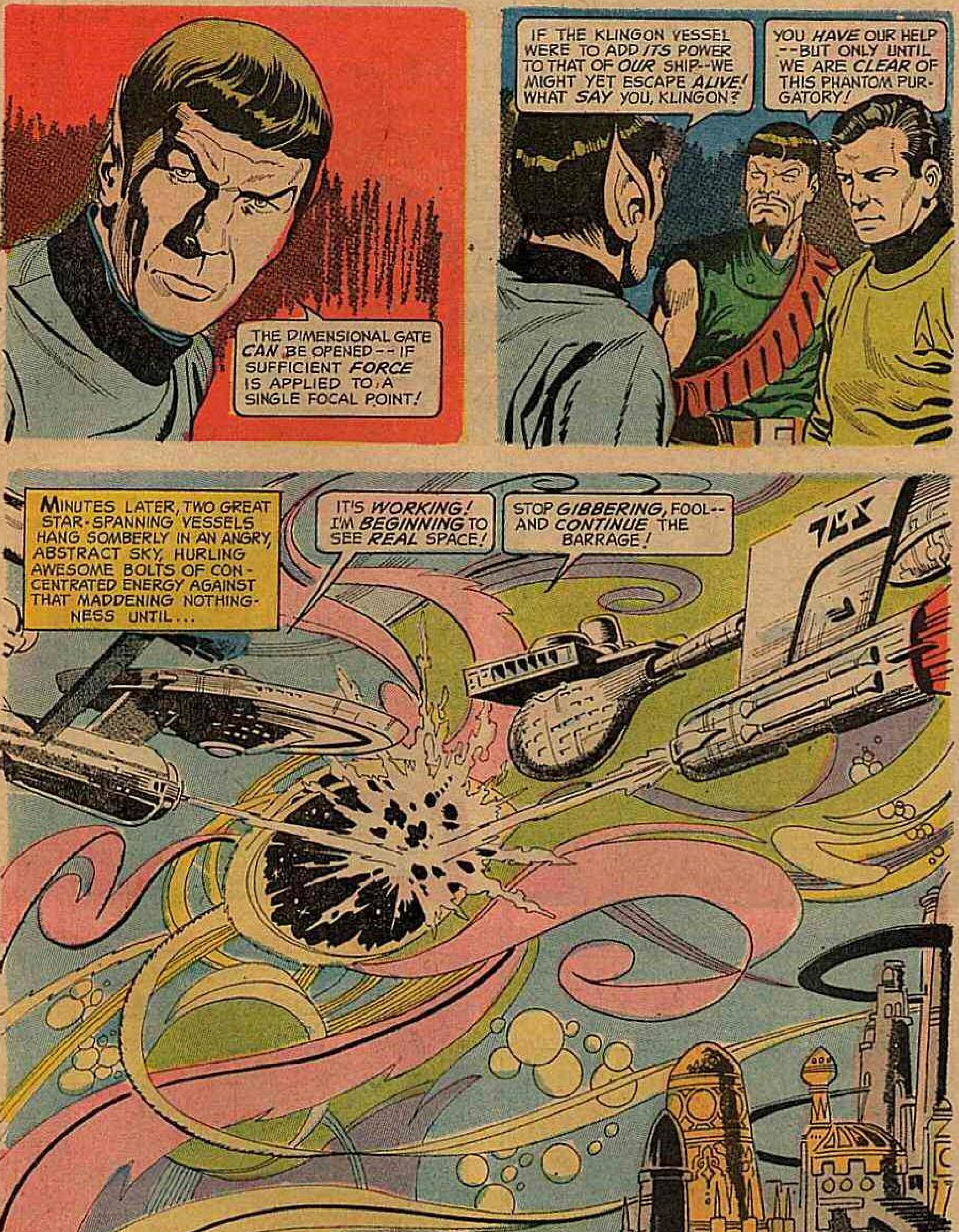

INSTANTANEOUSLY, ON THE TRANSPORTER DECK OF THE ENTERPRISE...
WELCOME BACK, CAP'N--WE'VE BEEN *WORRYIN'* ABOUT YE!
WHEN YOU HEAR WHAT WE HAVE TO *TELL* YOU, SCOTTY--YOU'LL START WORRYING ABOUT *YOURSELVES!*
AND AFTER CAPTAIN KIRK'S EXPLANATION...
SO WE'RE ALL *TRAPPED* HERE! THAT'S *SORRY* NEWS INDEED, CAP'N!
AND *SORRIER STILL* SINCE THE KLINGONS ARRIVED! BUT WE MIGHT STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
AGAIN THE AMAZING *TRANSPORTER* DOES ITS WORK AND...
W-WHAT HAS *HAPPENED?* WHERE *ARE* WE?
THIS TIME, YOU ARE *MY* GUESTS, CURATOR! WELCOME ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE!
GALLOPING GALAXIES--*THIS* IS A STARSHIP? IT MAKES MY OLD TUB LOOK LIKE A BABY'S *TOY!*
IT MAKES *MOST* SHIPS LOOK LIKE PLAYTHINGS, SPRANG! THERE ARE ONLY A *DOZEN* LIKE IT IN THE LINE!
BUT I DIDN'T BRING YOU HERE TO *COMPARE NOTES,* SPRANG--RATHER TO OFFER YOU A CHANCE TO DEFEND THAT MOLDERING MUSEUM YOU CALL *"HOME"!*

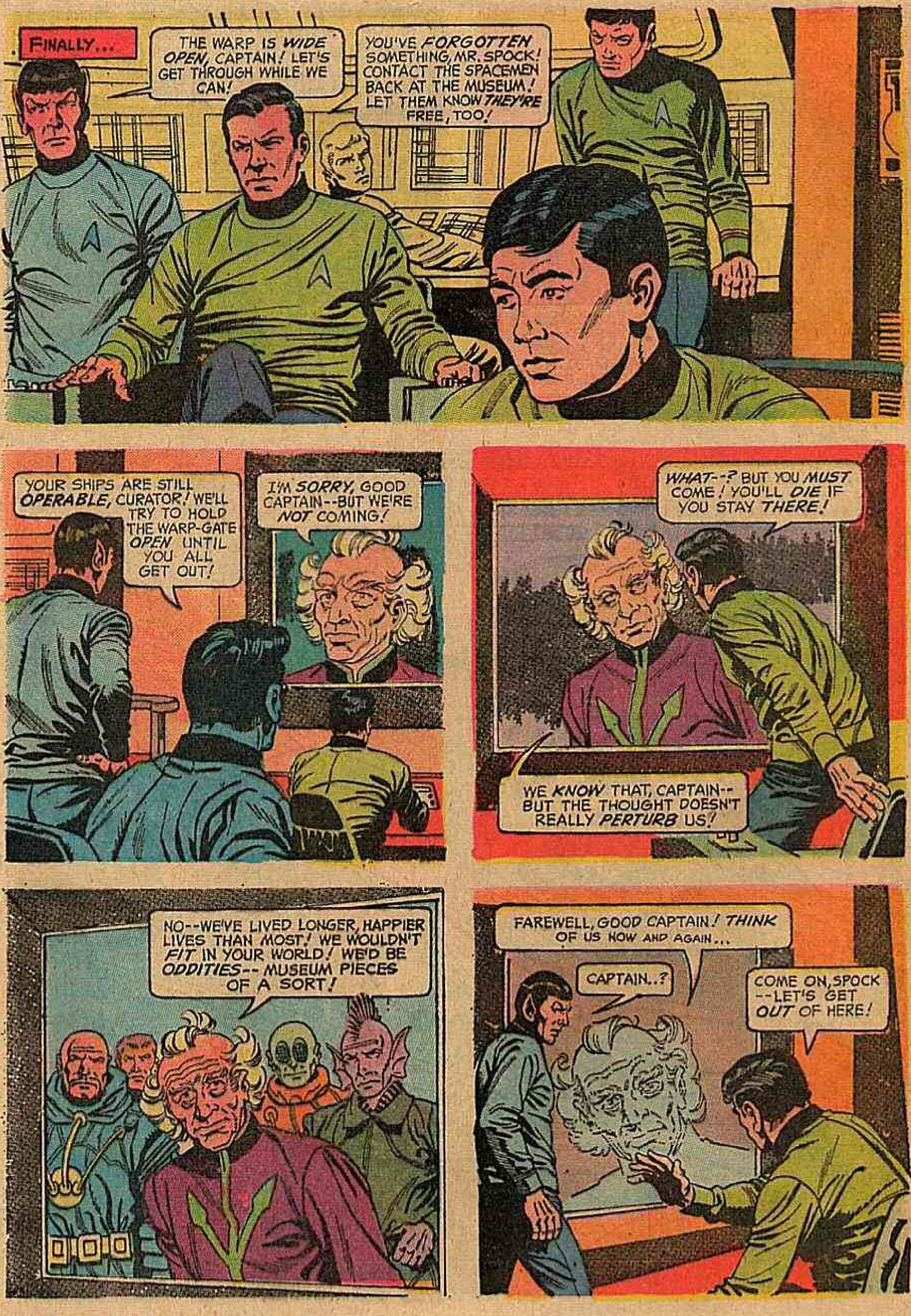

THEN YOU *WASTED* YOUR TIME, CAPTAIN! OUR FIGHTING DAYS ARE LONG *OVER*--WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE POWERFULLY-ARMED KLINGONS!
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THAT UNLESS YOU *TAKE* THAT CHANCE, SPRANG!
CAPTAIN, I PREFER BEING THE *LIVE* COWARD TO THE *DEAD* HERO!
THEN MAYBE I WAS *WRONG!* THE SPACEMEN *I* HEARD STORIES OF WHEN I WAS YOUNG WERE MEN WHO *THRIVED* ON DANGER!
SO WE *DID,* AND SO WE SHALL *AGAIN!* SPRANG *SHAMES* US WITH HIS WORDS! I WOULD RATHER *DIE* IN BATTLE THAN LIVE AS HALF A MAN!
SO SAY WE ALL, GOOD CAPTAIN! LEAD US--AND WE WILL *FOLLOW!*
ALL RIGHT THEN! LET'S GET DOWN TO *WEAPONRY!* WE'RE GOING BACK TO THAT OLD TOMB *ARMED AND READY!*
I SHALL REMAIN *HERE,* CAPTAIN! I HAVE HAD SEVERAL THOUGHTS THAT REQUIRE FURTHER *STUDY!*

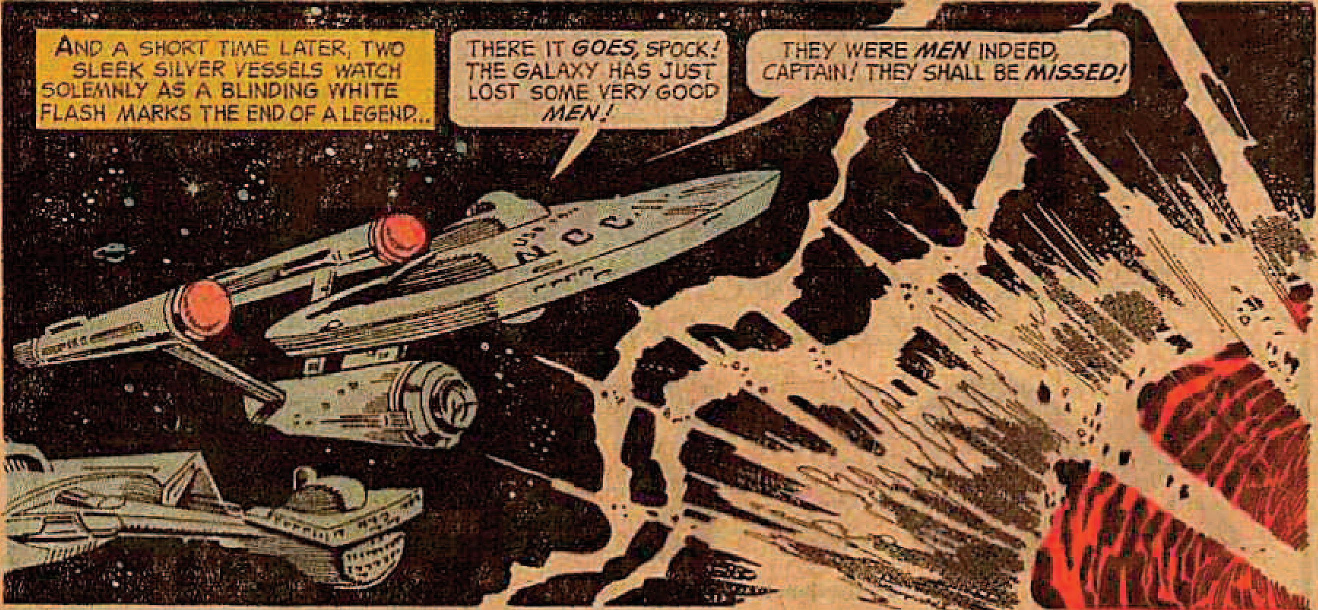

EVEN AS THE VULCAN SCIENCE OFFICER SPEAKS, OTHER ALIEN VOICES FILL THE MUSTY MUSEUM HALLS..
THIS SPACE-SCUM *WON'T* CHANGE HIS TUNE, COMMANDER-- HE *INSISTS* THERE'S NO WAY *OUT* OF THIS HOLE!
RIDICULOUS! THERE *MUST* BE A WAY OUT-- AND HE WILL *TELL* US WHAT IT IS!..
BEFORE I *SCRAMBLE* HIS TINY, LITTLE *BRAIN!*
FOR MEN WHO'VE TOUCHED THE STARS, YOU'RE STILL *BARBARIANS*, KLINGON!
WHO--?
ZZZZZ
THE MUSEUM IS A *PRISON* ALREADY, KLINGON-- WE'RE *NOT* GOING TO LET YOU ADD *SHACKLES* TO OUR SORROW!
YOU'RE A *PERSISTENT* MAN, CAPTAIN KIRK...

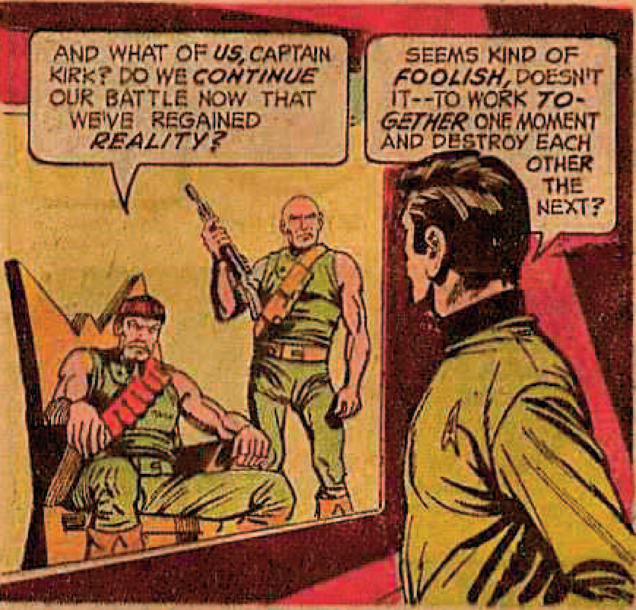

BUT I AM MORE PERSISTENT STILL! IF YOU WANT THESE DERELICT SPACE-TRAMPS SO BADLY -- YOU CAN HAVE THEM!
THE KLINGONS ARE DUCKING FOR COVER! FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE--WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE!
MY EXHIBITS--LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO MY EXHIBITS--!
FOR CENTURIES, WAR HAS BEEN THE BANE OF MAN'S EXISTENCE--A SENSELESS SLAUGHTER FOR GAIN OF PROPERTY OR FAME--OR PERHAPS FREEDOM! THEN HOW MUCH MORE SENSELESS MUST THIS BATTLE BE? A STRUGGLE TO GAIN CONTROL OF A FLOATING PATCH OF DIRT WHERE NONE OF THE COMBATANTS CAN EVER TRULY BE FREE...
THE BATTLE RAGES--WITH NEITHER SIDE GAINING ANY ADVANTAGE OVER THE OTHER. A QUIET HUMMING IS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUNDS OF CONFLICT AS A LITHE FIGURE MATERIALIZES IN THE MIDST OF THE FIGHTING...
CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE AT KIRK, YOU HAPLESS MORONS! WE MUST NOT BE DEFEATED!

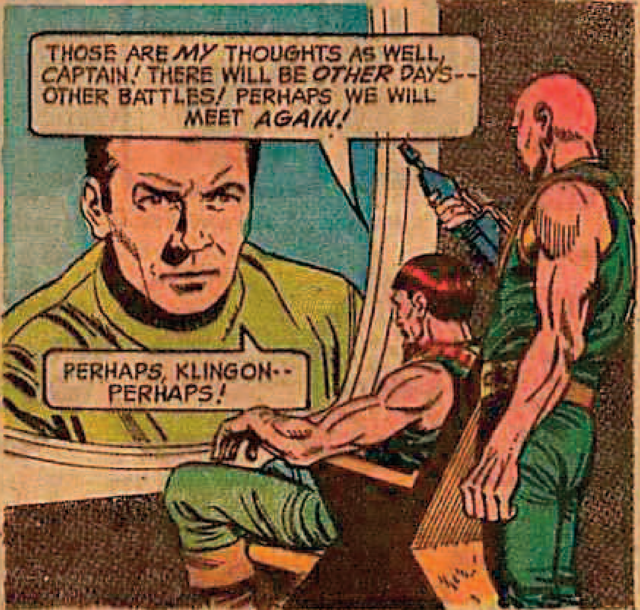

I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE ALREADY *BEEN* DEFEATED, KLINGON! TELL YOUR MEN TO THROW DOWN THEIR WEAPONS!
FOOL! MY LIFE MEANS *NOTHING*-- IT IS ONLY THE *CONQUEST* THAT COUNTS!
IT IS *YOU* WHO ARE THE FOOL, KLINGON! YOU FIGHT FOR A PRIZE THAT *NO ONE* SHALL HAVE! I ASK ONLY A *TRUCE!*
ALL RIGHT, VULCAN-- YOU *HAVE* YOUR TRUCE! I'M LISTENING!
GENTLEMEN, THE ENTERPRISE'S COMPUTER BANKS HAVE REACHED CONCLUSIONS THAT ARE STAGGERING IN THEIR *IMPORT!*
WELL, DON'T KEEP US IN *SUSPENSE*, SPOCK-- WHAT *ARE* THEY?
CAPTAIN, LIMBO IS *DYING!* IN A MATTER OF MERE HOURS, THIS NETHER-WORLD WILL REACH THE *END* OF ITS UNIVERSAL CYCLE-- AND IT WILL RETURN TO ITS ORIGINS WITH AN *EXPLOSION* THAT WILL SHATTER *WORLDS!*
BUT IF WE ARE TRULY *TRAPPED* HERE-- WE ARE ALL *DOOMED!*
THAT, SIR, WAS MY *SECOND* DISCOVERY-- FOR WE MAY *NOT* BE TRAPPED AT ALL!

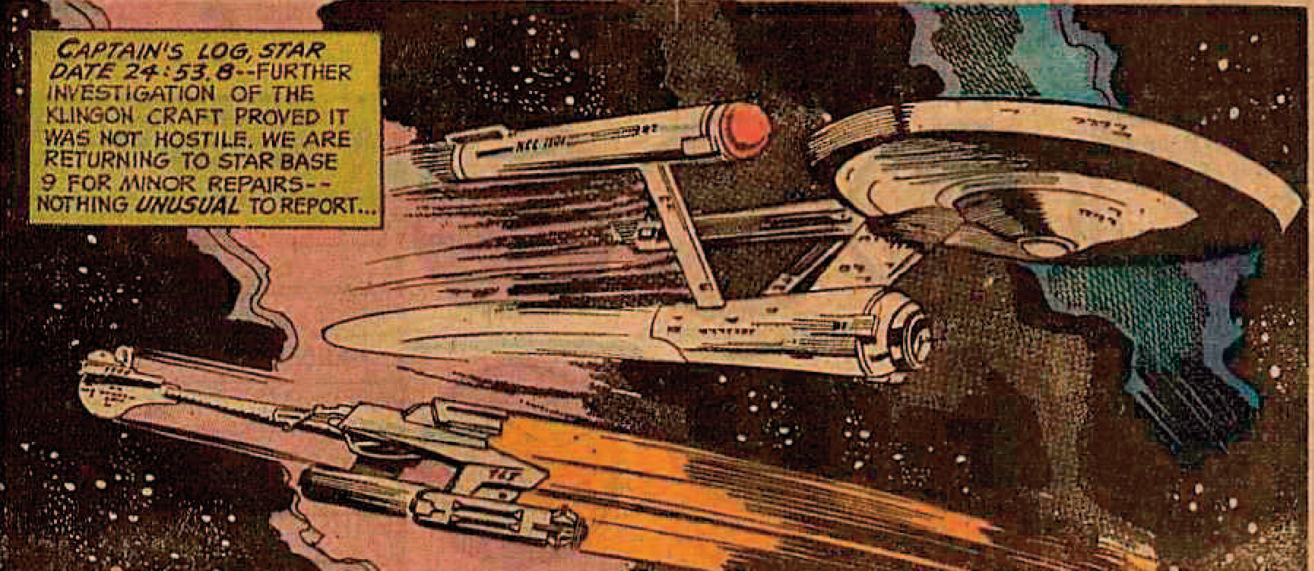

THE DIMENSIONAL GATE CAN BE OPENED -- IF SUFFICIENT FORCE IS APPLIED TO A SINGLE FOCAL POINT!
IF THE KLINGON VESSEL WERE TO ADD ITS POWER TO THAT OF OUR SHIP--WE MIGHT YET ESCAPE ALIVE! WHAT SAY YOU, KLINGON?
YOU HAVE OUR HELP --BUT ONLY UNTIL WE ARE CLEAR OF THIS PHANTOM PURGATORY!
MINUTES LATER, TWO GREAT STAR-SPANNING VESSELS HANG SOMBERLY IN AN ANGRY, ABSTRACT SKY, HURLING AWESOME BOLTS OF CONCENTRATED ENERGY AGAINST THAT MADDENING NOTHINGNESS UNTIL...
IT'S WORKING! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE REAL SPACE!
STOP GIBBERING, FOOL-- AND CONTINUE THE BARRAGE!

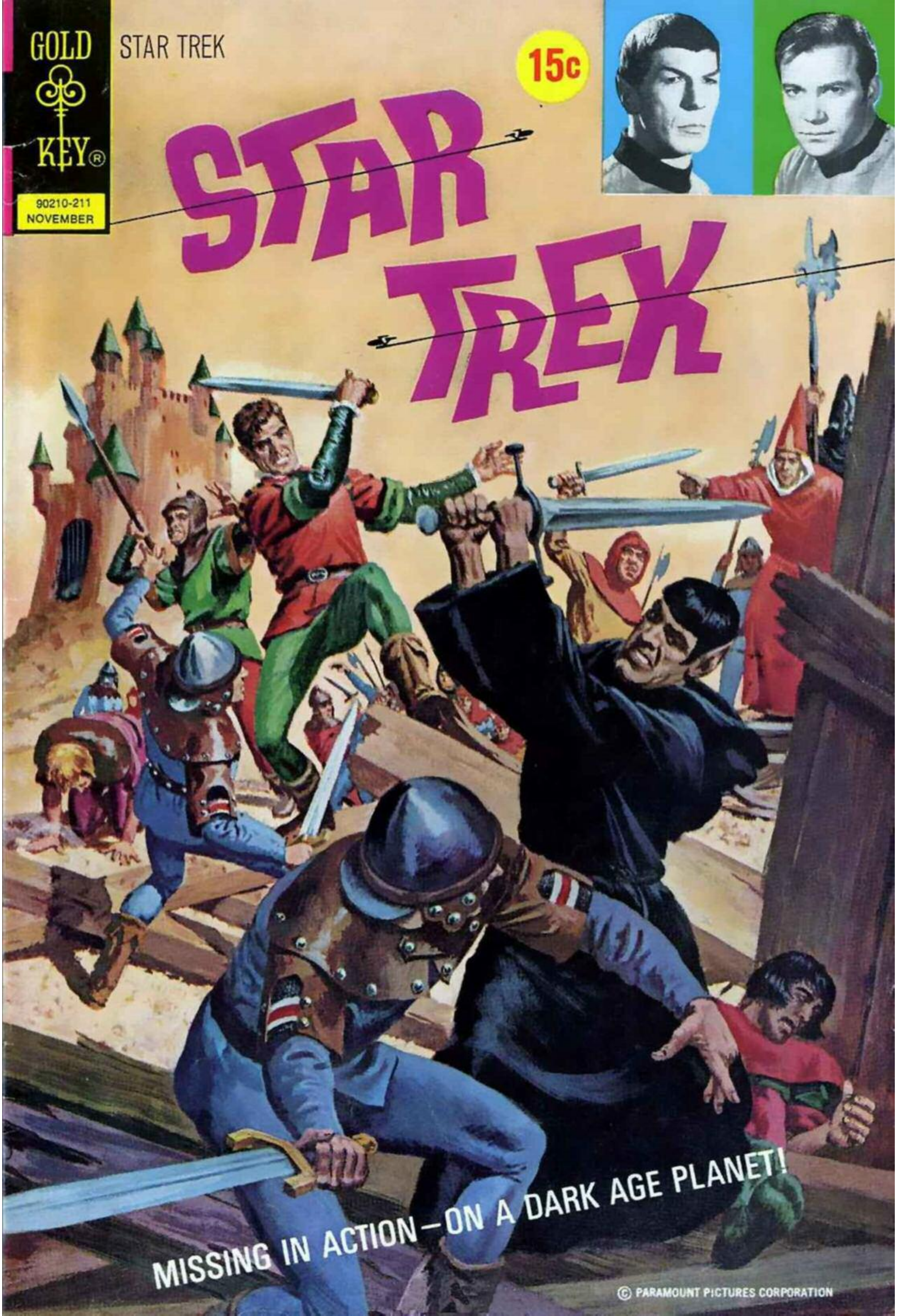

FINALLY...
THE WARP IS WIDE OPEN, CAPTAIN! LET'S GET THROUGH WHILE WE CAN!
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, MR. SPOCK! CONTACT THE SPACEMEN BACK AT THE MUSEUM! LET THEM KNOW THEY'RE FREE, TOO!
YOUR SHIPS ARE STILL OPERABLE, CURATOR! WE'LL TRY TO HOLD THE WARP-GATE OPEN UNTIL YOU ALL GET OUT!
I'M SORRY, GOOD CAPTAIN--BUT WE'RE NOT COMING!
WHAT--? BUT YOU MUST COME! YOU'LL DIE IF YOU STAY THERE!
WE KNOW THAT, CAPTAIN--BUT THE THOUGHT DOESN'T REALLY PERTURB US!
NO--WE'VE LIVED LONGER, HAPPIER LIVES THAN MOST! WE WOULDN'T FIT IN YOUR WORLD! WE'D BE ODDITIES-- MUSEUM PIECES OF A SORT!
FAREWELL, GOOD CAPTAIN! THINK OF US NOW AND AGAIN...
CAPTAIN..?
COME ON, SPOCK --LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


AND A SHORT TIME LATER, TWO SLEEK SILVER VESSELS WATCH SOLEMNLY AS A BLINDING WHITE FLASH MARKS THE END OF A LEGEND...
THERE IT *GOES*, SPOCK! THE GALAXY HAS JUST LOST SOME VERY GOOD *MEN*!
THEY WERE *MEN* INDEED, CAPTAIN! THEY SHALL BE *MISSED*!


AND WHAT OF *US*, CAPTAIN KIRK? DO WE *CONTINUE* OUR BATTLE NOW THAT WE'VE REGAINED *REALITY*?
SEEMS KIND OF *FOOLISH*, DOESN'T IT--TO WORK *TOGETHER* ONE MOMENT AND DESTROY EACH OTHER THE NEXT?


THOSE ARE *MY* THOUGHTS AS WELL, CAPTAIN! THERE WILL BE *OTHER* DAYS--OTHER BATTLES! PERHAPS WE WILL MEET *AGAIN*!
PERHAPS, KLINGON--PERHAPS!


CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 24:53.8--FURTHER INVESTIGATION OF THE KLINGON CRAFT PROVED IT WAS NOT HOSTILE. WE ARE RETURNING TO STAR BASE 9 FOR MINOR REPAIRS--NOTHING *UNUSUAL* TO REPORT...
THE END


GOLD KEY®
STAR TREK
90210-211
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STAR TREK
MISSING IN ACTION—ON A DARK AGE PLANET!

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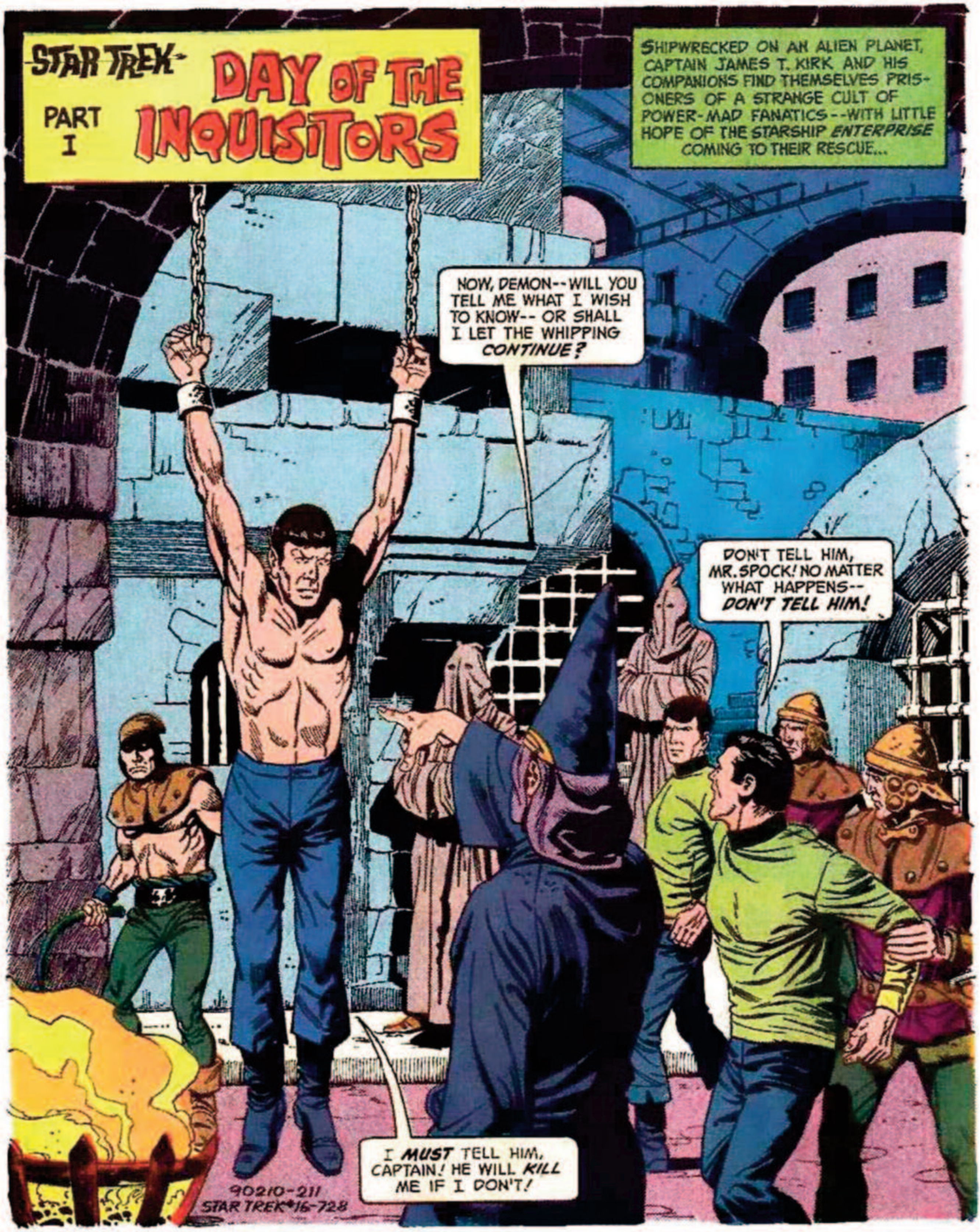
STAR TREK
PART I
DAY OF THE INQUISITORS
SHIPWRECKED ON AN ALIEN PLANET, CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK AND HIS COMPANIONS FIND THEMSELVES PRISONERS OF A STRANGE CULT OF POWER-MAD FANATICS--WITH LITTLE HOPE OF THE STARSHIP *ENTERPRISE* COMING TO THEIR RESCUE...
NOW, DEMON--WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WISH TO KNOW-- OR SHALL I LET THE WHIPPING *CONTINUE?*
DON'T TELL HIM, MR. SPOCK! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS-- *DON'T TELL HIM!*
I *MUST* TELL HIM, CAPTAIN! HE WILL *KILL* ME IF I DON'T!
90210-211
STAR TREK #16-728

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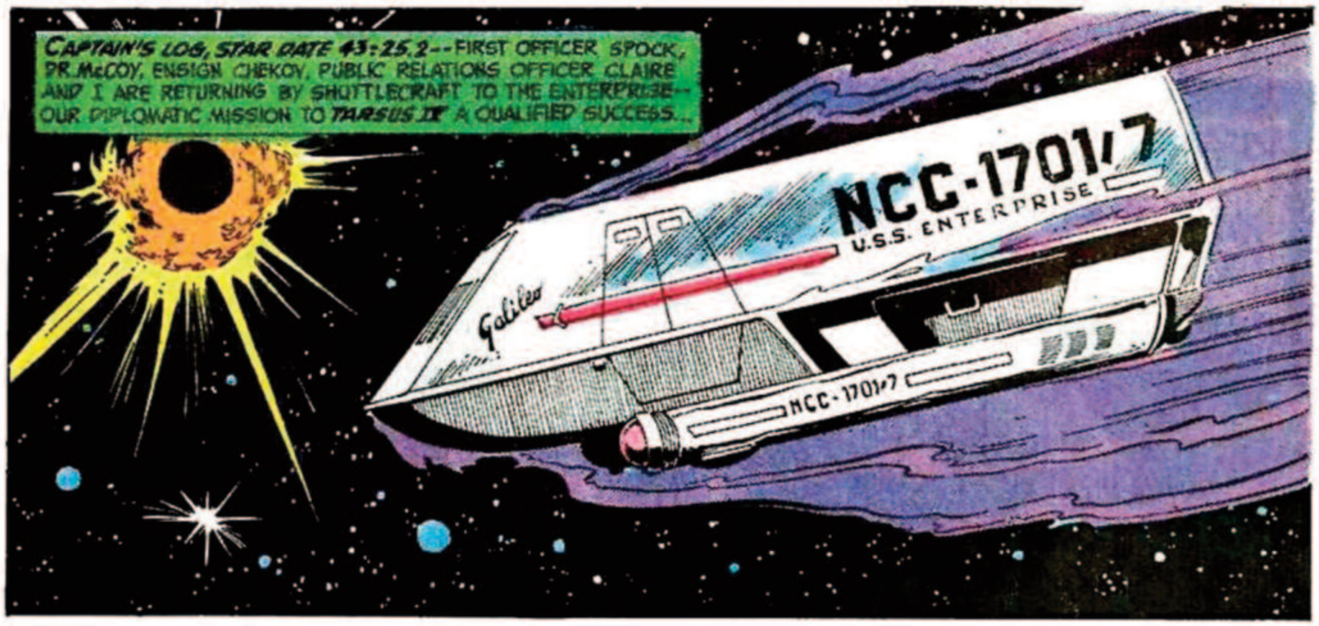
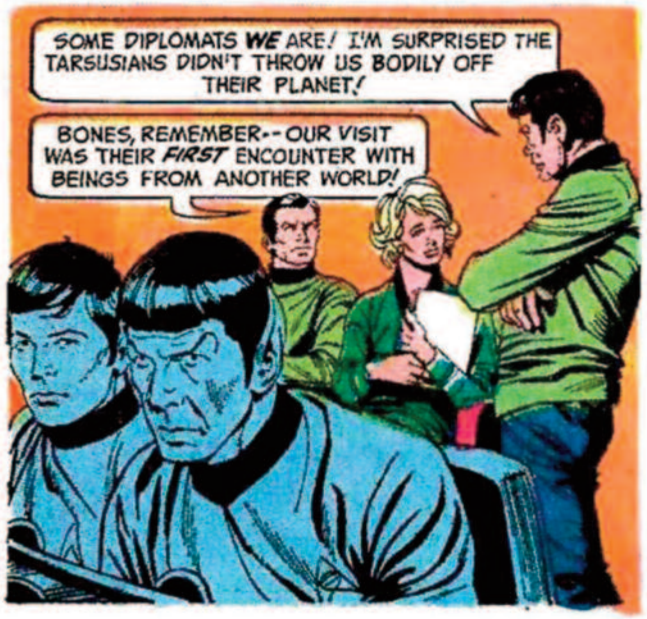
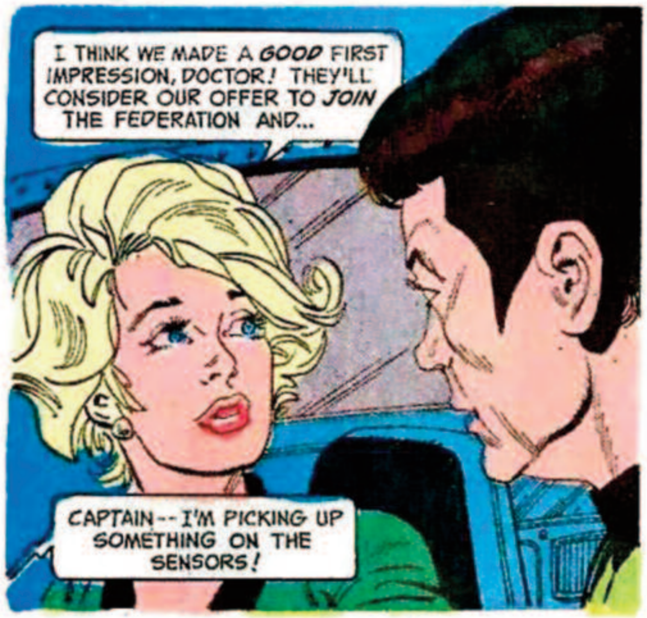
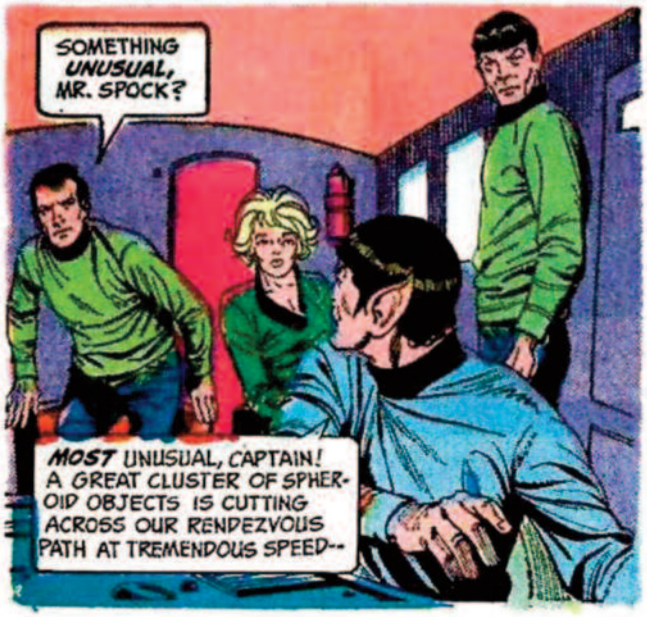
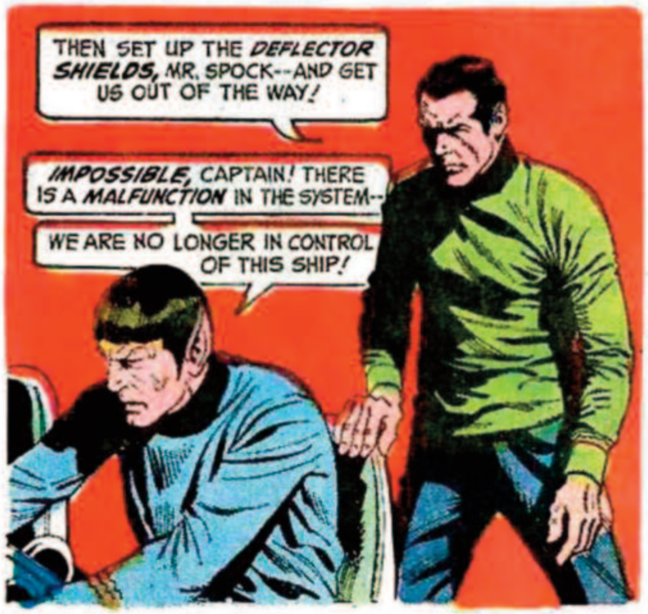
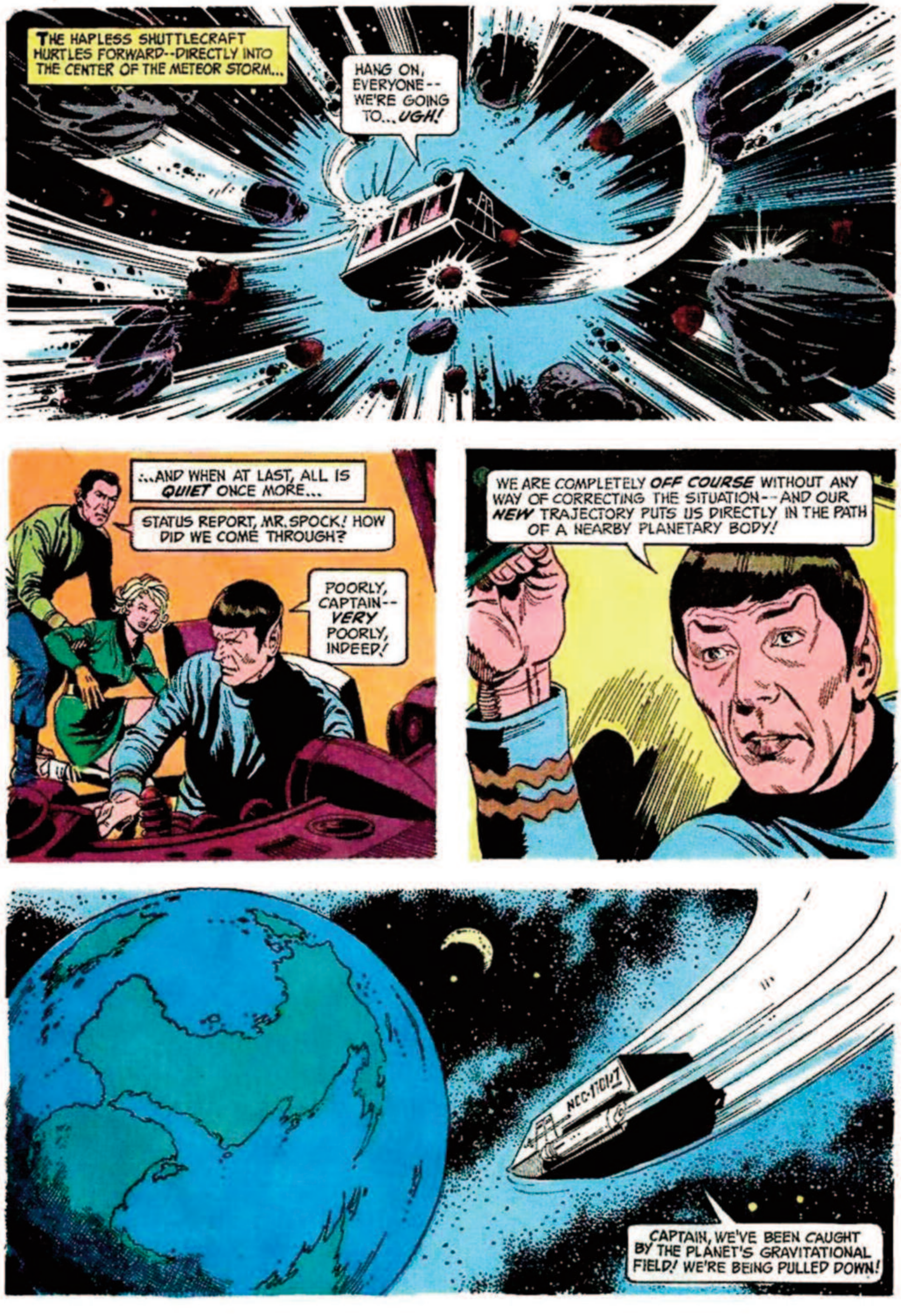

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 43:25.2-- FIRST OFFICER SPOCK, DR. McCOY, ENSIGN CHEKOV, PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER CLAIRE AND I ARE RETURNING BY SHUTTLECRAFT TO THE ENTERPRISE-- OUR DIPLOMATIC MISSION TO TARSUS II A QUALIFIED SUCCESS...
NCC-1701/7
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE
Galileo
NCC-1701/7

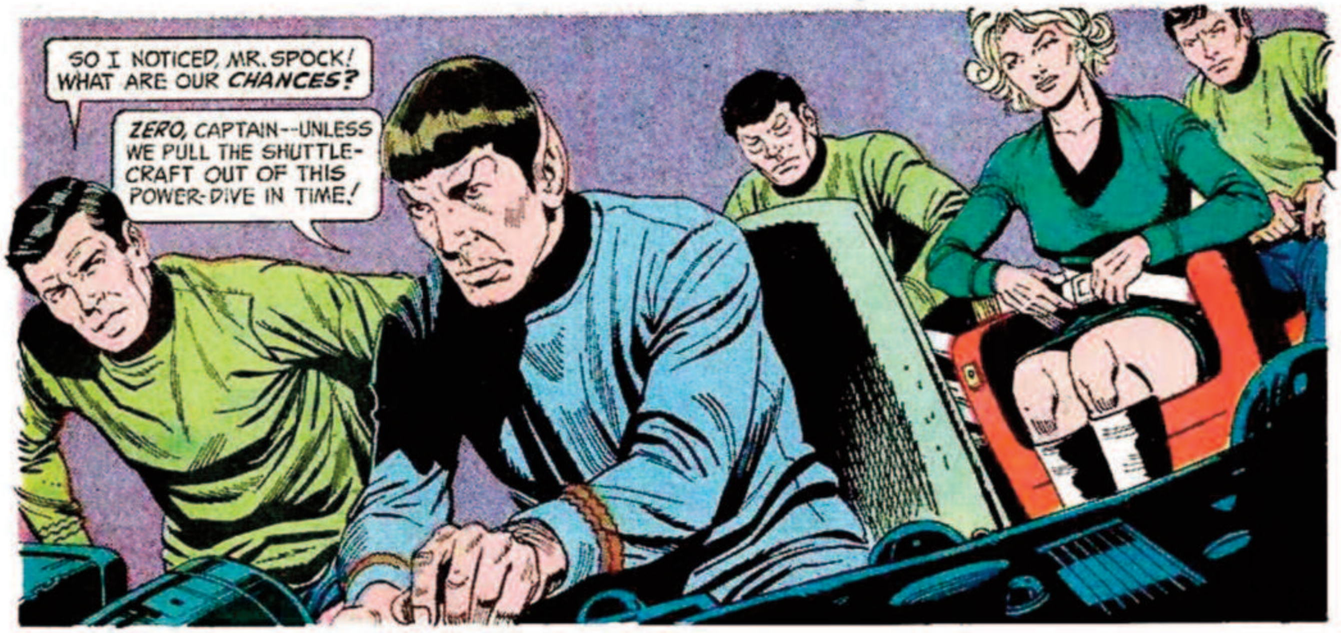

SOME DIPLOMATS WE ARE! I'M SURPRISED THE TARSUSIANS DIDN'T THROW US BODILY OFF THEIR PLANET!
BONES, REMEMBER-- OUR VISIT WAS THEIR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH BEINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

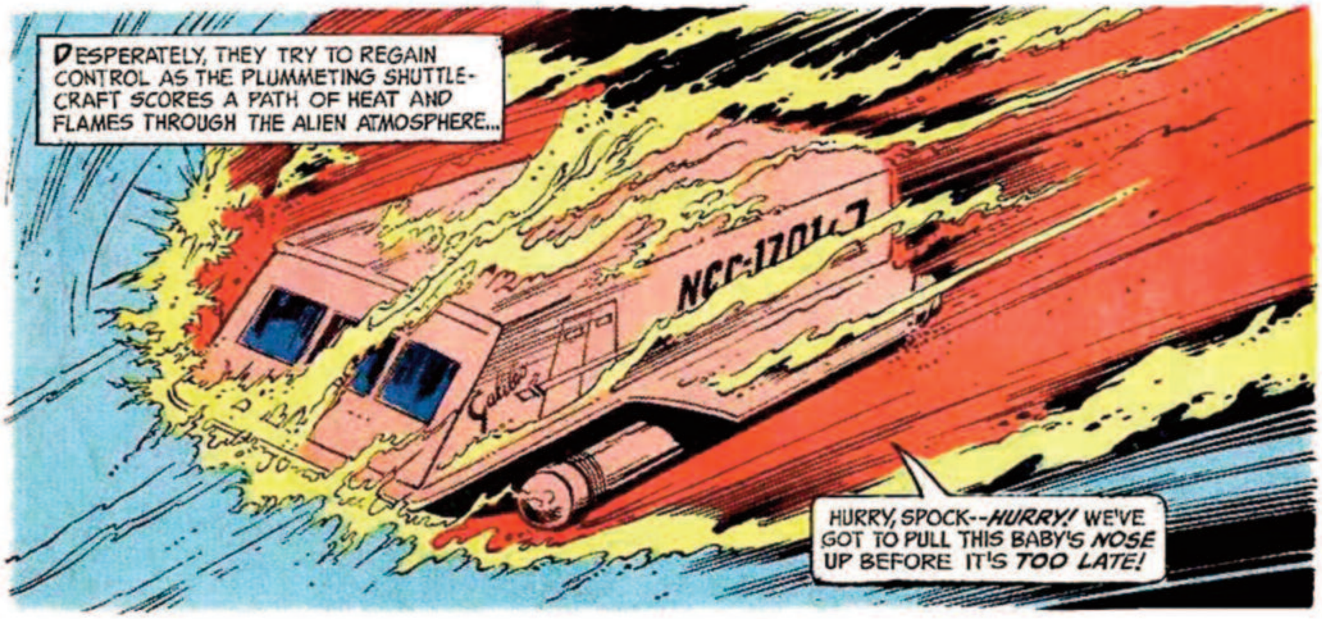

I THINK WE MADE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION, DOCTOR! THEY'LL CONSIDER OUR OFFER TO JOIN THE FEDERATION AND...
CAPTAIN-- I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING ON THE SENSORS!

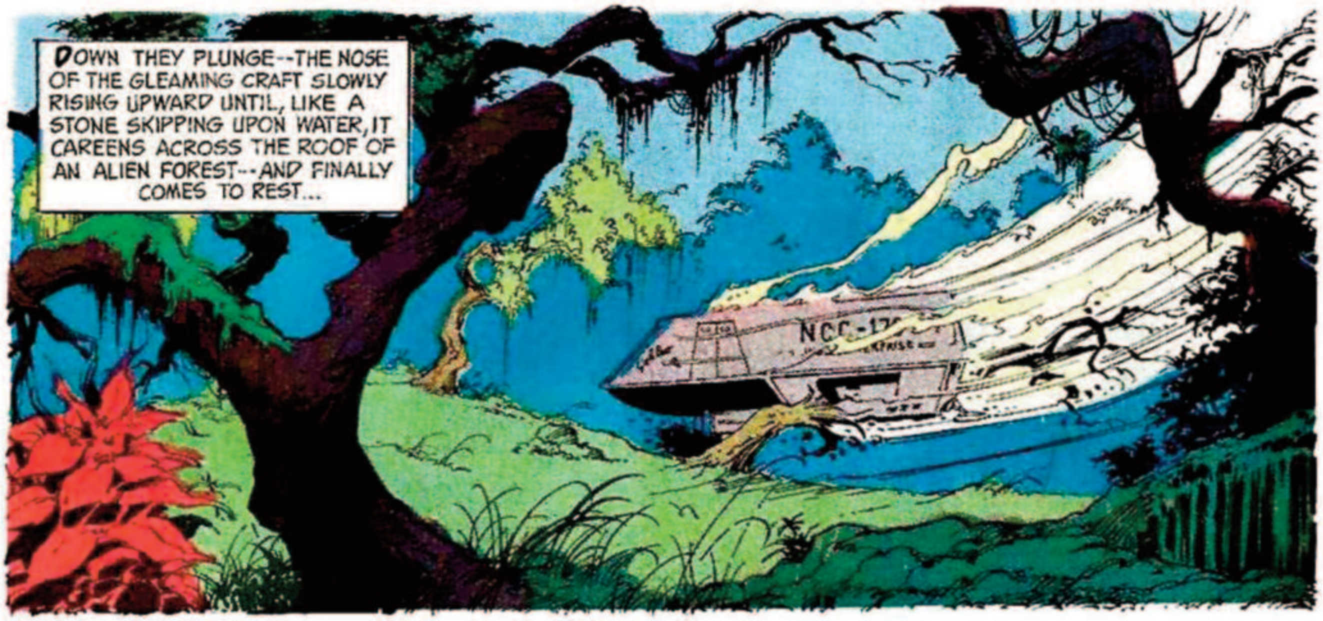

SOMETHING UNUSUAL, MR. SPOCK?
MOST UNUSUAL, CAPTAIN! A GREAT CLUSTER OF SPHEROID OBJECTS IS CUTTING ACROSS OUR RENDEZVOUS PATH AT TREMENDOUS SPEED--

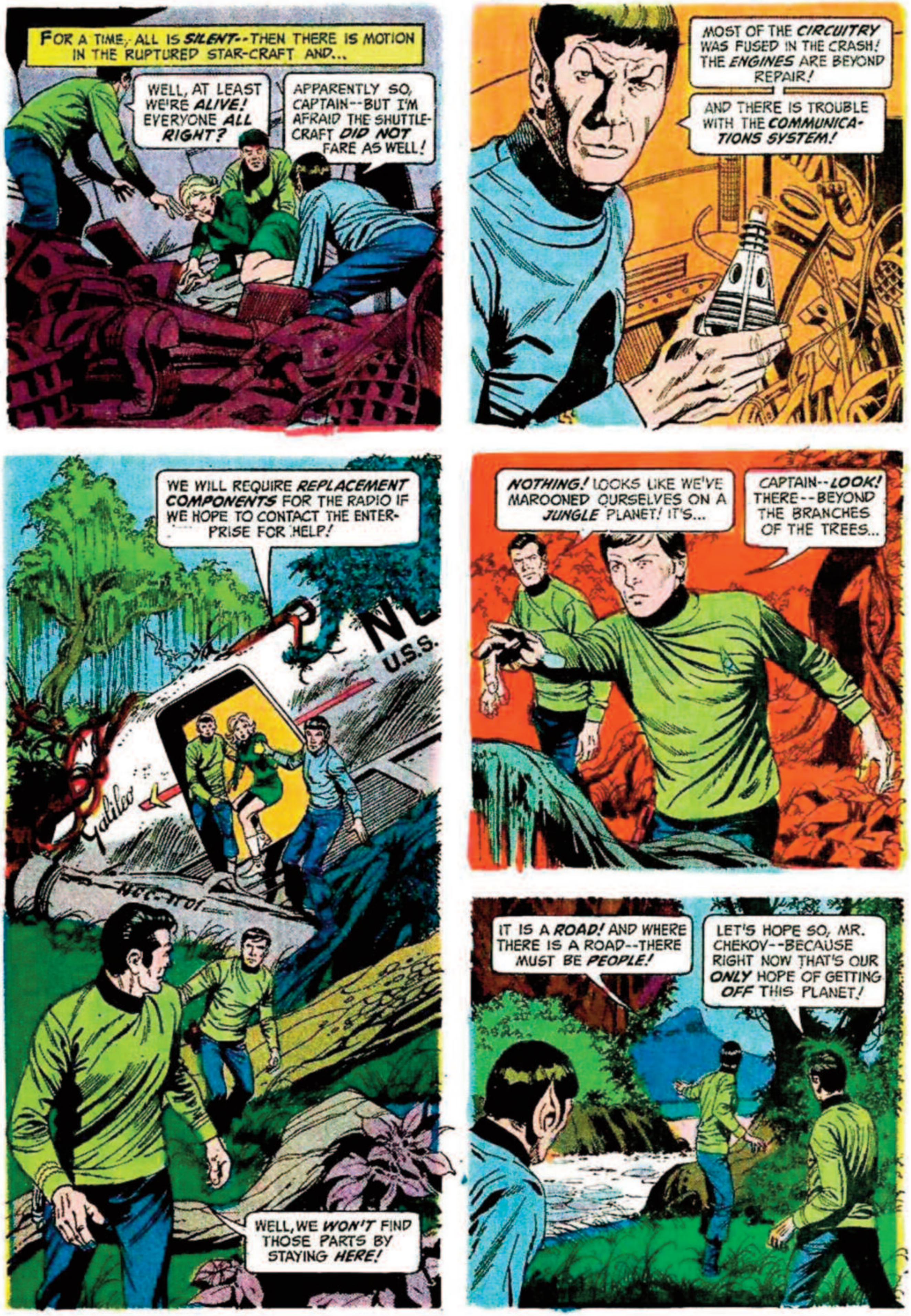

THEN SET UP THE DEFLECTOR SHIELDS, MR. SPOCK-- AND GET US OUT OF THE WAY!
IMPOSSIBLE, CAPTAIN! THERE IS A MALFUNCTION IN THE SYSTEM--
WE ARE NO LONGER IN CONTROL OF THIS SHIP!

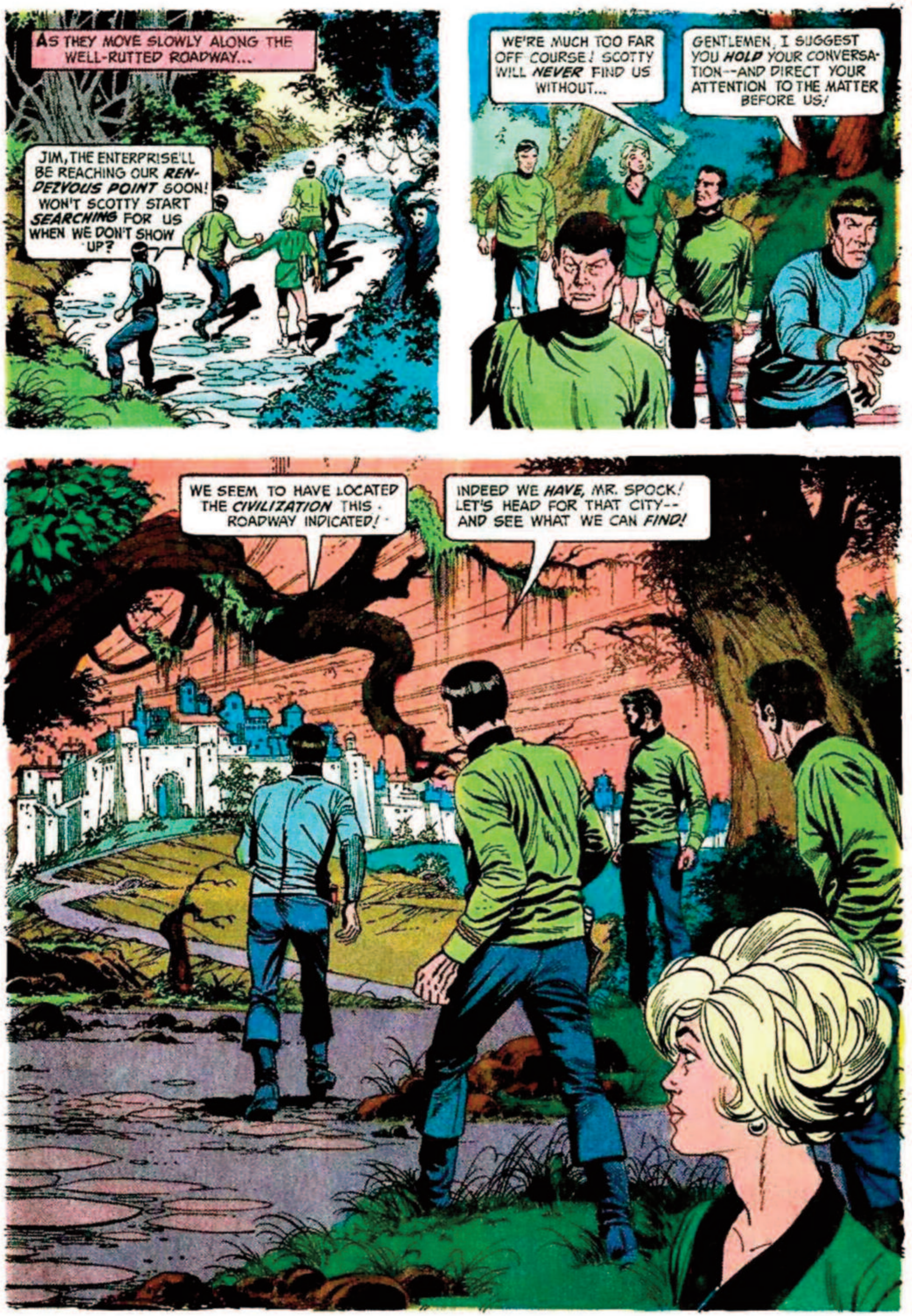

THE HAPLESS SHUTTLECRAFT HURTLES FORWARD--DIRECTLY INTO THE CENTER OF THE METEOR STORM...
HANG ON, EVERYONE--WE'RE GOING TO... *UGH!*
...AND WHEN AT LAST, ALL IS *QUIET* ONCE MORE...
STATUS REPORT, MR. SPOCK! HOW DID WE COME THROUGH?
POORLY, CAPTAIN--*VERY* POORLY, INDEED!
WE ARE COMPLETELY *OFF COURSE* WITHOUT ANY WAY OF CORRECTING THE SITUATION--AND OUR *NEW* TRAJECTORY PUTS US DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF A NEARBY PLANETARY BODY!
NCC-1701/7
CAPTAIN, WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT BY THE PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD! WE'RE BEING PULLED DOWN!

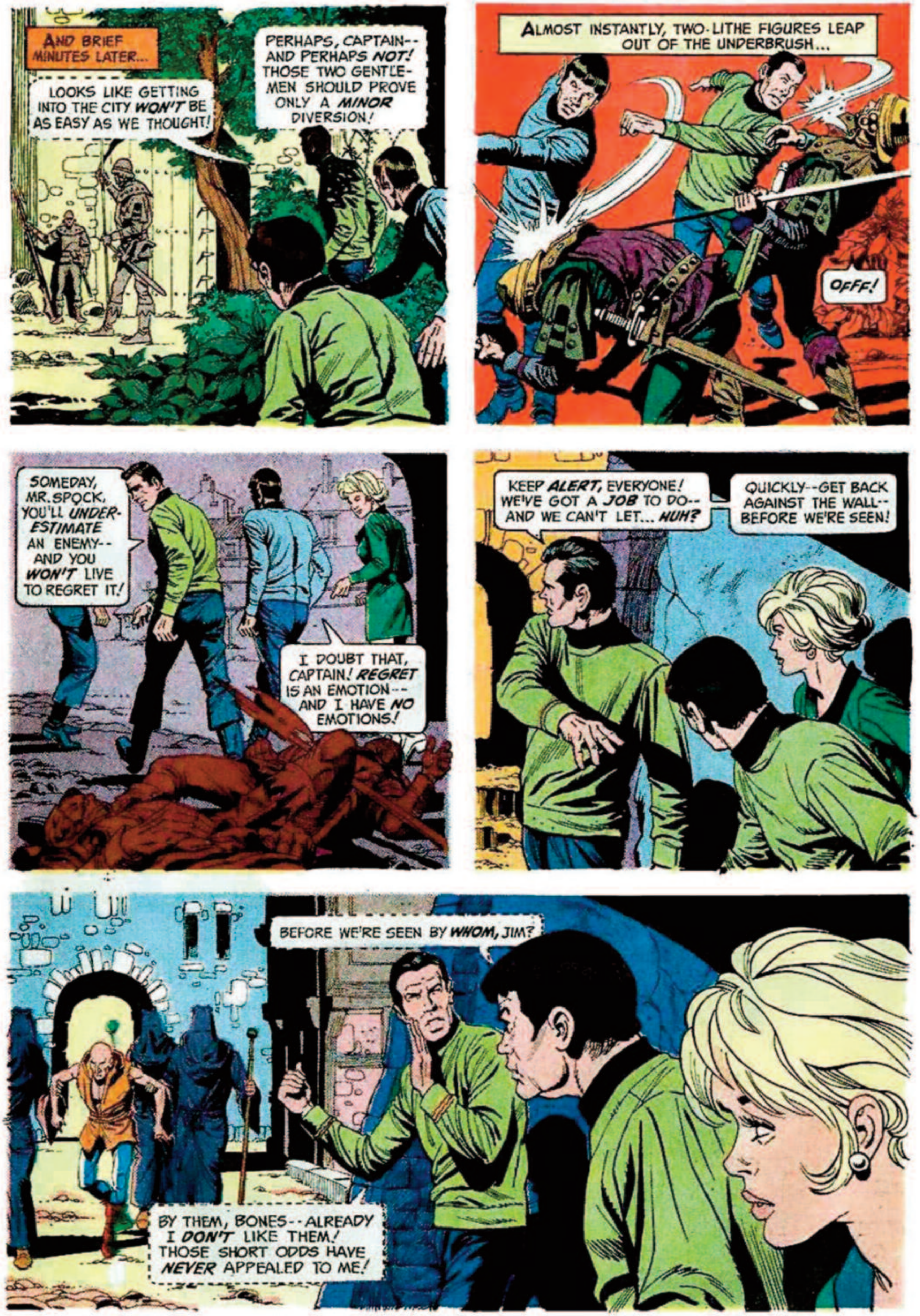

SO I NOTICED, MR. SPOCK! WHAT ARE OUR *CHANCES?*
ZERO, CAPTAIN--UNLESS WE PULL THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT OUT OF THIS POWER-DIVE IN TIME!

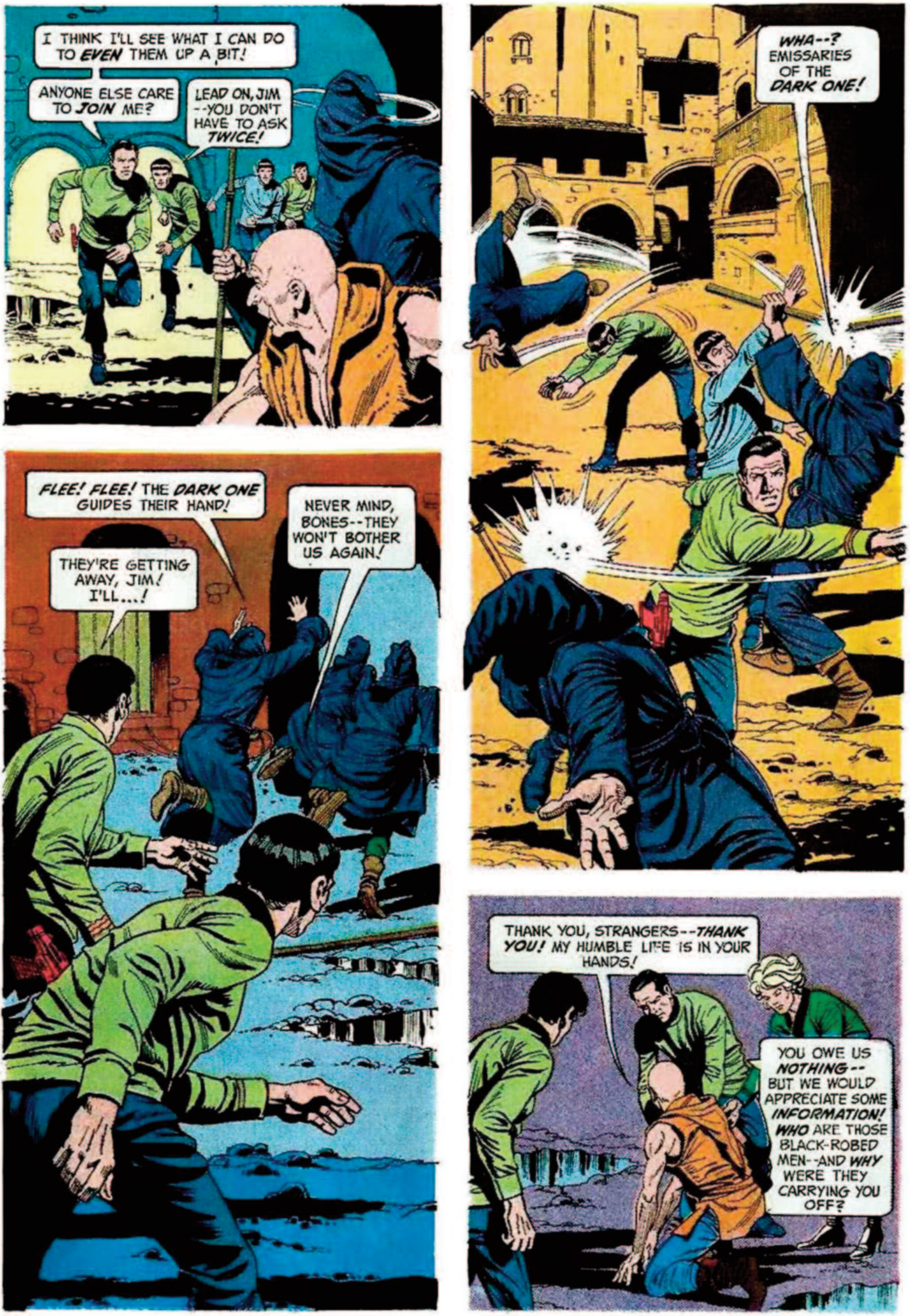

DESPERATELY, THEY TRY TO REGAIN CONTROL AS THE PLUMMETING SHUTTLE-CRAFT SCORES A PATH OF HEAT AND FLAMES THROUGH THE ALIEN ATMOSPHERE...
NCC-1701-7
Galileo
HURRY, SPOCK--*HURRY!* WE'VE GOT TO PULL THIS BABY'S *NOSE* UP BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE!*

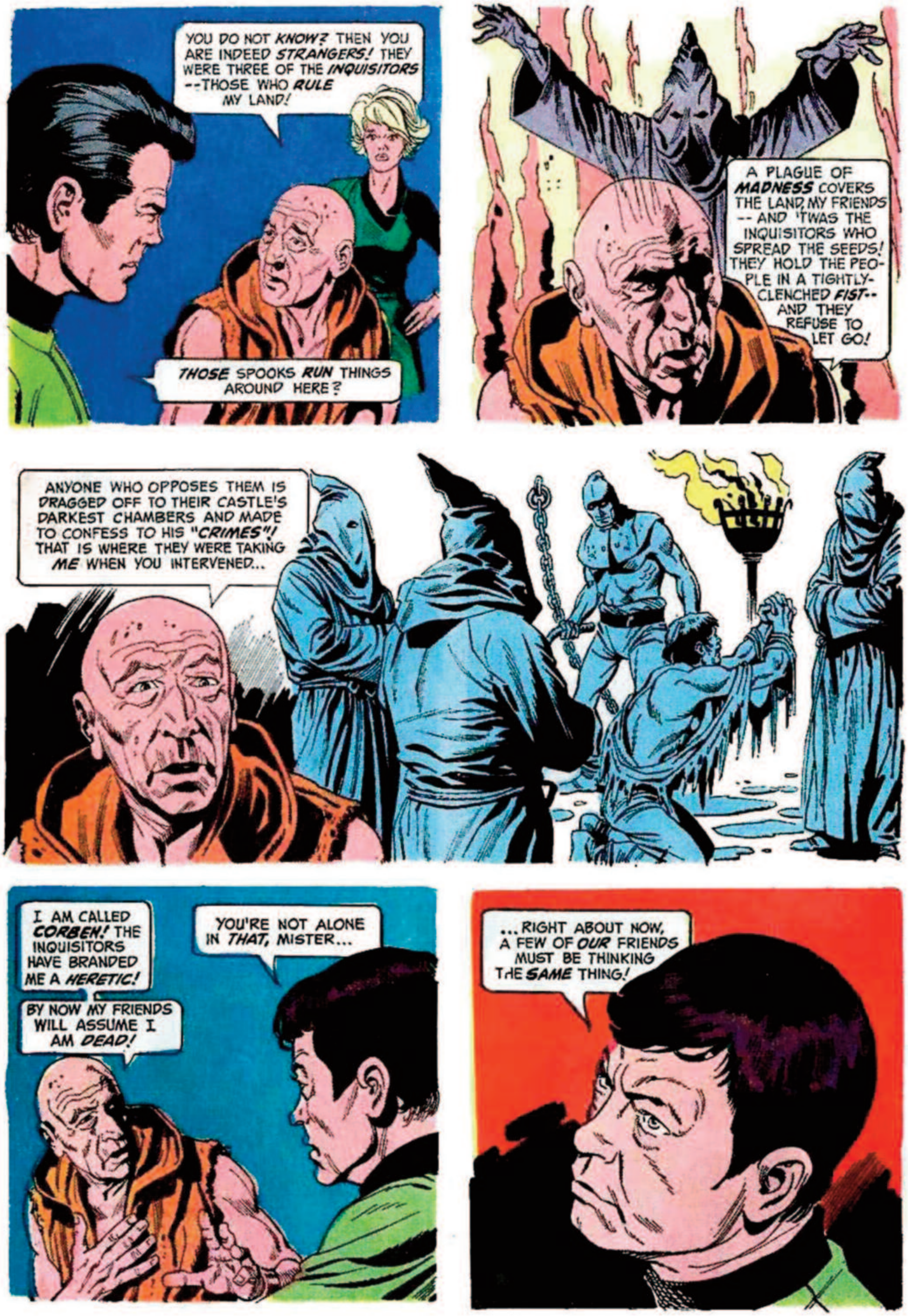

DOWN THEY PLUNGE--THE NOSE OF THE GLEAMING CRAFT SLOWLY RISING UPWARD UNTIL, LIKE A STONE SKIPPING UPON WATER, IT CAREENS ACROSS THE ROOF OF AN ALIEN FOREST--AND FINALLY COMES TO REST...

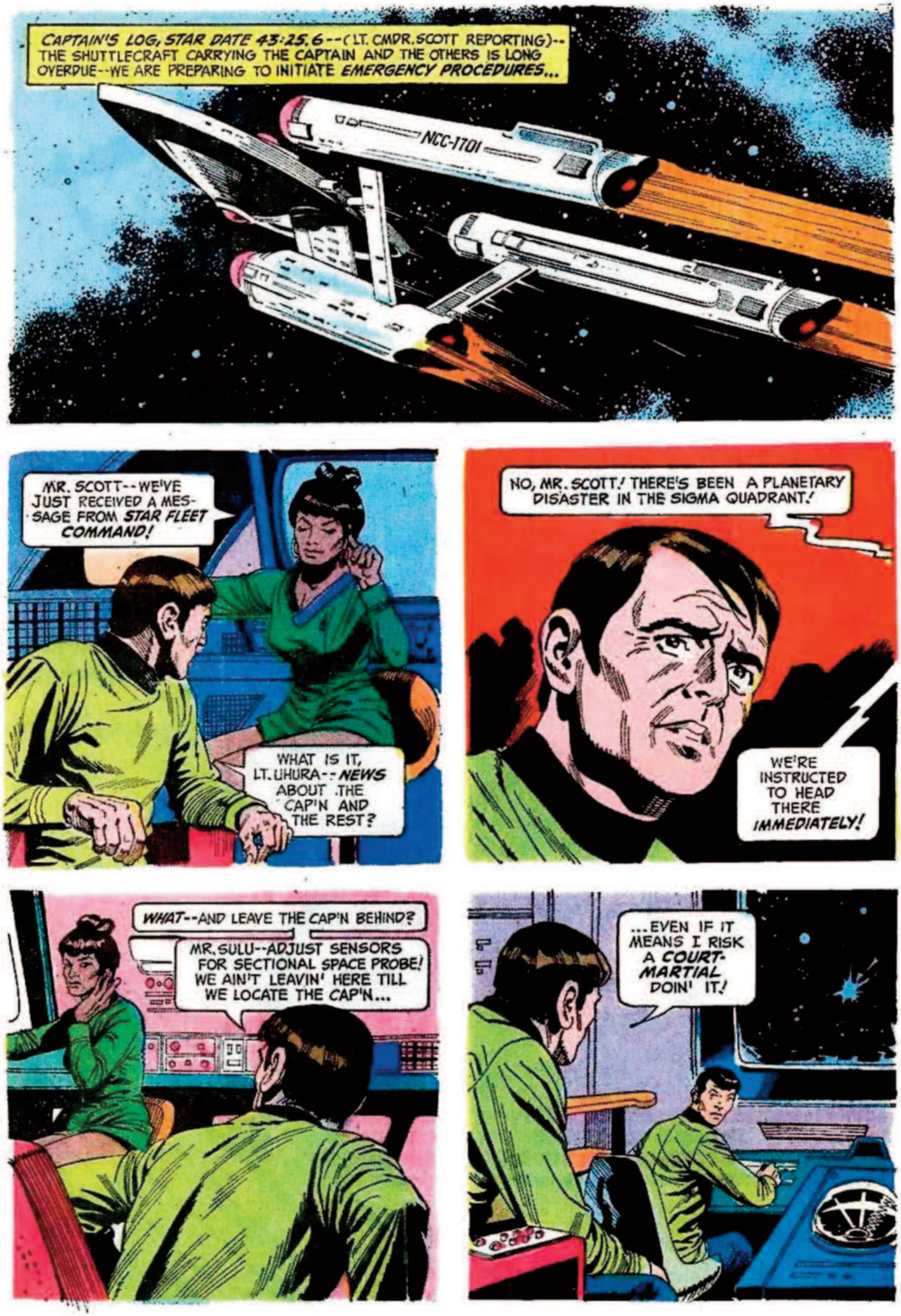

FOR A TIME, ALL IS SILENT--THEN THERE IS MOTION IN THE RUPTURED STAR-CRAFT AND...
WELL, AT LEAST WE'RE ALIVE! EVERYONE ALL RIGHT?
APPARENTLY SO, CAPTAIN--BUT I'M AFRAID THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT DID NOT FARE AS WELL!
MOST OF THE CIRCUITRY WAS FUSED IN THE CRASH! THE ENGINES ARE BEYOND REPAIR!
AND THERE IS TROUBLE WITH THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM!
WE WILL REQUIRE REPLACEMENT COMPONENTS FOR THE RADIO IF WE HOPE TO CONTACT THE ENTERPRISE FOR HELP!
U.S.S.
Galileo
NCC-1701
WELL, WE WON'T FIND THOSE PARTS BY STAYING HERE!
NOTHING! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE MAROONED OURSELVES ON A JUNGLE PLANET! IT'S...
CAPTAIN--LOOK! THERE--BEYOND THE BRANCHES OF THE TREES...
IT IS A ROAD! AND WHERE THERE IS A ROAD--THERE MUST BE PEOPLE!
LET'S HOPE SO, MR. CHEKOV--BECAUSE RIGHT NOW THAT'S OUR ONLY HOPE OF GETTING OFF THIS PLANET!

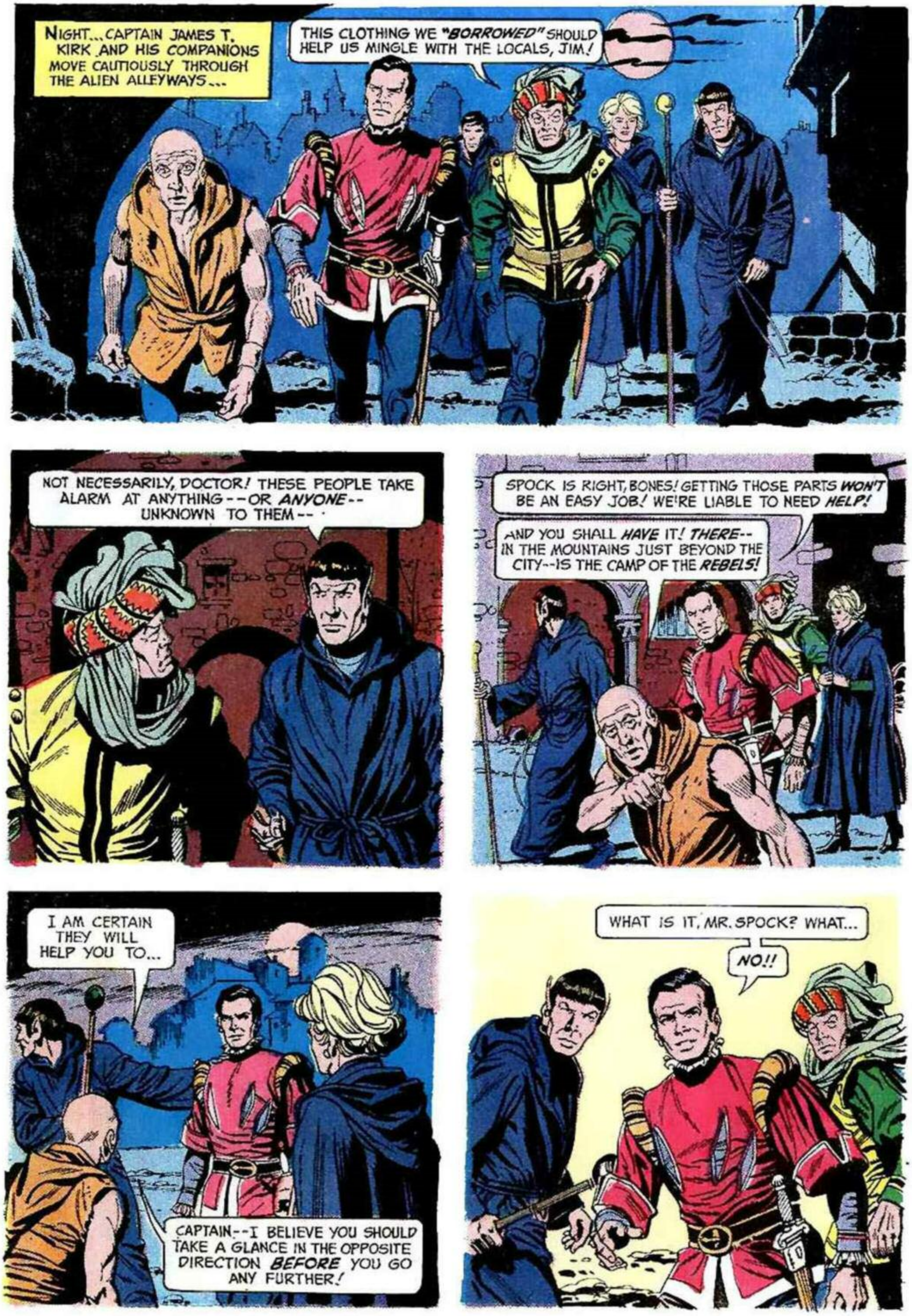

AS THEY MOVE SLOWLY ALONG THE WELL-RUTTED ROADWAY...
JIM, THE ENTERPRISE'LL BE REACHING OUR *RENDEZVOUS POINT* SOON! WON'T SCOTTY START *SEARCHING* FOR US WHEN WE DON'T SHOW UP?
WE'RE MUCH TOO FAR OFF COURSE! SCOTTY WILL *NEVER* FIND US WITHOUT...
GENTLEMEN, I SUGGEST YOU *HOLD* YOUR CONVERSATION--AND DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE MATTER BEFORE US!
WE SEEM TO HAVE LOCATED THE *CIVILIZATION* THIS ROADWAY INDICATED!
INDEED WE *HAVE*, MR. SPOCK! LET'S HEAD FOR THAT CITY--AND SEE WHAT WE CAN *FIND!*

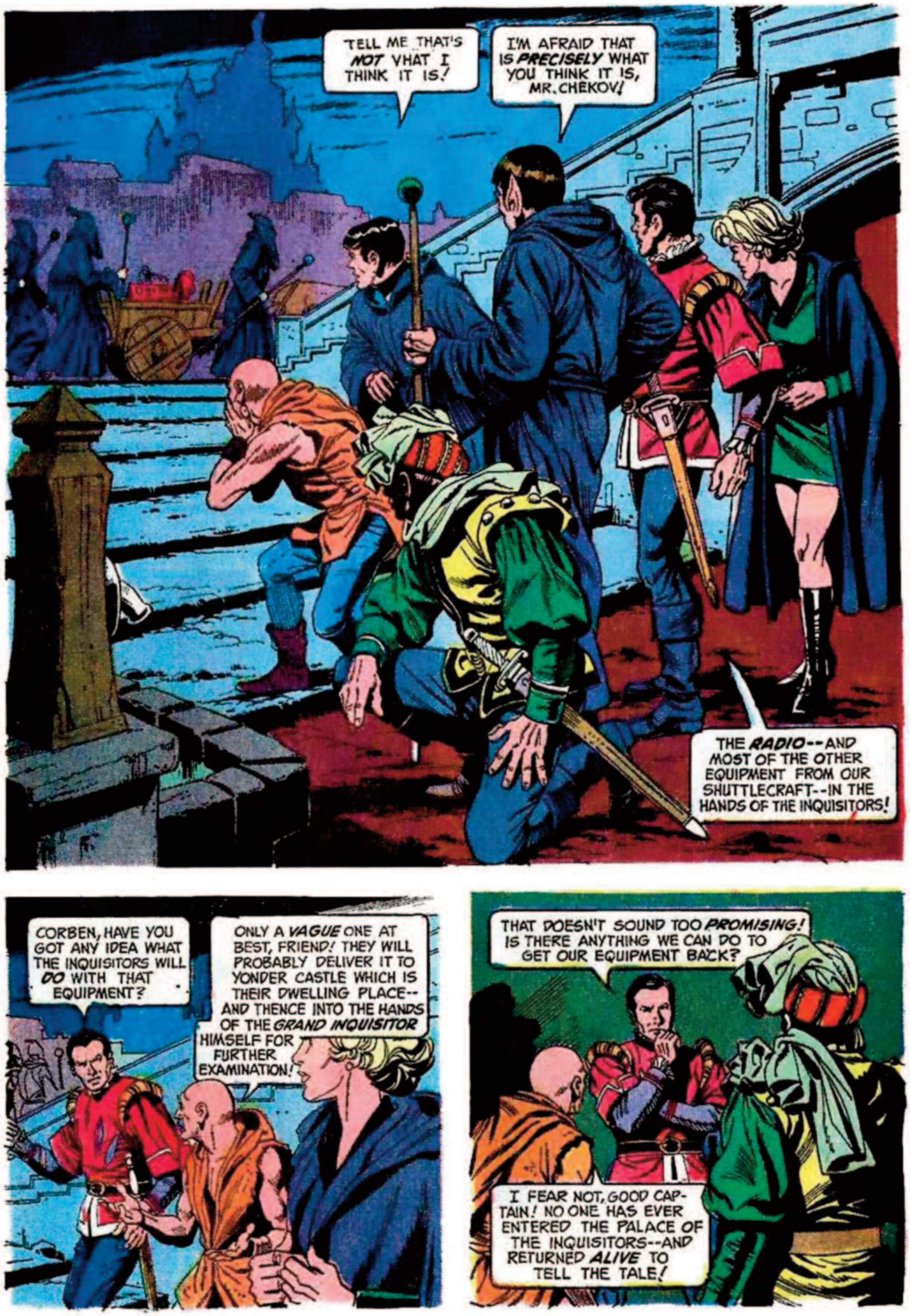

AND BRIEF MINUTES LATER...
LOOKS LIKE GETTING INTO THE CITY WON'T BE AS EASY AS WE THOUGHT!
PERHAPS, CAPTAIN-- AND PERHAPS NOT! THOSE TWO GENTLEMEN SHOULD PROVE ONLY A MINOR DIVERSION!
ALMOST INSTANTLY, TWO LITHE FIGURES LEAP OUT OF THE UNDERBRUSH...
OFFF!
SOMEDAY, MR. SPOCK, YOU'LL UNDERESTIMATE AN ENEMY-- AND YOU WON'T LIVE TO REGRET IT!
I DOUBT THAT, CAPTAIN! REGRET IS AN EMOTION-- AND I HAVE NO EMOTIONS!
KEEP ALERT, EVERYONE! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO-- AND WE CAN'T LET... HUH?
QUICKLY--GET BACK AGAINST THE WALL-- BEFORE WE'RE SEEN!
BEFORE WE'RE SEEN BY WHOM, JIM?
BY THEM, BONES--ALREADY I DON'T LIKE THEM! THOSE SHORT ODDS HAVE NEVER APPEALED TO ME!

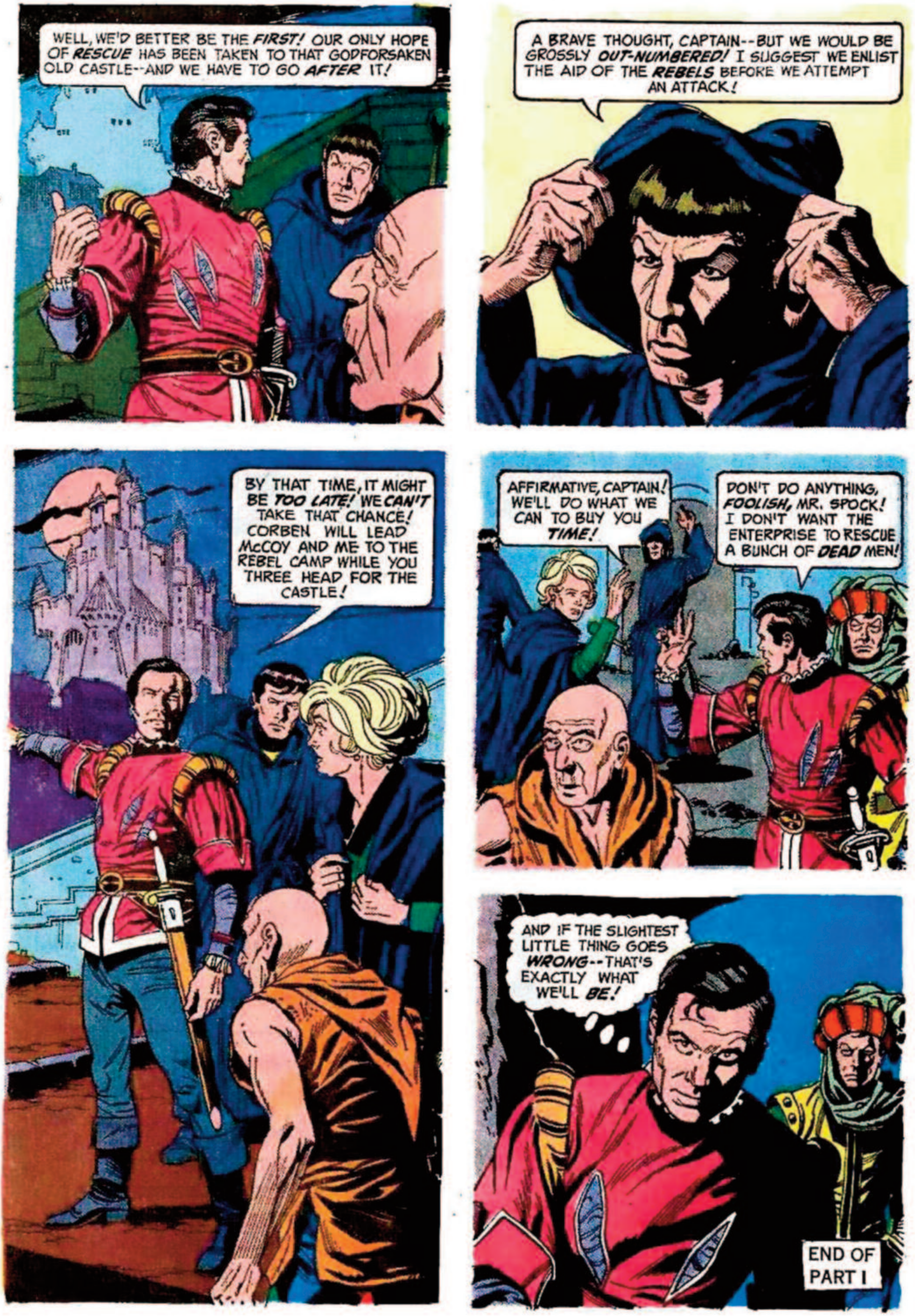

I THINK I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO *EVEN* THEM UP A BIT!
ANYONE ELSE CARE TO *JOIN* ME?
LEAD ON, JIM --YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK *TWICE!*
WHA--? EMISSARIES OF THE *DARK ONE!*
FLEE! FLEE! THE *DARK ONE* GUIDES THEIR HAND!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, JIM! I'LL...!
NEVER MIND, BONES--THEY WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!
THANK YOU, STRANGERS--*THANK YOU!* MY HUMBLE LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS!
YOU OWE US *NOTHING*-- BUT WE WOULD APPRECIATE SOME *INFORMATION!* *WHO* ARE THOSE BLACK-ROBED MEN--AND *WHY* WERE THEY CARRYING YOU OFF?


YOU DO NOT *KNOW?* THEN YOU ARE INDEED *STRANGERS!* THEY WERE THREE OF THE *INQUISITORS* --THOSE WHO *RULE* MY LAND!
THOSE SPOOKS *RUN* THINGS AROUND HERE?
A PLAGUE OF *MADNESS* COVERS THE LAND, MY FRIENDS -- AND 'TWAS THE INQUISITORS WHO SPREAD THE SEEDS! THEY HOLD THE PEOPLE IN A TIGHTLY-CLENCHED *FIST*-- AND THEY REFUSE TO LET GO!
ANYONE WHO OPPOSES THEM IS DRAGGED OFF TO THEIR CASTLE'S DARKEST CHAMBERS AND MADE TO CONFESS TO HIS *"CRIMES"!* THAT IS WHERE THEY WERE TAKING *ME* WHEN YOU INTERVENED...
I AM CALLED *CORBEN!* THE INQUISITORS HAVE BRANDED ME A *HERETIC!*
BY NOW MY FRIENDS WILL ASSUME I AM *DEAD!*
YOU'RE NOT ALONE IN *THAT,* MISTER...
...RIGHT ABOUT NOW, A FEW OF *OUR* FRIENDS MUST BE THINKING THE *SAME* THING!


CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 43:25.6--(LT. CMDR. SCOTT REPORTING)--THE SHUTTLECRAFT CARRYING THE CAPTAIN AND THE OTHERS IS LONG OVERDUE--WE ARE PREPARING TO INITIATE EMERGENCY PROCEDURES...
NCC-1701
MR. SCOTT--WE'VE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM STAR FLEET COMMAND!
WHAT IS IT, LT. UHURA--NEWS ABOUT THE CAP'N AND THE REST?
NO, MR. SCOTT! THERE'S BEEN A PLANETARY DISASTER IN THE SIGMA QUADRANT!
WE'RE INSTRUCTED TO HEAD THERE IMMEDIATELY!
WHAT--AND LEAVE THE CAP'N BEHIND?
MR. SULU--ADJUST SENSORS FOR SECTIONAL SPACE PROBE! WE AIN'T LEAVIN' HERE TILL WE LOCATE THE CAP'N...
...EVEN IF IT MEANS I RISK A COURT-MARTIAL DOIN' IT!

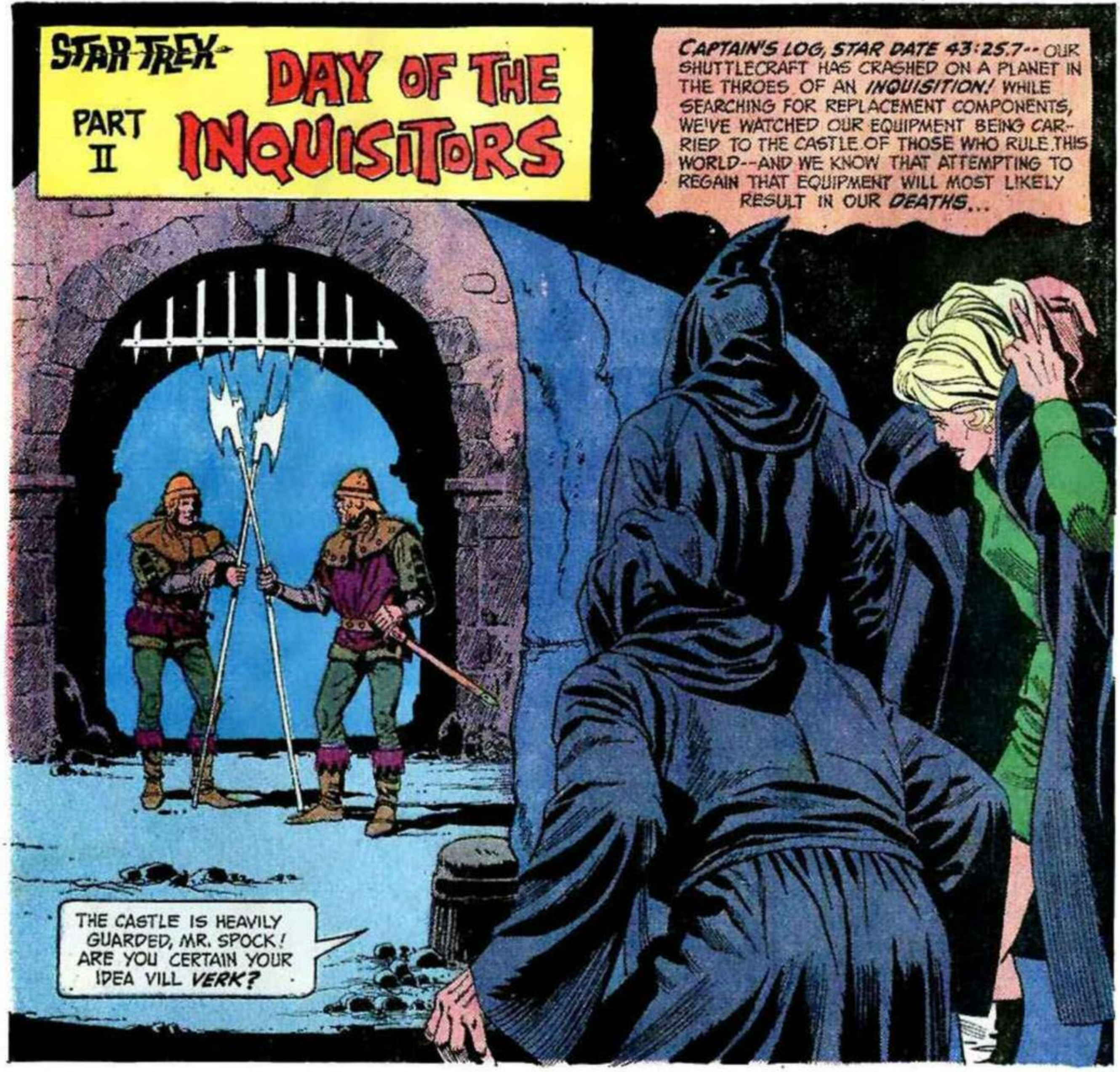

NIGHT... CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK AND HIS COMPANIONS MOVE CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE ALIEN ALLEYWAYS...
THIS CLOTHING WE "BORROWED" SHOULD HELP US MINGLE WITH THE LOCALS, JIM!
NOT NECESSARILY, DOCTOR! THESE PEOPLE TAKE ALARM AT ANYTHING--OR ANYONE--UNKNOWN TO THEM--
SPOCK IS RIGHT, BONES! GETTING THOSE PARTS WON'T BE AN EASY JOB! WE'RE LIABLE TO NEED HELP!
AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT! THERE--IN THE MOUNTAINS JUST BEYOND THE CITY--IS THE CAMP OF THE REBELS!
I AM CERTAIN THEY WILL HELP YOU TO...
CAPTAIN--I BELIEVE YOU SHOULD TAKE A GLANCE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER!
WHAT IS IT, MR. SPOCK? WHAT...
NO!!

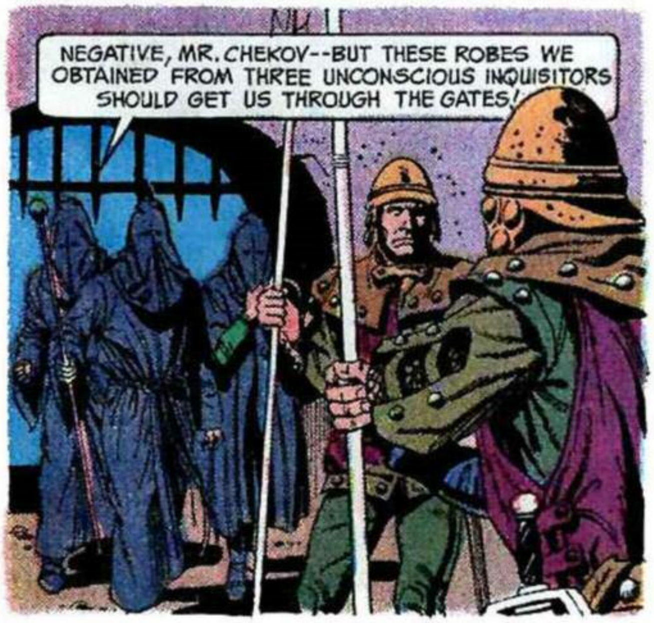

TELL ME THAT'S *NOT* WHAT I THINK IT IS!
I'M AFRAID THAT IS *PRECISELY* WHAT YOU THINK IT IS, MR. CHEKOV!
THE *RADIO*--AND MOST OF THE OTHER EQUIPMENT FROM OUR SHUTTLECRAFT--IN THE HANDS OF THE INQUISITORS!
CORBEN, HAVE YOU GOT ANY IDEA WHAT THE INQUISITORS WILL *DO* WITH THAT EQUIPMENT?
ONLY A *VAGUE* ONE AT BEST, FRIEND! THEY WILL PROBABLY DELIVER IT TO YONDER CASTLE WHICH IS THEIR DWELLING PLACE--AND THENCE INTO THE HANDS OF THE *GRAND INQUISITOR* HIMSELF FOR FURTHER EXAMINATION!
THAT DOESN'T SOUND TOO *PROMISING*! IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO GET OUR EQUIPMENT BACK?
I FEAR NOT, GOOD CAPTAIN! NO ONE HAS EVER ENTERED THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITORS--AND RETURNED *ALIVE* TO TELL THE TALE!

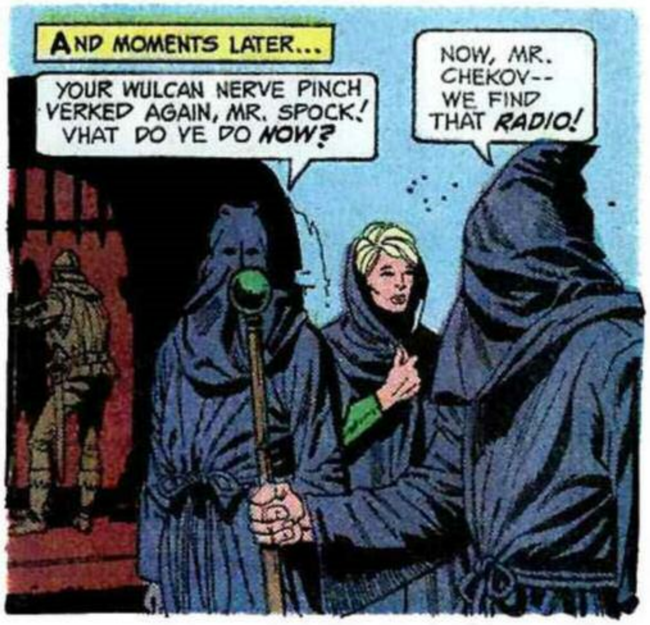

WELL, WE'D BETTER BE THE *FIRST!* OUR ONLY HOPE OF *RESCUE* HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THAT GODFORSAKEN OLD CASTLE--AND WE HAVE TO GO *AFTER* IT!
A BRAVE THOUGHT, CAPTAIN--BUT WE WOULD BE GROSSLY *OUT-NUMBERED!* I SUGGEST WE ENLIST THE AID OF THE *REBELS* BEFORE WE ATTEMPT AN ATTACK!
BY THAT TIME, IT MIGHT BE *TOO LATE!* WE *CAN'T* TAKE THAT CHANCE! CORBEN WILL LEAD McCOY AND ME TO THE REBEL CAMP WHILE YOU THREE HEAD FOR THE CASTLE!
AFFIRMATIVE, CAPTAIN! WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN TO BUY YOU *TIME!*
DON'T DO ANYTHING, *FOOLISH,* MR. SPOCK! I DON'T WANT THE ENTERPRISE TO RESCUE A BUNCH OF *DEAD* MEN!
AND IF THE SLIGHTEST LITTLE THING GOES *WRONG*--THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE'LL *BE!*
END OF PART I

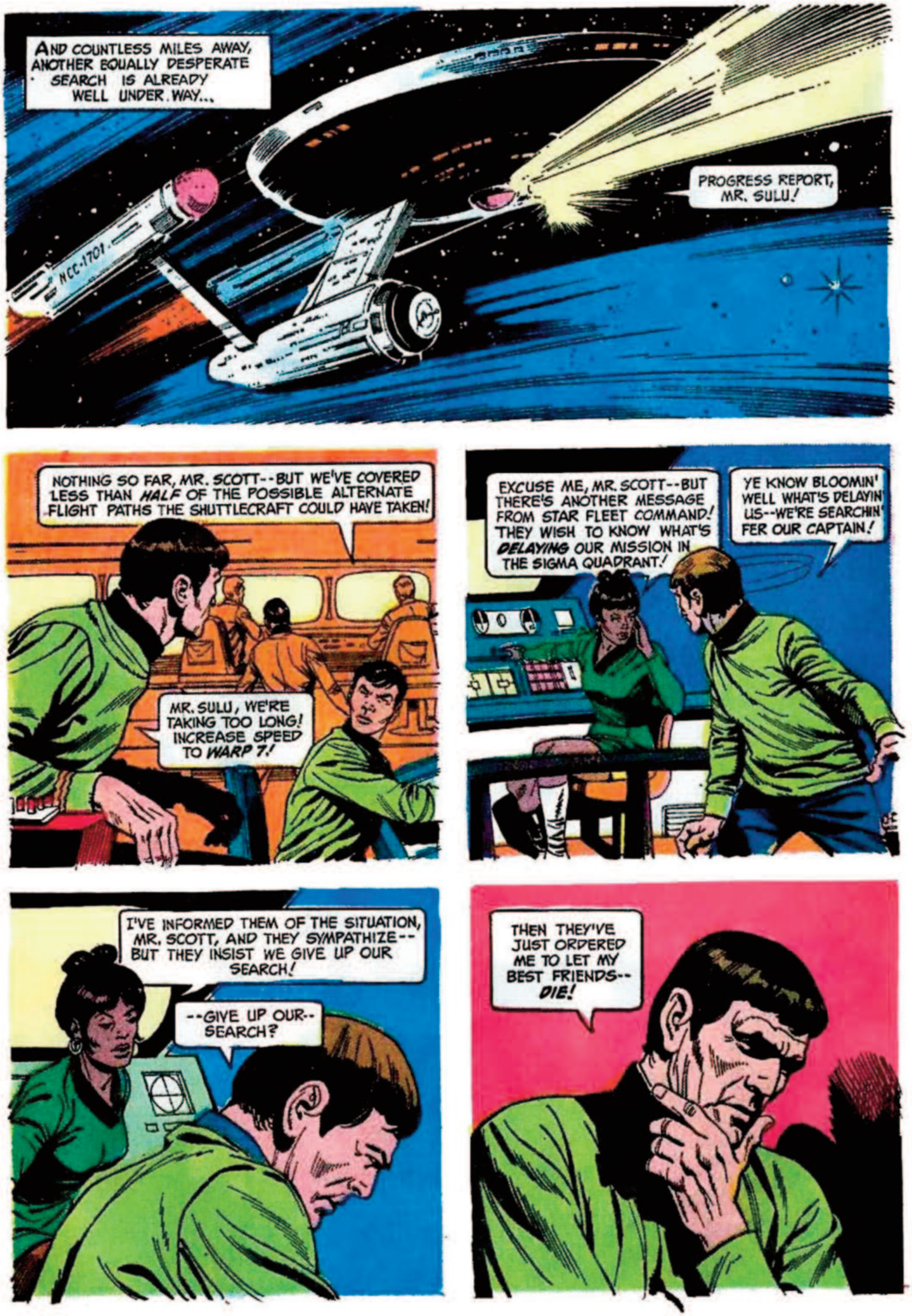
STAR TREK — DAY OF THE INQUISITORS

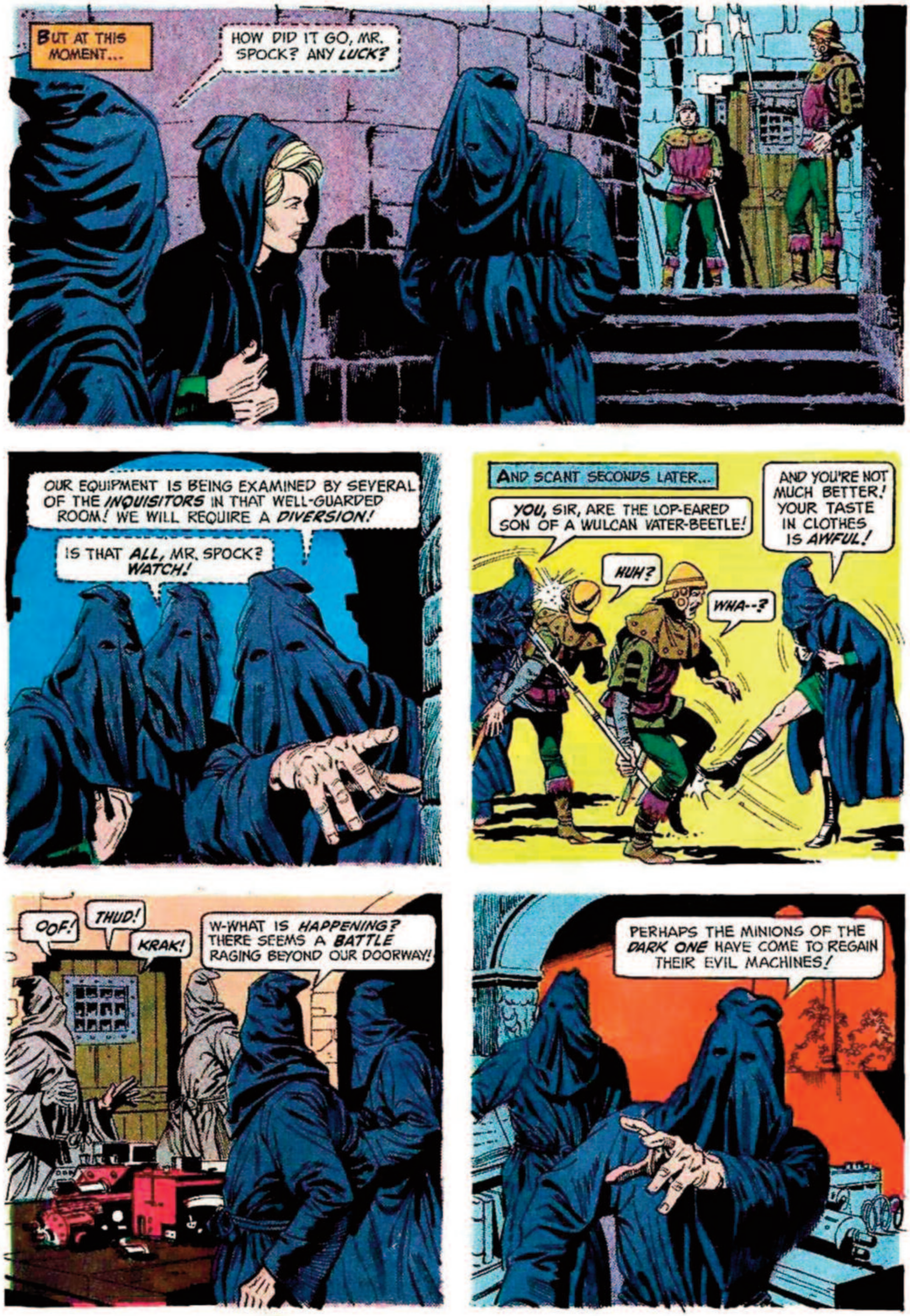
PART II

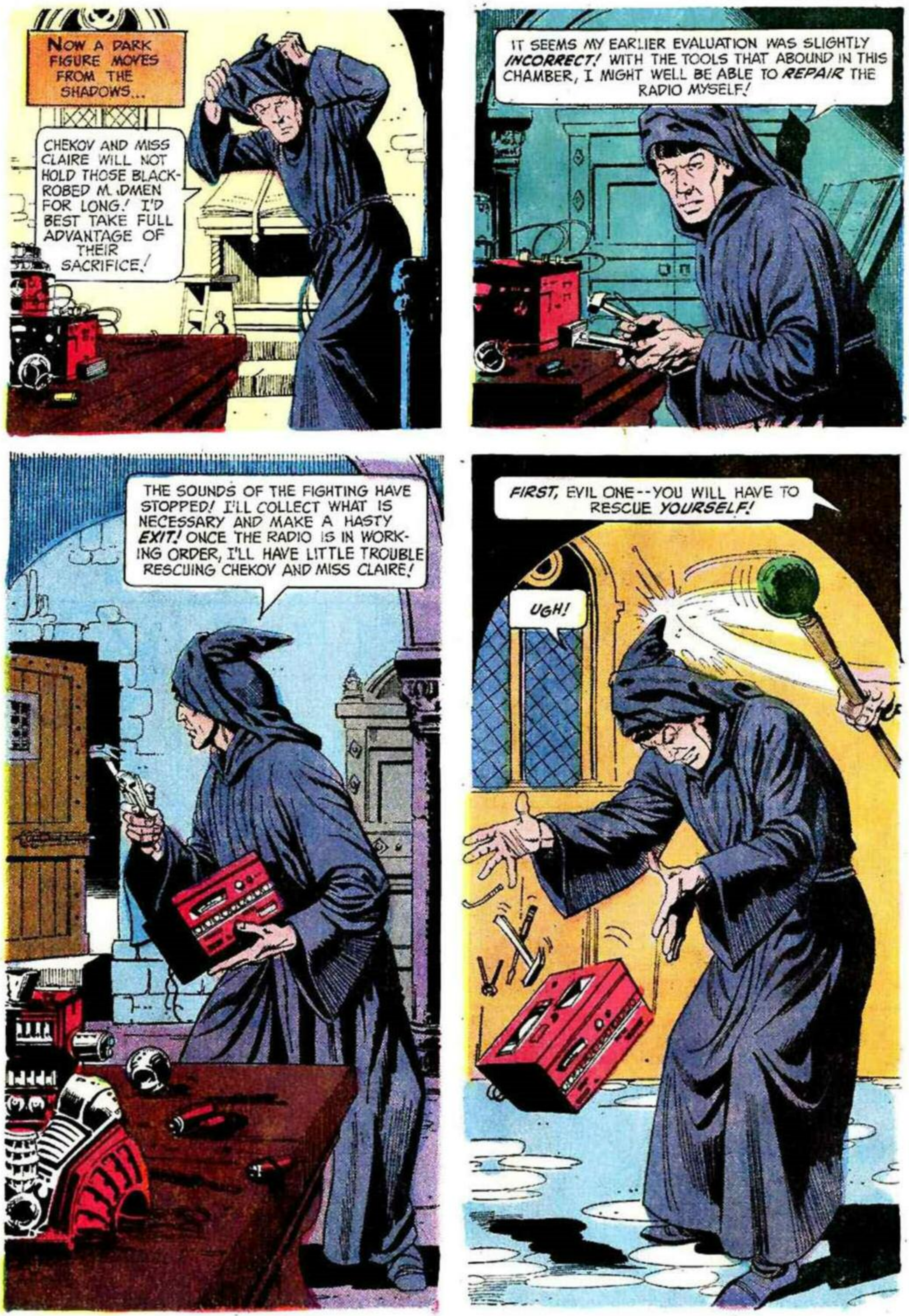

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 43:25.7-- OUR SHUTTLECRAFT HAS CRASHED ON A PLANET IN THE THROES OF AN *INQUISITION!* WHILE SEARCHING FOR REPLACEMENT COMPONENTS, WE'VE WATCHED OUR EQUIPMENT BEING CARRIED TO THE CASTLE OF THOSE WHO RULE THIS WORLD--AND WE KNOW THAT ATTEMPTING TO REGAIN THAT EQUIPMENT WILL MOST LIKELY RESULT IN OUR *DEATHS*...
THE CASTLE IS HEAVILY GUARDED, MR. SPOCK! ARE YOU CERTAIN YOUR IDEA VILL *VERK?*

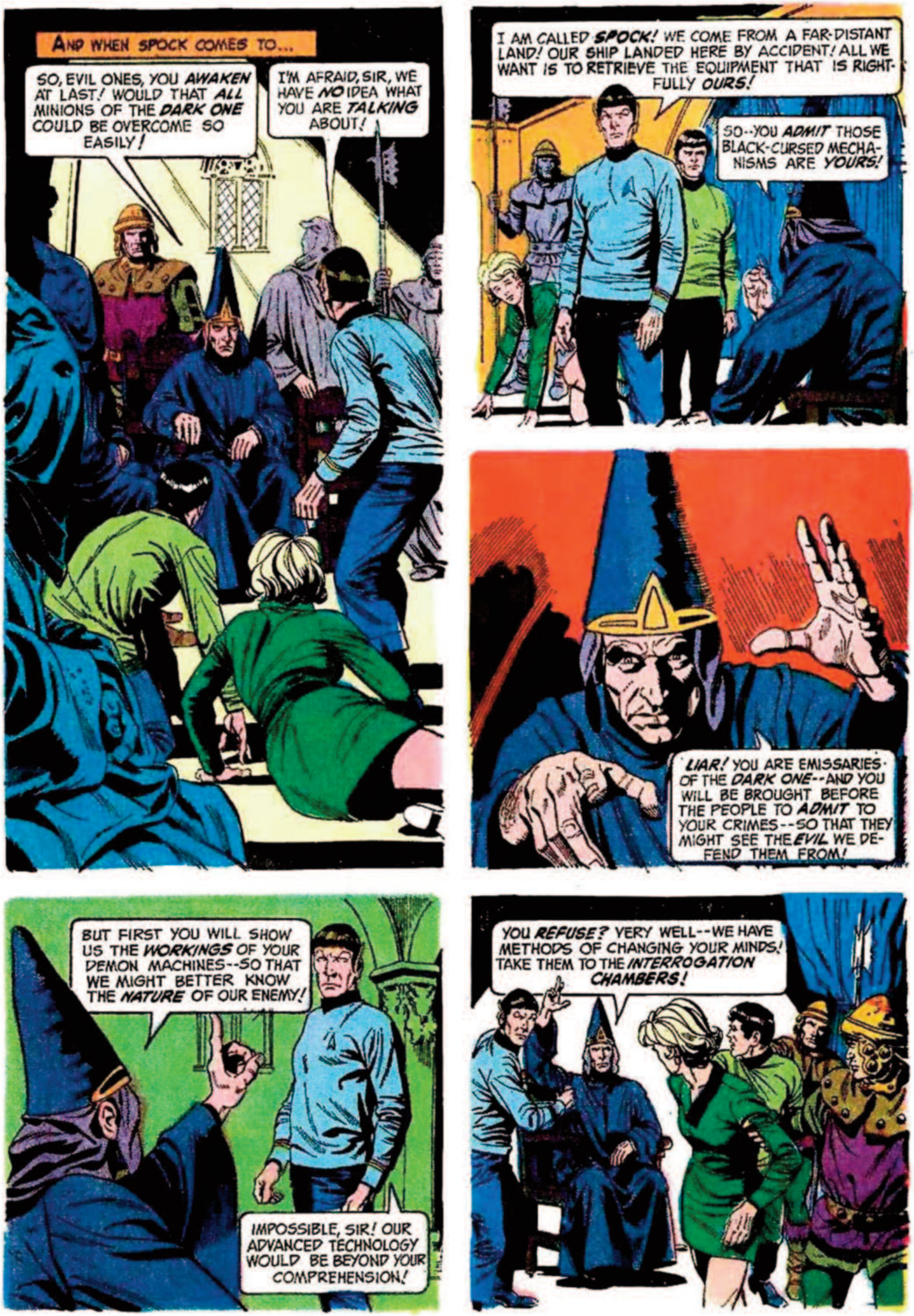

NEGATIVE, MR. CHEKOV--BUT THESE ROBES WE OBTAINED FROM THREE UNCONSCIOUS INQUISITORS SHOULD GET US THROUGH THE GATES!

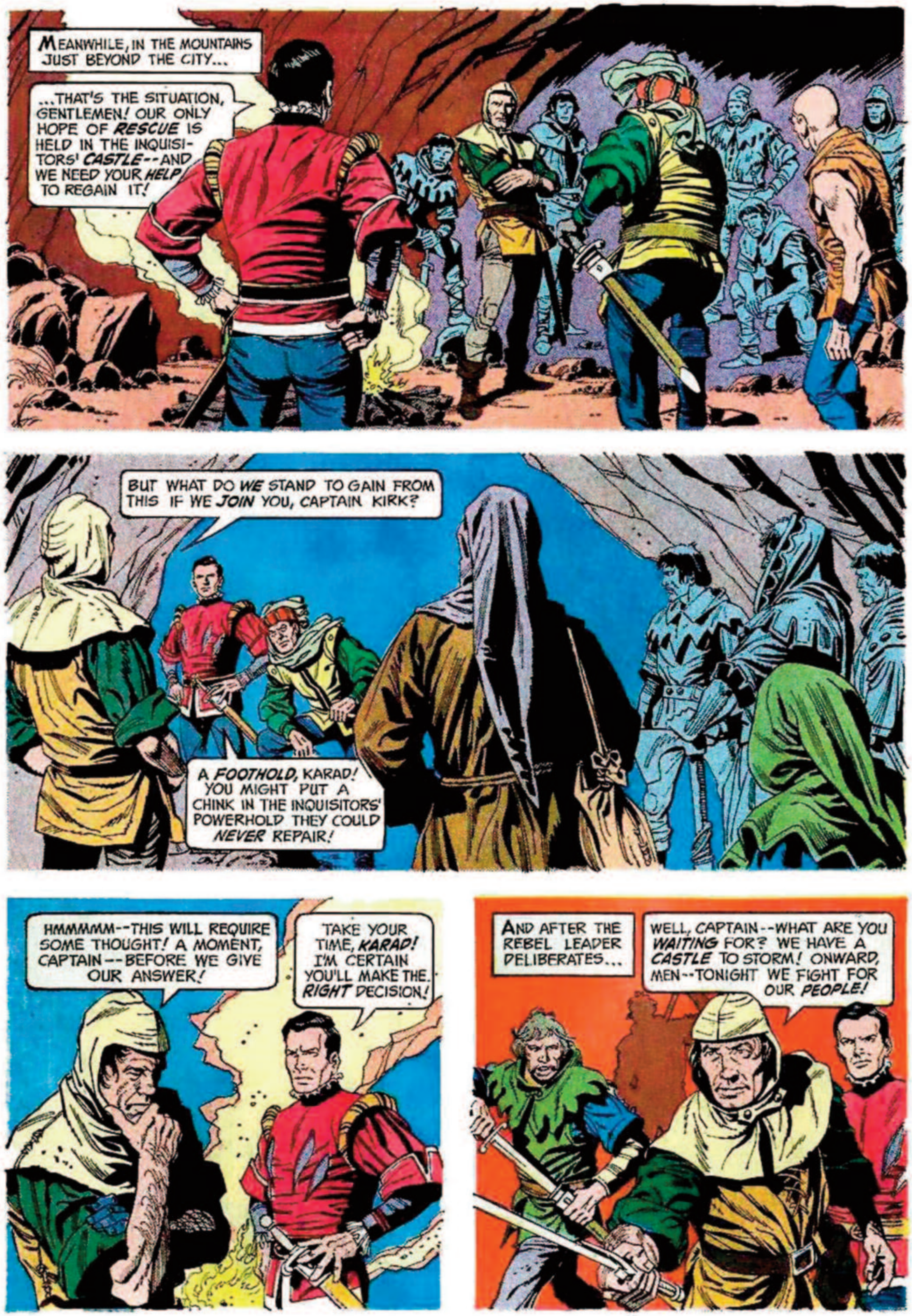

AND MOMENTS LATER...
YOUR WULCAN NERVE PINCH VERKED AGAIN, MR. SPOCK! VHAT DO VE DO *NOW?*
NOW, MR. CHEKOV-- WE FIND THAT *RADIO!*

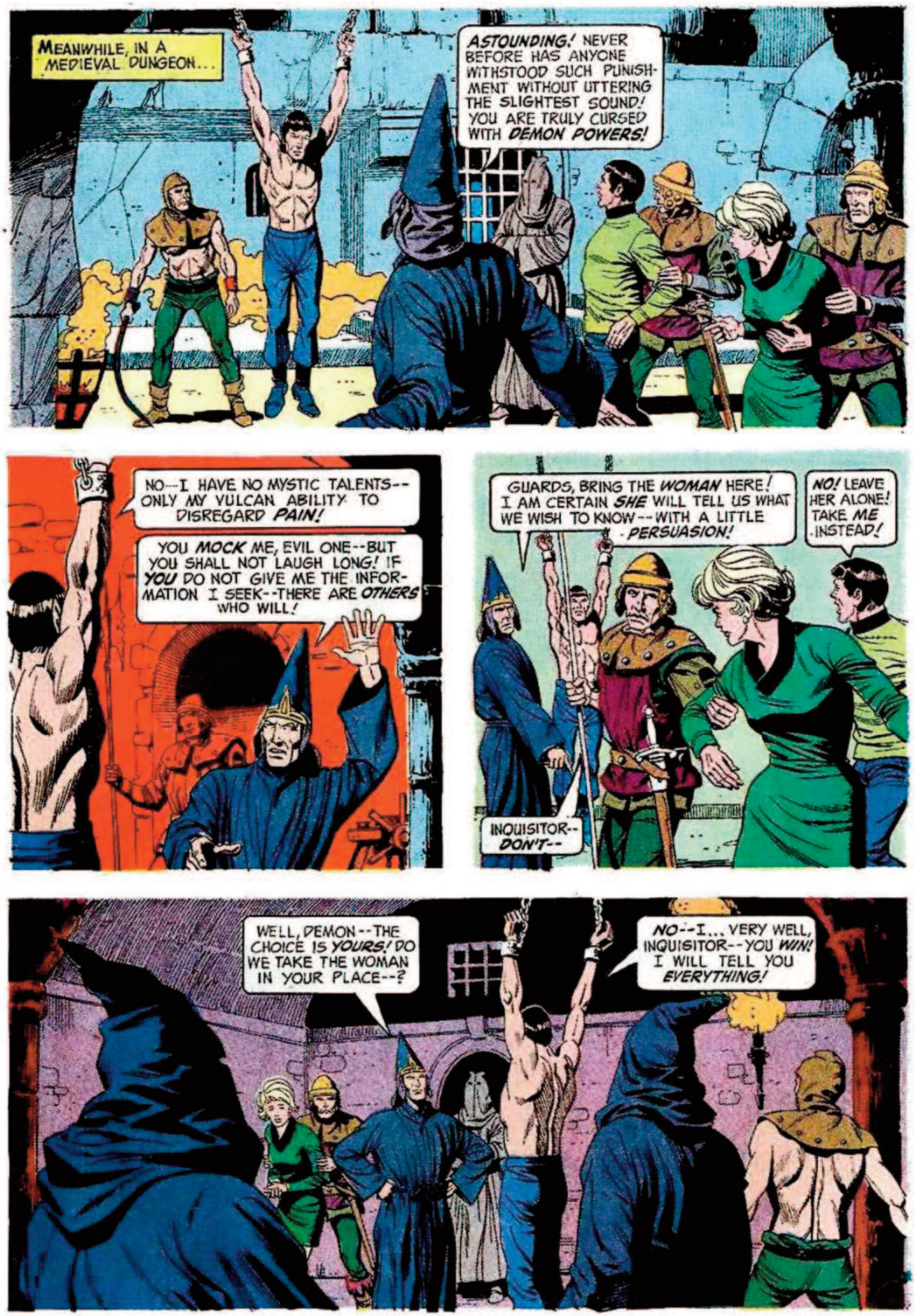

AND COUNTLESS MILES AWAY, ANOTHER EQUALLY DESPERATE SEARCH IS ALREADY WELL UNDER WAY...
NCC-1701
PROGRESS REPORT, MR. SULU!
NOTHING SO FAR, MR. SCOTT--BUT WE'VE COVERED LESS THAN HALF OF THE POSSIBLE ALTERNATE FLIGHT PATHS THE SHUTTLECRAFT COULD HAVE TAKEN!
MR. SULU, WE'RE TAKING TOO LONG! INCREASE SPEED TO WARP 7!
EXCUSE ME, MR. SCOTT--BUT THERE'S ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM STAR FLEET COMMAND! THEY WISH TO KNOW WHAT'S DELAYING OUR MISSION IN THE SIGMA QUADRANT!
YE KNOW BLOOMIN' WELL WHAT'S DELAYIN' US--WE'RE SEARCHIN' FER OUR CAPTAIN!
I'VE INFORMED THEM OF THE SITUATION, MR. SCOTT, AND THEY SYMPATHIZE--BUT THEY INSIST WE GIVE UP OUR SEARCH!
--GIVE UP OUR--SEARCH?
THEN THEY'VE JUST ORDERED ME TO LET MY BEST FRIENDS--DIE!

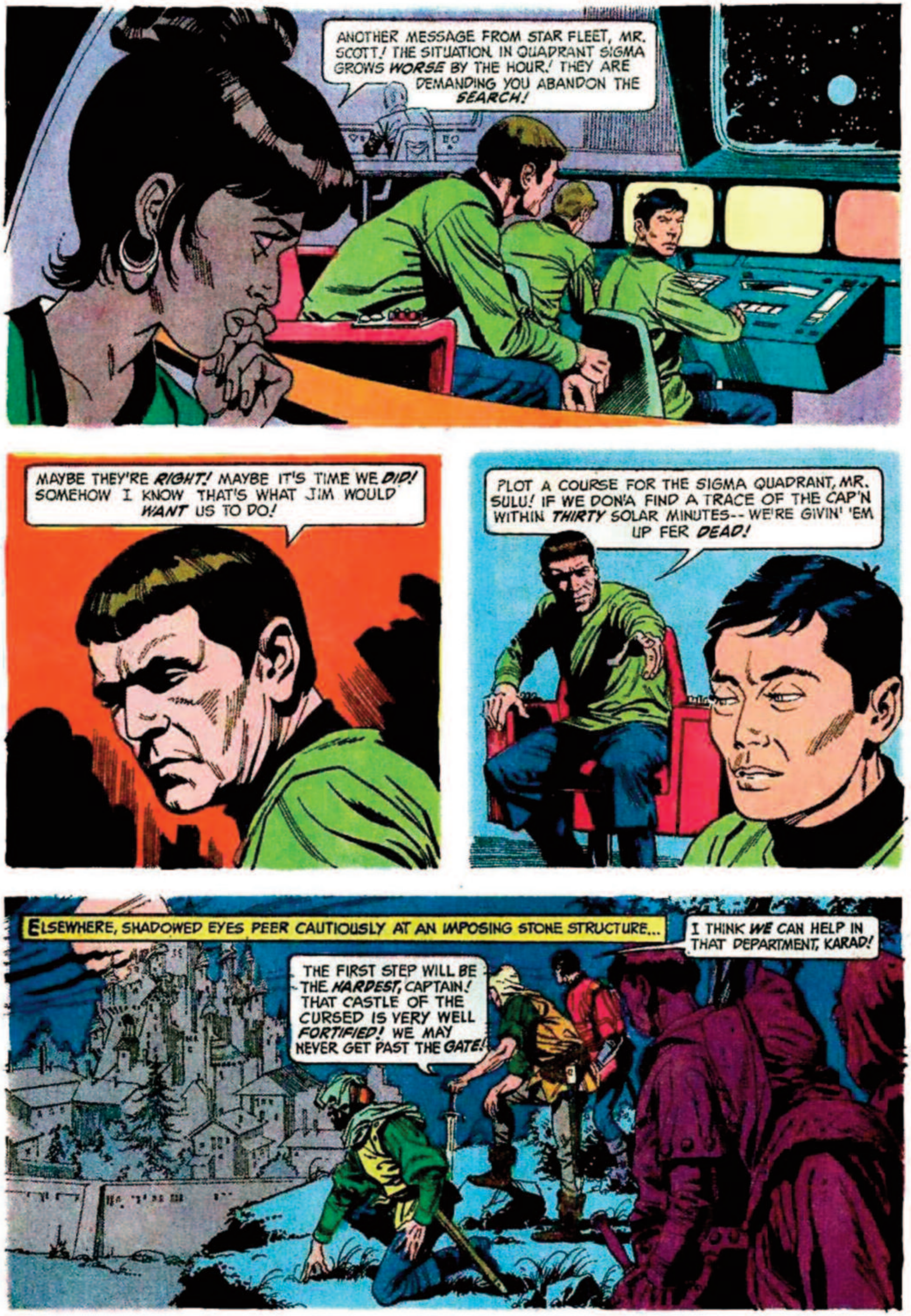

BUT AT THIS MOMENT...
HOW DID IT GO, MR. SPOCK? ANY *LUCK?*
OUR EQUIPMENT IS BEING EXAMINED BY SEVERAL OF THE *INQUISITORS* IN THAT WELL-GUARDED ROOM! WE WILL REQUIRE A *DIVERSION!*
IS THAT *ALL*, MR. SPOCK? *WATCH!*
AND SCANT SECONDS LATER...
YOU, SIR, ARE THE LOP-EARED SON OF A WULCAN VATER-BEETLE!
AND YOU'RE NOT MUCH BETTER! YOUR TASTE IN CLOTHES IS *AWFUL!*
HUH?
WHA--?
OOF!
THUD!
KRAK!
W-WHAT IS *HAPPENING?* THERE SEEMS A *BATTLE* RAGING BEYOND OUR DOORWAY!
PERHAPS THE MINIONS OF THE *DARK ONE* HAVE COME TO REGAIN THEIR EVIL MACHINES!

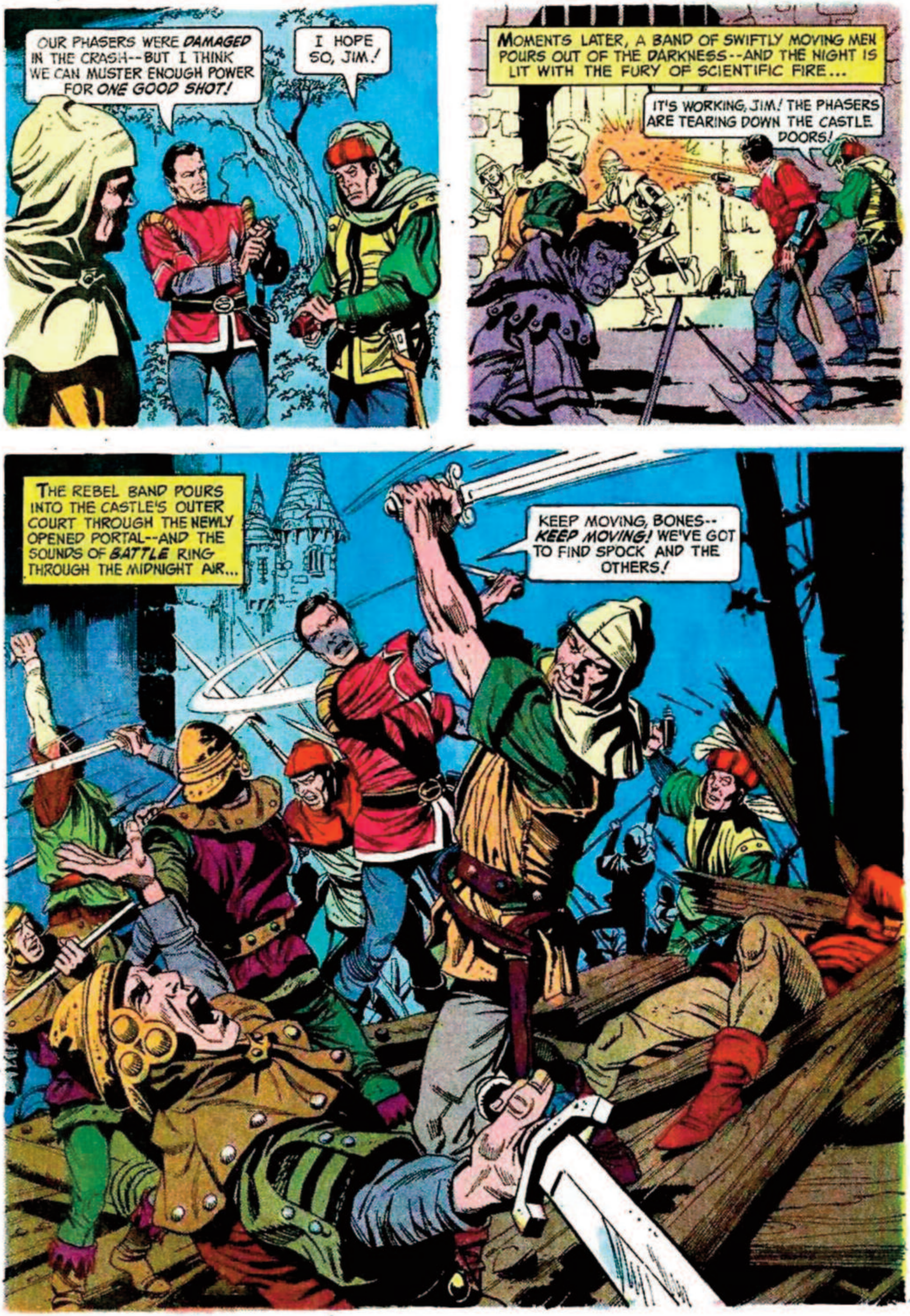

NOW A DARK FIGURE MOVES FROM THE SHADOWS...
CHEKOV AND MISS CLAIRE WILL NOT HOLD THOSE BLACK-ROBED MADMEN FOR LONG! I'D BEST TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SACRIFICE!
IT SEEMS MY EARLIER EVALUATION WAS SLIGHTLY *INCORRECT!* WITH THE TOOLS THAT ABOUND IN THIS CHAMBER, I MIGHT WELL BE ABLE TO *REPAIR* THE RADIO MYSELF!
THE SOUNDS OF THE FIGHTING HAVE STOPPED! I'LL COLLECT WHAT IS NECESSARY AND MAKE A HASTY *EXIT!* ONCE THE RADIO IS IN WORKING ORDER, I'LL HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE RESCUING CHEKOV AND MISS CLAIRE!
FIRST, EVIL ONE--YOU WILL HAVE TO RESCUE *YOURSELF!*
UGH!

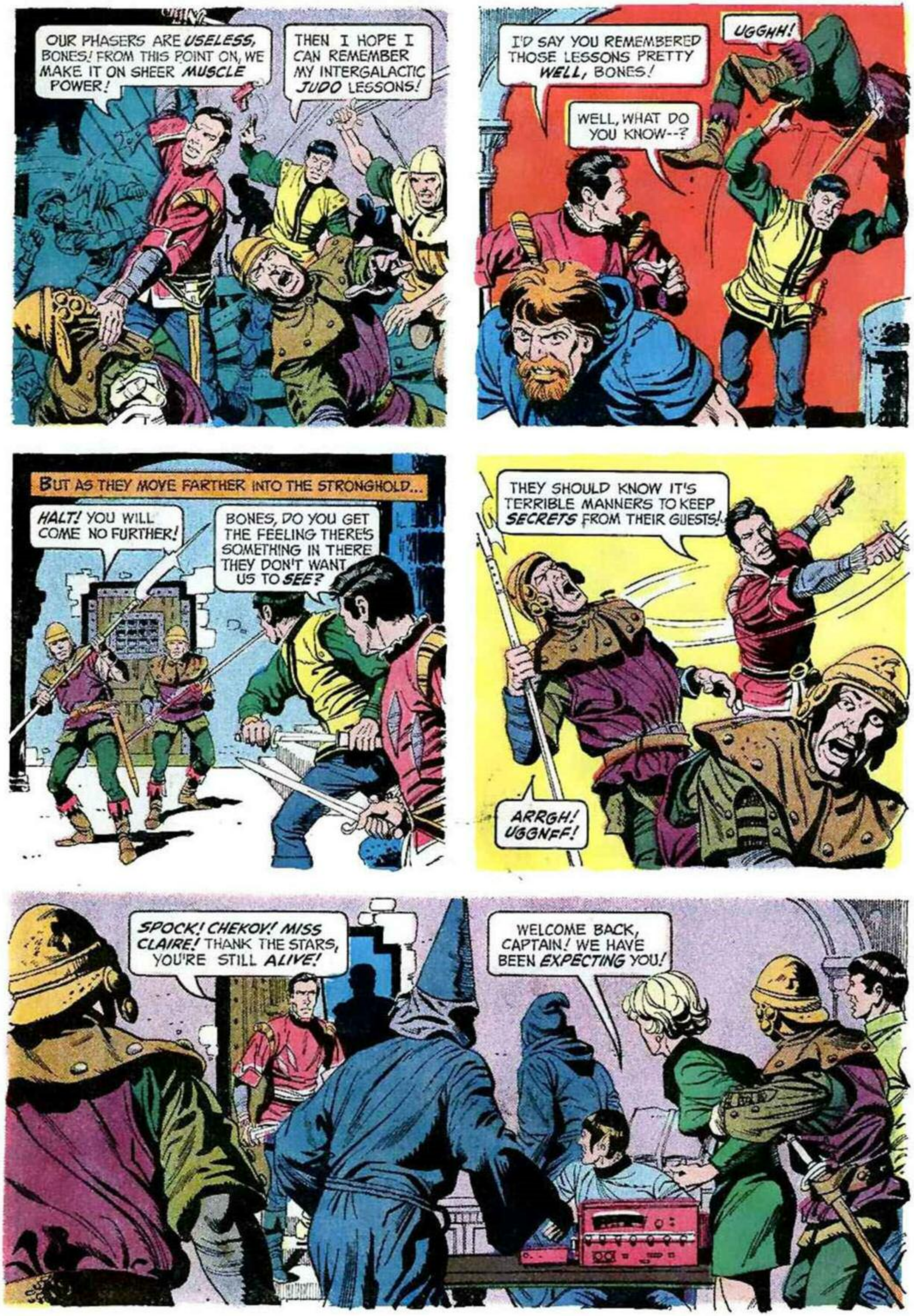

AND WHEN SPOCK COMES TO...
SO, EVIL ONES, YOU AWAKEN AT LAST! WOULD THAT ALL MINIONS OF THE DARK ONE COULD BE OVERCOME SO EASILY!
I'M AFRAID, SIR, WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT!
I AM CALLED SPOCK! WE COME FROM A FAR-DISTANT LAND! OUR SHIP LANDED HERE BY ACCIDENT! ALL WE WANT IS TO RETRIEVE THE EQUIPMENT THAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS!
SO--YOU ADMIT THOSE BLACK-CURSED MECHANISMS ARE YOURS!
LIAR! YOU ARE EMISSARIES OF THE DARK ONE--AND YOU WILL BE BROUGHT BEFORE THE PEOPLE TO ADMIT TO YOUR CRIMES--SO THAT THEY MIGHT SEE THE EVIL WE DEFEND THEM FROM!
BUT FIRST YOU WILL SHOW US THE WORKINGS OF YOUR DEMON MACHINES--SO THAT WE MIGHT BETTER KNOW THE NATURE OF OUR ENEMY!
IMPOSSIBLE, SIR! OUR ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY WOULD BE BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION!
YOU REFUSE? VERY WELL--WE HAVE METHODS OF CHANGING YOUR MINDS! TAKE THEM TO THE INTERROGATION CHAMBERS!

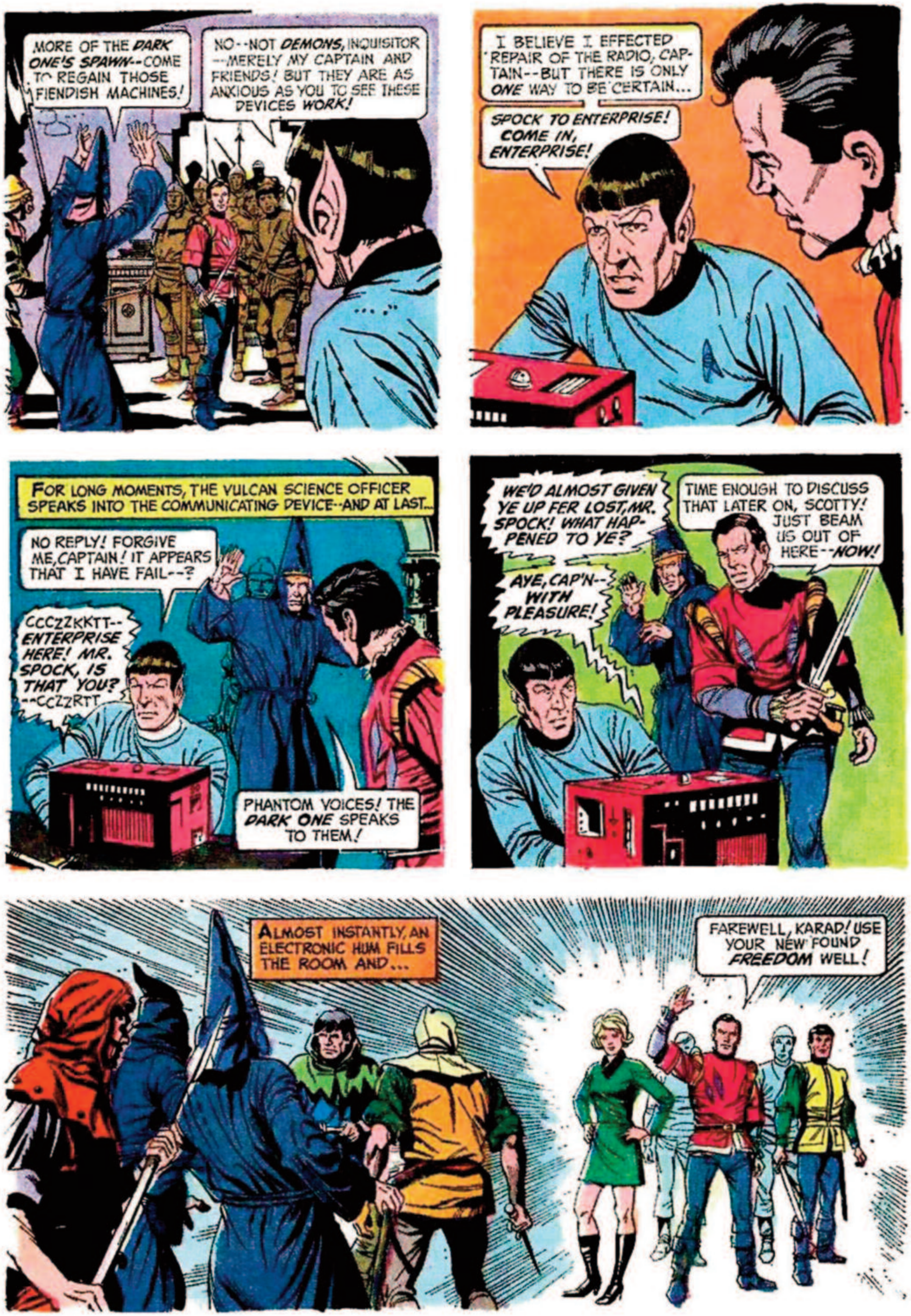

MEANWHILE, IN THE MOUNTAINS JUST BEYOND THE CITY...
...THAT'S THE SITUATION, GENTLEMEN! OUR ONLY HOPE OF *RESCUE* IS HELD IN THE INQUISITORS' *CASTLE*--AND WE NEED YOUR *HELP* TO REGAIN IT!
BUT WHAT DO *WE* STAND TO GAIN FROM THIS IF WE *JOIN* YOU, CAPTAIN KIRK?
A *FOOTHOLD*, KARAD! YOU MIGHT PUT A CHINK IN THE INQUISITORS' POWERHOLD THEY COULD *NEVER* REPAIR!
HMMMMM--THIS WILL REQUIRE SOME THOUGHT! A MOMENT, CAPTAIN--BEFORE WE GIVE OUR ANSWER!
TAKE YOUR TIME, *KARAD!* I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL MAKE THE *RIGHT* DECISION!
AND AFTER THE REBEL LEADER DELIBERATES...
WELL, CAPTAIN--WHAT ARE YOU *WAITING* FOR? WE HAVE A *CASTLE* TO STORM! ONWARD, MEN--TONIGHT WE FIGHT FOR OUR *PEOPLE!*

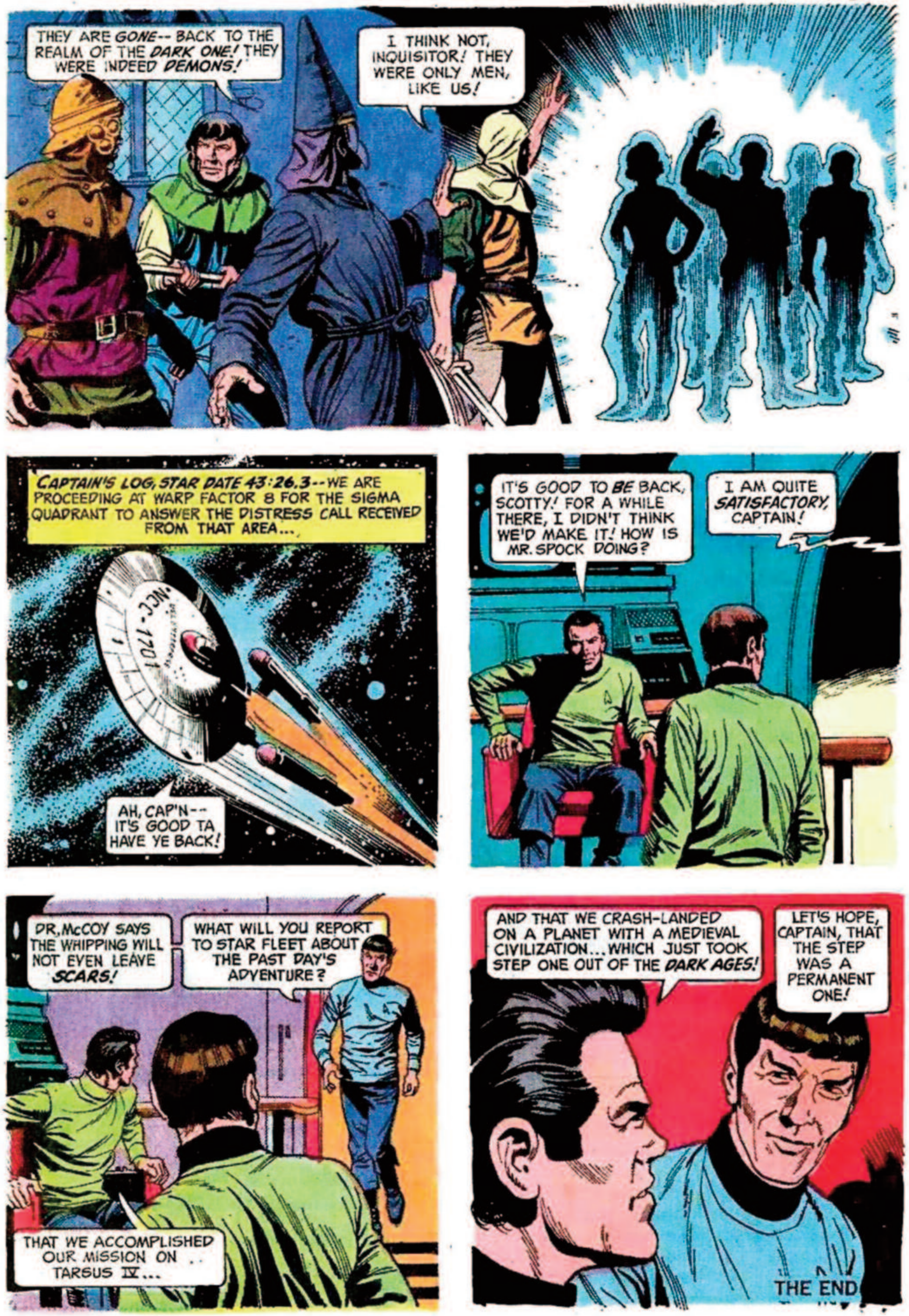

MEANWHILE, IN A MEDIEVAL DUNGEON...
ASTOUNDING! NEVER BEFORE HAS ANYONE WITHSTOOD SUCH PUNISHMENT WITHOUT UTTERING THE SLIGHTEST SOUND! YOU ARE TRULY CURSED WITH DEMON POWERS!
NO--I HAVE NO MYSTIC TALENTS--ONLY MY VULCAN ABILITY TO DISREGARD PAIN!
YOU MOCK ME, EVIL ONE--BUT YOU SHALL NOT LAUGH LONG! IF YOU DO NOT GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I SEEK--THERE ARE OTHERS WHO WILL!
GUARDS, BRING THE WOMAN HERE! I AM CERTAIN SHE WILL TELL US WHAT WE WISH TO KNOW--WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION!
NO! LEAVE HER ALONE! TAKE ME INSTEAD!
INQUISITOR--DON'T--
WELL, DEMON--THE CHOICE IS YOURS! DO WE TAKE THE WOMAN IN YOUR PLACE--?
NO--I... VERY WELL, INQUISITOR--YOU WIN! I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!

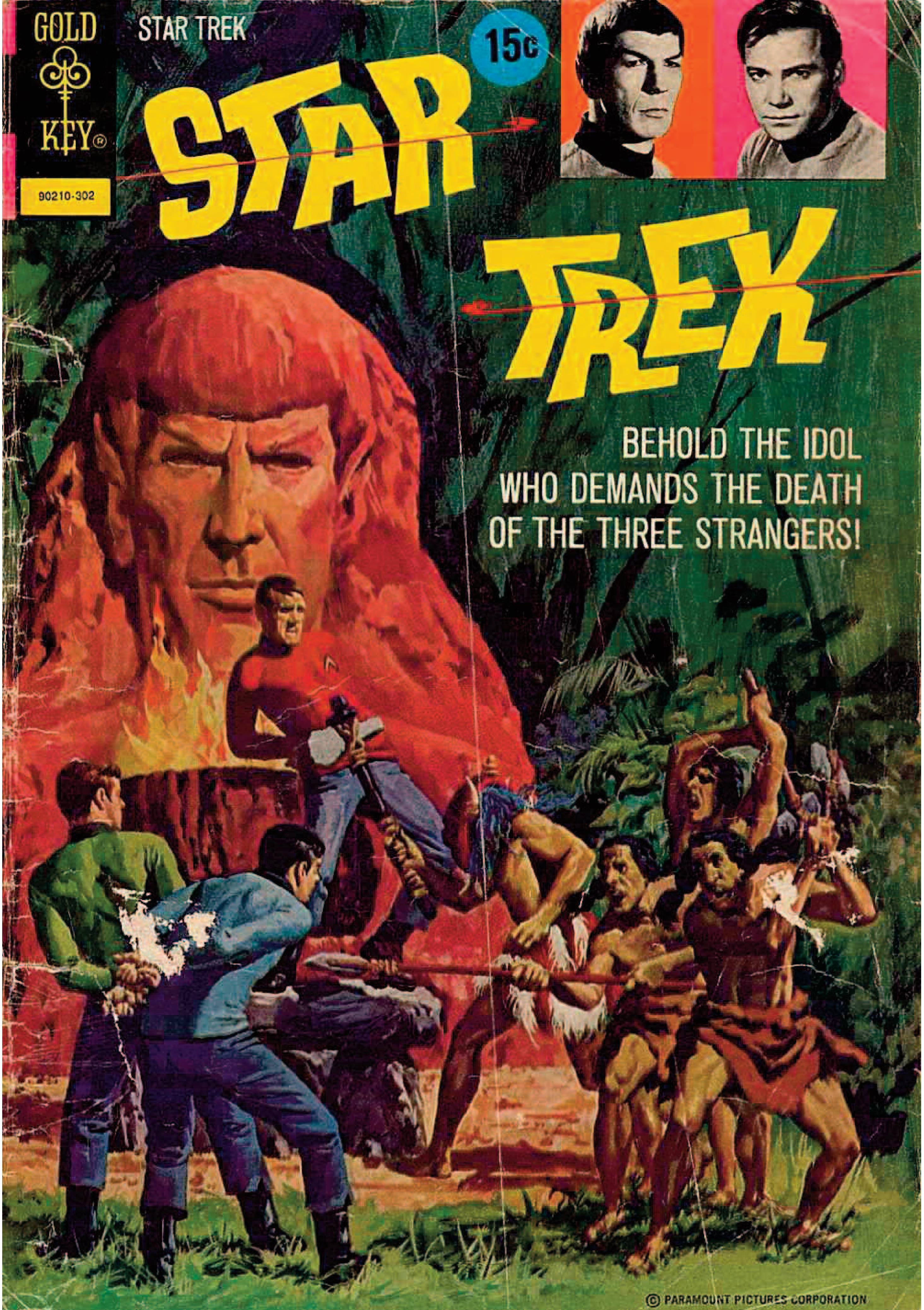

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM STAR FLEET, MR. SCOTT! THE SITUATION IN QUADRANT SIGMA GROWS *WORSE* BY THE HOUR! THEY ARE DEMANDING YOU ABANDON THE *SEARCH!*
MAYBE THEY'RE *RIGHT!* MAYBE IT'S TIME WE *DID!* SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT'S WHAT JIM WOULD *WANT* US TO DO!
PLOT A COURSE FOR THE SIGMA QUADRANT, MR. SULU! IF WE DON'A FIND A TRACE OF THE CAP'N WITHIN *THIRTY* SOLAR MINUTES-- WE'RE GIVIN' 'EM UP FER *DEAD!*
ELSEWHERE, SHADOWED EYES PEER CAUTIOUSLY AT AN IMPOSING STONE STRUCTURE...
THE FIRST STEP WILL BE THE *HARDEST,* CAPTAIN! THAT CASTLE OF THE CURSED IS VERY WELL *FORTIFIED!* WE MAY NEVER GET PAST THE *GATE!*
I THINK *WE* CAN HELP IN THAT DEPARTMENT, KARAD!


OUR PHASERS WERE *DAMAGED* IN THE CRASH--BUT I THINK WE CAN MUSTER ENOUGH POWER FOR *ONE GOOD SHOT!*
I HOPE SO, JIM.!
MOMENTS LATER, A BAND OF SWIFTLY MOVING MEN POURS OUT OF THE DARKNESS--AND THE NIGHT IS LIT WITH THE FURY OF SCIENTIFIC FIRE...
IT'S WORKING, JIM! THE PHASERS ARE TEARING DOWN THE CASTLE DOORS!
THE REBEL BAND POURS INTO THE CASTLE'S OUTER COURT THROUGH THE NEWLY OPENED PORTAL--AND THE SOUNDS OF *BATTLE* RING THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT AIR...
KEEP MOVING, BONES-- *KEEP MOVING!* WE'VE GOT TO FIND SPOCK AND THE OTHERS!


OUR PHASERS ARE *USELESS*, BONES! FROM THIS POINT ON, WE MAKE IT ON SHEER *MUSCLE* POWER!
THEN I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER MY INTERGALACTIC *JUDO* LESSONS!
I'D SAY YOU REMEMBERED THOSE LESSONS PRETTY *WELL*, BONES!
UGGHH!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW--?
BUT AS THEY MOVE FARTHER INTO THE STRONGHOLD...
HALT! YOU WILL COME NO FURTHER!
BONES, DO YOU GET THE FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE THEY DON'T WANT US TO *SEE?*
THEY SHOULD KNOW IT'S TERRIBLE MANNERS TO KEEP *SECRETS* FROM THEIR GUESTS!
ARRGH! UGGNFF!
SPOCK! CHEKOV! MISS CLAIRE! THANK THE STARS, YOU'RE STILL *ALIVE!*
WELCOME BACK, CAPTAIN! WE HAVE BEEN *EXPECTING* YOU!


MORE OF THE DARK ONE'S SPAWN--COME TO REGAIN THOSE FIENDISH MACHINES!
NO--NOT DEMONS, INQUISITOR--MERELY MY CAPTAIN AND FRIENDS! BUT THEY ARE AS ANXIOUS AS YOU TO SEE THESE DEVICES WORK!
I BELIEVE I EFFECTED REPAIR OF THE RADIO, CAPTAIN--BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO BE CERTAIN...
SPOCK TO ENTERPRISE! COME IN, ENTERPRISE!
FOR LONG MOMENTS, THE VULCAN SCIENCE OFFICER SPEAKS INTO THE COMMUNICATING DEVICE--AND AT LAST...
NO REPLY! FORGIVE ME, CAPTAIN! IT APPEARS THAT I HAVE FAIL--?
CCCZZKKTT--ENTERPRISE HERE! MR. SPOCK, IS THAT YOU?--CCZZRTT
PHANTOM VOICES! THE DARK ONE SPEAKS TO THEM!
WE'D ALMOST GIVEN YE UP FER LOST, MR. SPOCK! WHAT HAPPENED TO YE?
TIME ENOUGH TO DISCUSS THAT LATER ON, SCOTTY! JUST BEAM US OUT OF HERE--NOW!
AYE, CAP'N--WITH PLEASURE!
ALMOST INSTANTLY, AN ELECTRONIC HUM FILLS THE ROOM AND...
FAREWELL, KARAD! USE YOUR NEW-FOUND FREEDOM WELL!


THEY ARE *GONE*-- BACK TO THE REALM OF THE *DARK ONE!* THEY WERE INDEED *DEMONS!*
I THINK NOT, INQUISITOR! THEY WERE ONLY MEN, LIKE US!
CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 43:26.3--WE ARE PROCEEDING AT WARP FACTOR 8 FOR THE SIGMA QUADRANT TO ANSWER THE DISTRESS CALL RECEIVED FROM THAT AREA...
NCC-1701
AH, CAP'N-- IT'S GOOD TA HAVE YE BACK!
IT'S GOOD TO *BE* BACK, SCOTTY! FOR A WHILE THERE, I DIDN'T THINK WE'D MAKE IT! HOW IS MR. SPOCK DOING?
I AM QUITE *SATISFACTORY*, CAPTAIN!
DR. McCOY SAYS THE WHIPPING WILL NOT EVEN LEAVE *SCARS!*
WHAT WILL YOU REPORT TO STAR FLEET ABOUT THE PAST DAY'S ADVENTURE?
THAT WE ACCOMPLISHED OUR MISSION ON TARSUS IV...
AND THAT WE CRASH-LANDED ON A PLANET WITH A MEDIEVAL CIVILIZATION... WHICH JUST TOOK STEP ONE OUT OF THE *DARK AGES!*
LET'S HOPE, CAPTAIN, THAT THE STEP WAS A PERMANENT ONE!
THE END


GOLD KEY
STAR TREK
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STAR TREK
BEHOLD THE IDOL WHO DEMANDS THE DEATH OF THE THREE STRANGERS!
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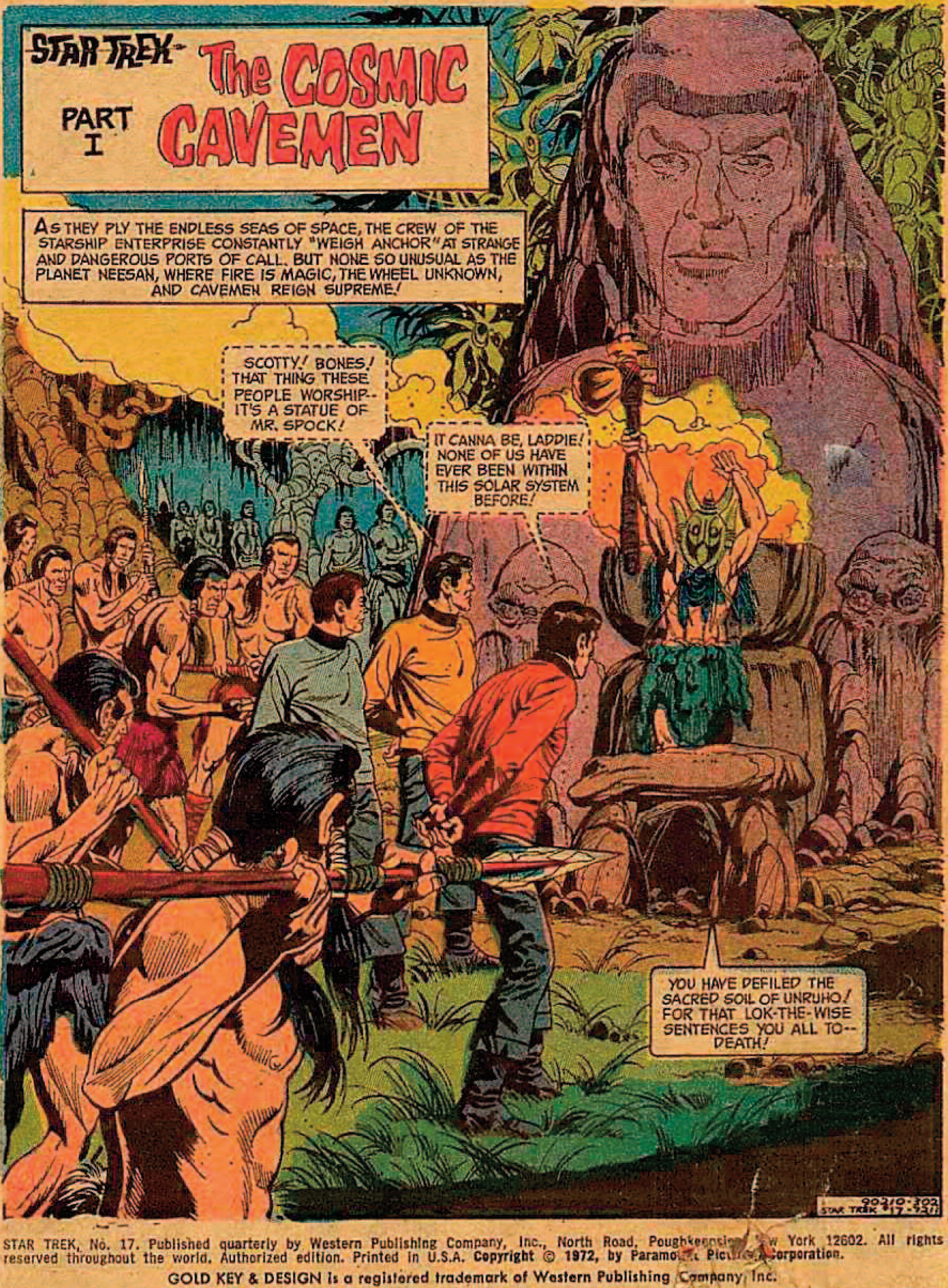
STAR TREK
PART I
The COSMIC CAVEMEN
AS THEY PLY THE ENDLESS SEAS OF SPACE, THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE CONSTANTLY "WEIGH ANCHOR" AT STRANGE AND DANGEROUS PORTS OF CALL. BUT NONE SO UNUSUAL AS THE PLANET NEESAN, WHERE FIRE IS MAGIC, THE WHEEL UNKNOWN, AND CAVEMEN REIGN SUPREME!
SCOTTY! BONES! THAT THING THESE PEOPLE WORSHIP-- IT'S A STATUE OF MR. SPOCK!
IT CANNA BE, LADDIE! NONE OF US HAVE EVER BEEN WITHIN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM BEFORE!
YOU HAVE DEFILED THE SACRED SOIL OF UNRUHO! FOR THAT LOK-THE-WISE SENTENCES YOU ALL TO-- DEATH!
90210-302
STAR TREK #17-7211

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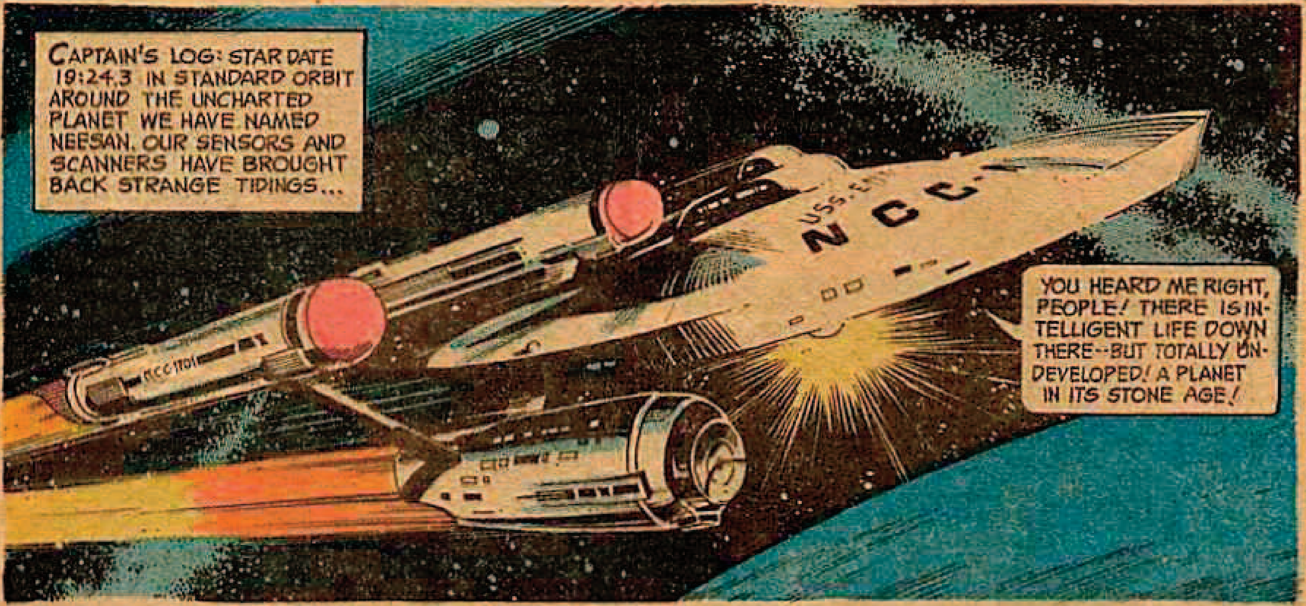
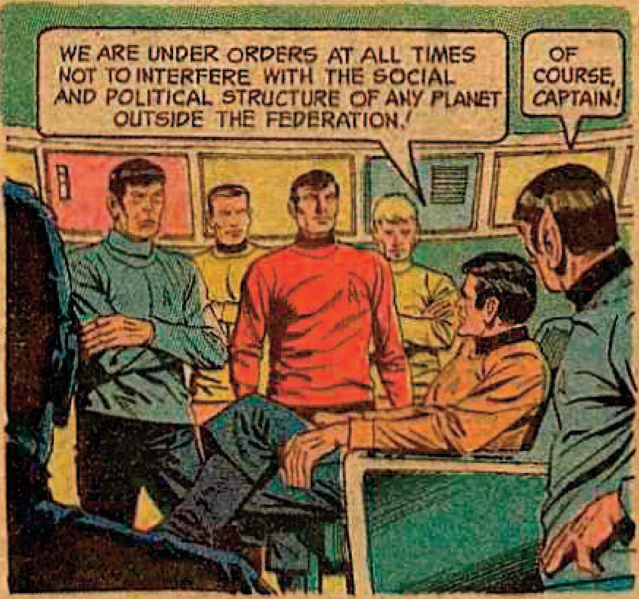
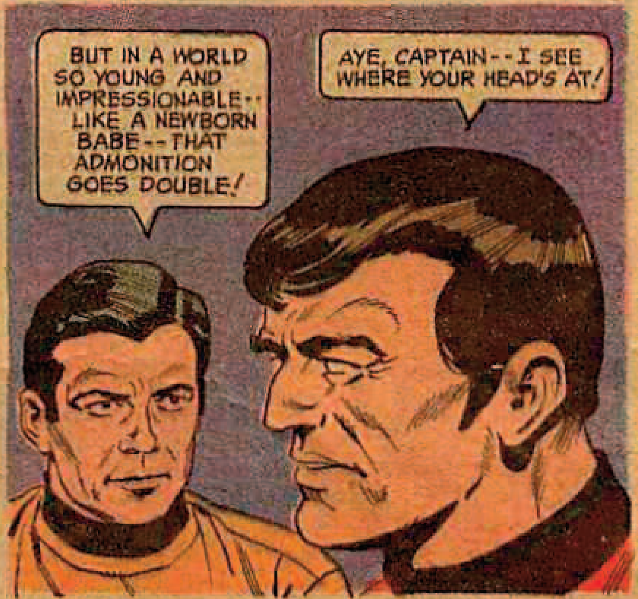
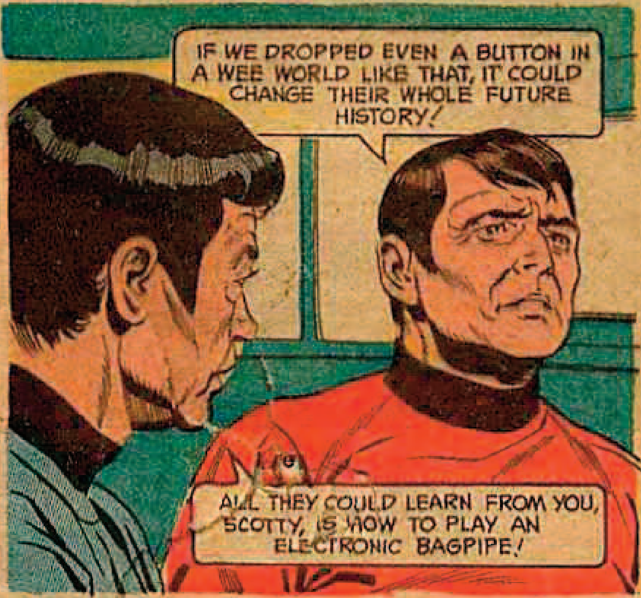
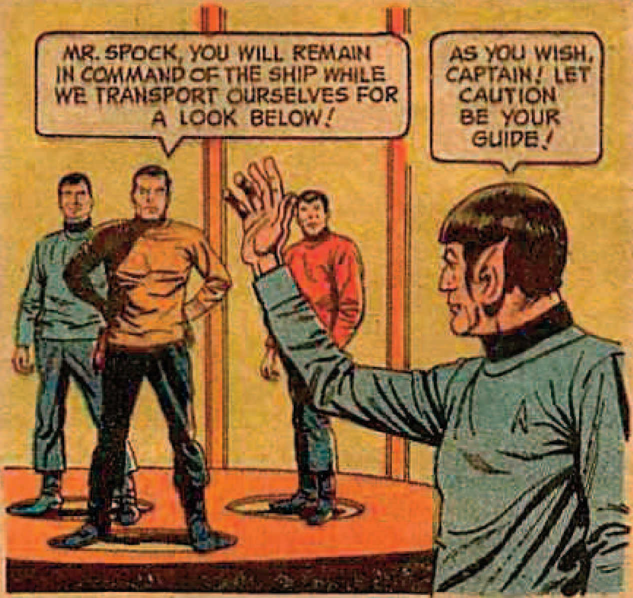
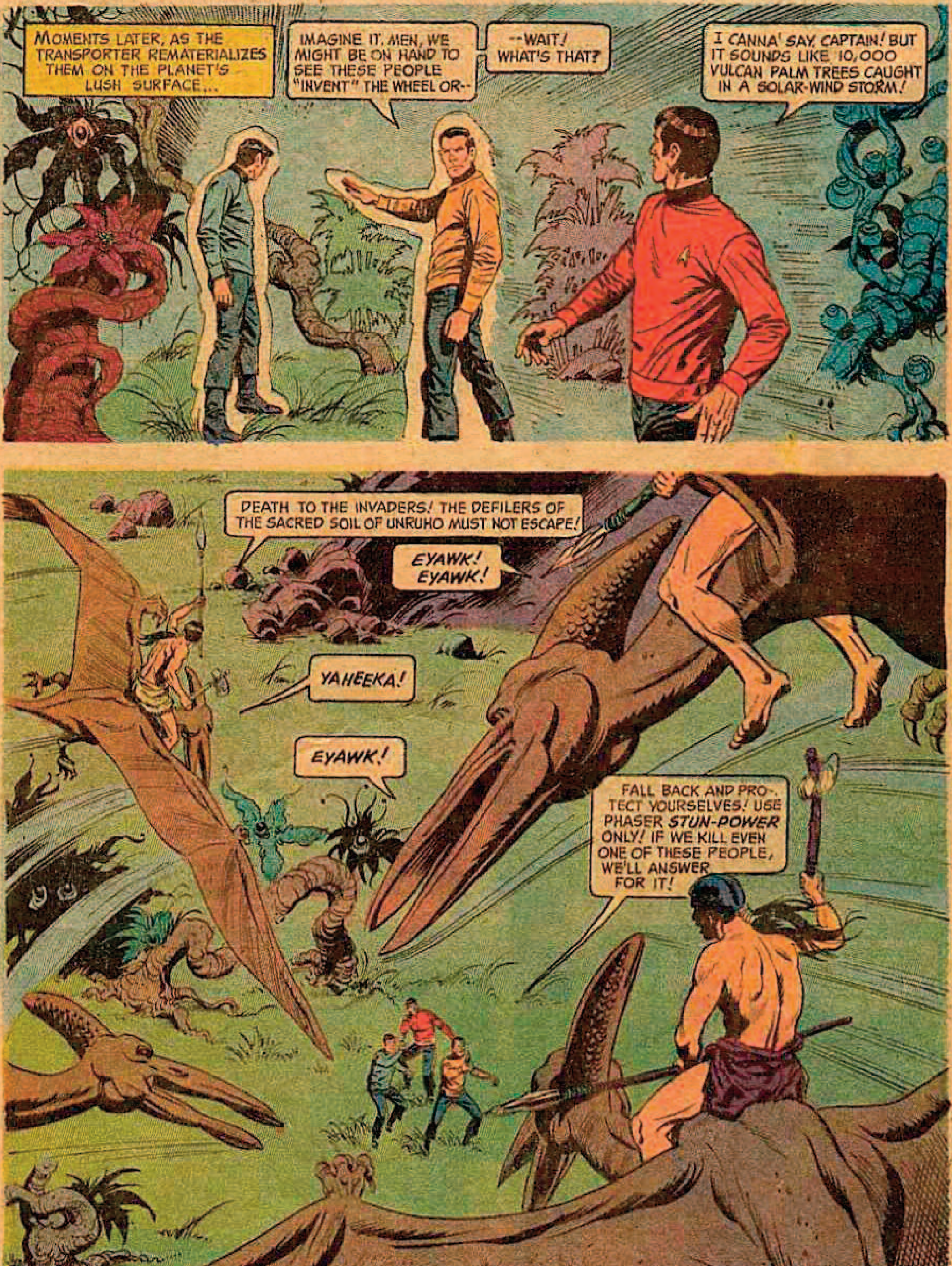

CAPTAIN'S LOG: STAR DATE 19:24.3 IN STANDARD ORBIT AROUND THE UNCHARTED PLANET WE HAVE NAMED NEESAN. OUR SENSORS AND SCANNERS HAVE BROUGHT BACK STRANGE TIDINGS...
U.S.S. ENT
NCC-
NCC-1701
YOU HEARD ME RIGHT, PEOPLE! THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN THERE--BUT TOTALLY UNDEVELOPED! A PLANET IN ITS STONE AGE!

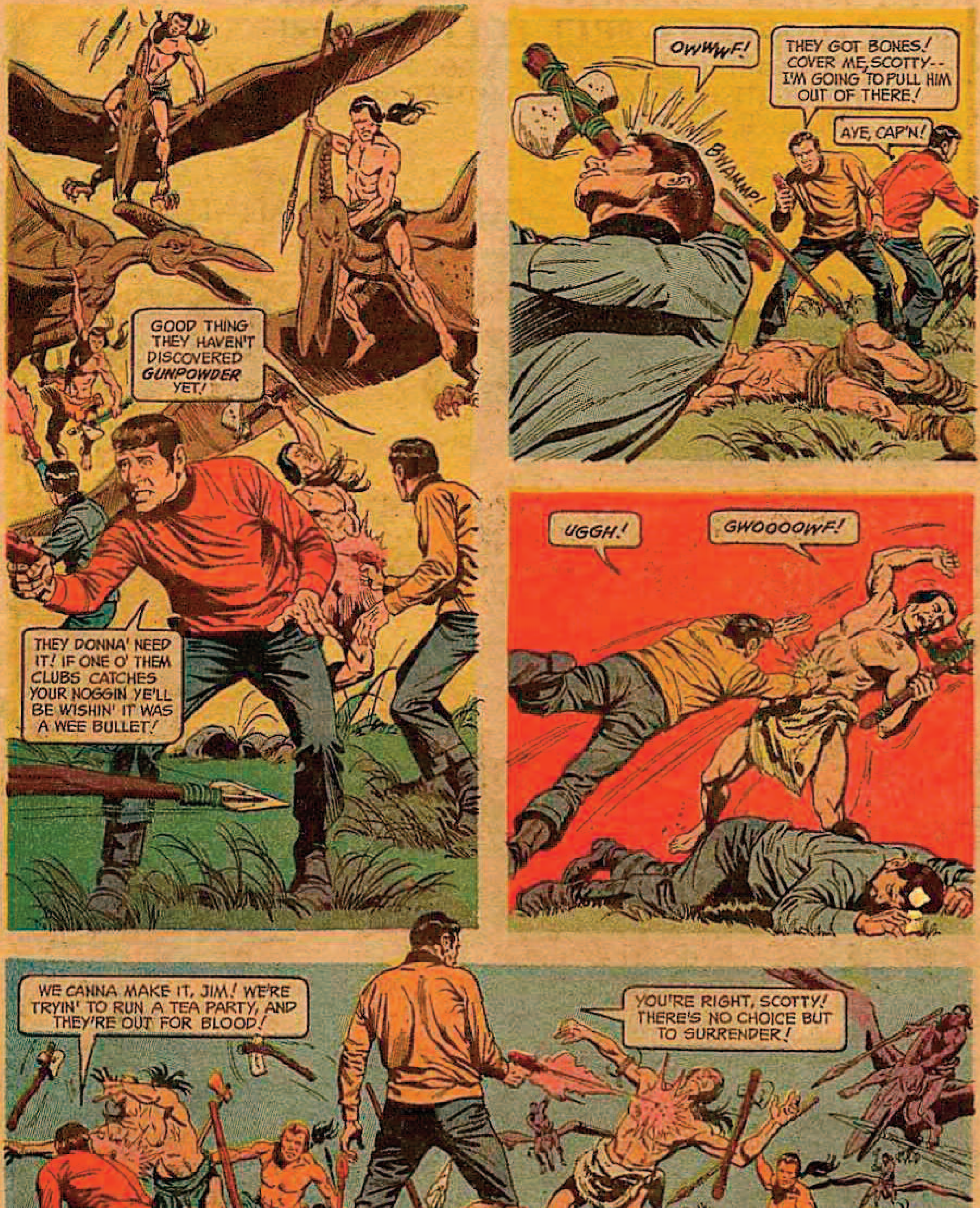

WE ARE UNDER ORDERS AT ALL TIMES NOT TO INTERFERE WITH THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STRUCTURE OF ANY PLANET OUTSIDE THE FEDERATION!
OF COURSE, CAPTAIN!

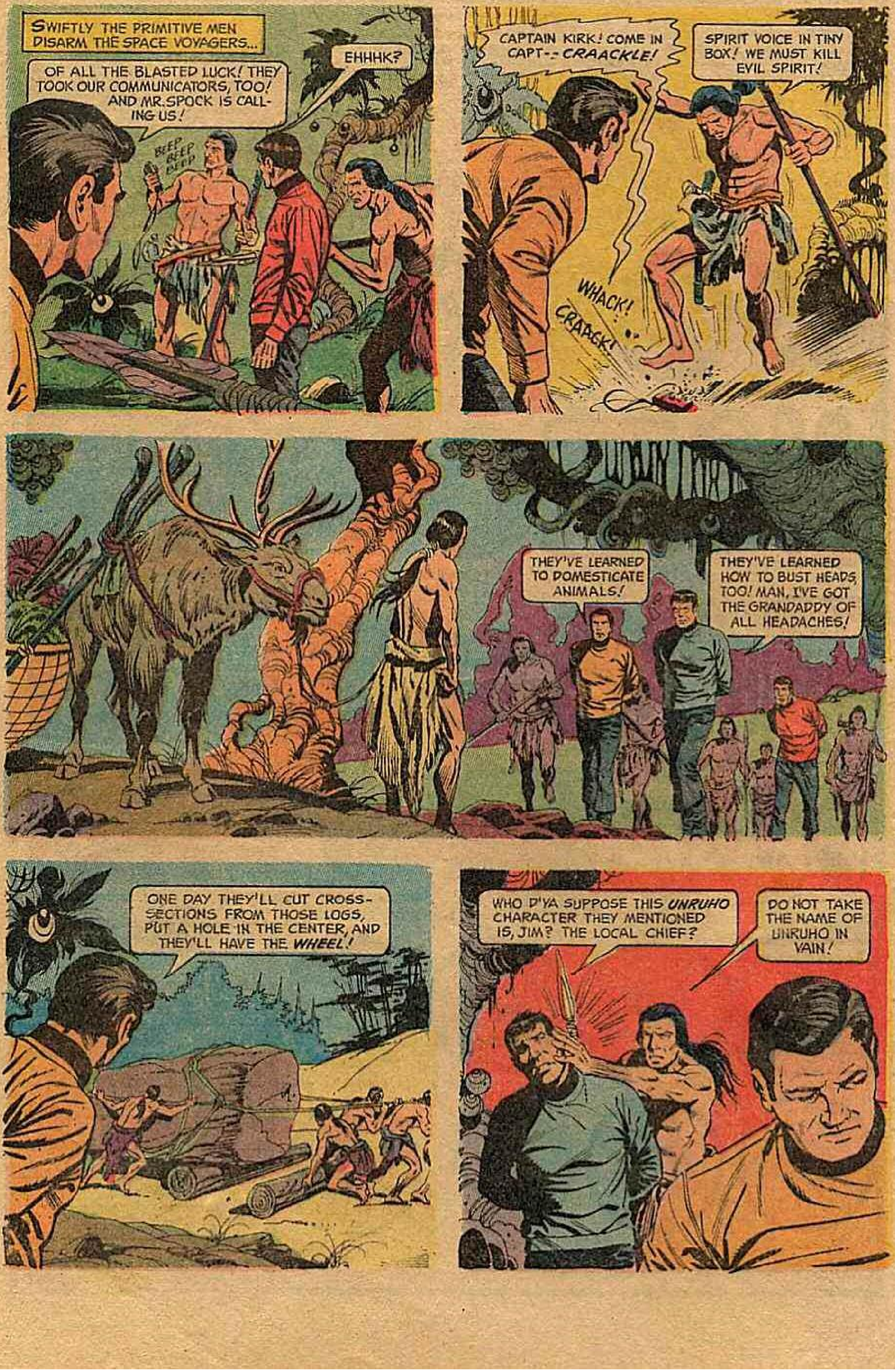

BUT IN A WORLD SO YOUNG AND IMPRESSIONABLE--LIKE A NEWBORN BABE--THAT ADMONITION GOES DOUBLE!
AYE, CAPTAIN--I SEE WHERE YOUR HEAD'S AT!

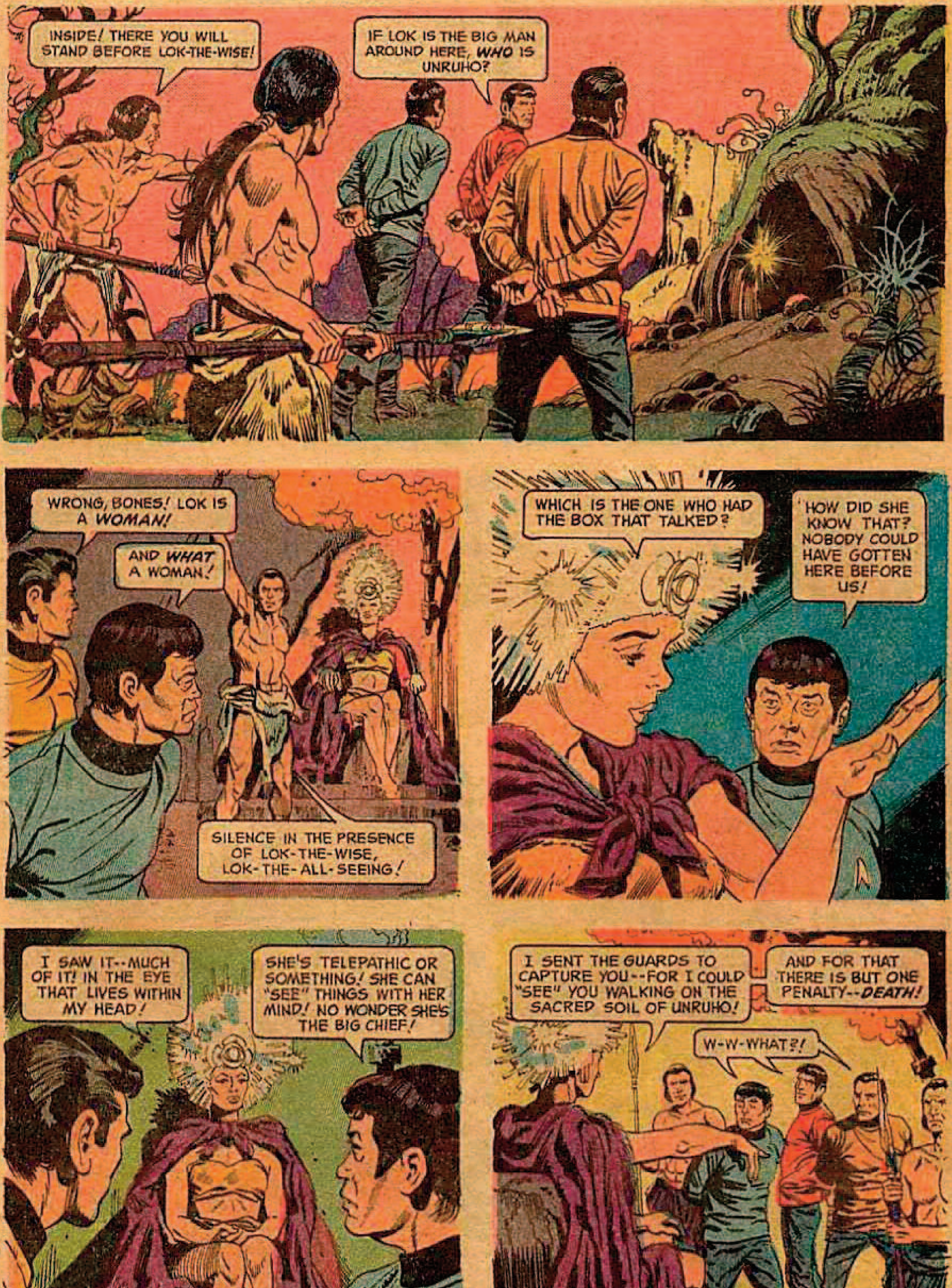

IF WE DROPPED EVEN A BUTTON IN A WEE WORLD LIKE THAT, IT COULD CHANGE THEIR WHOLE FUTURE HISTORY!
ALL THEY COULD LEARN FROM YOU, SCOTTY, IS HOW TO PLAY AN ELECTRONIC BAGPIPE!

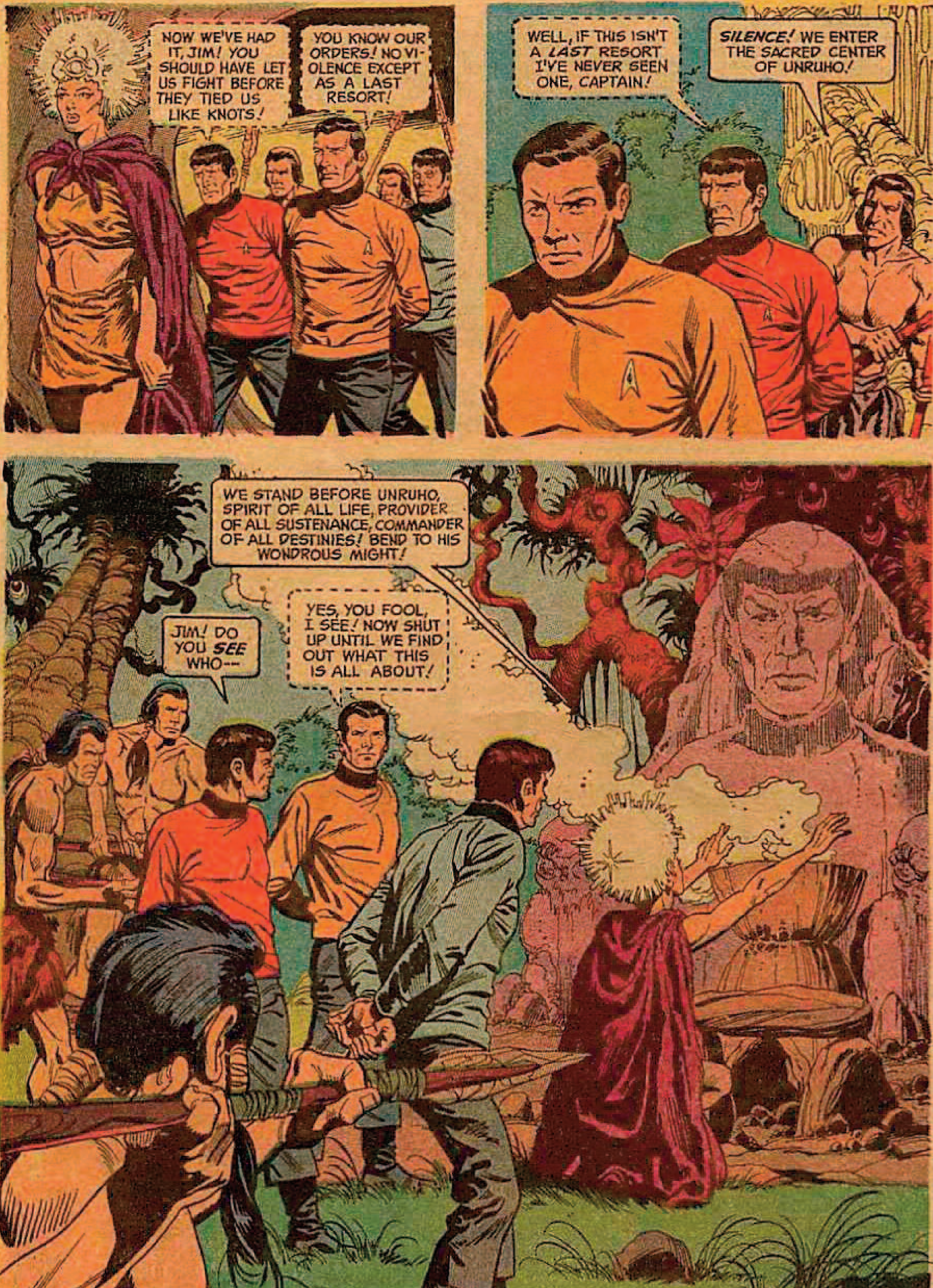

MR. SPOCK, YOU WILL REMAIN IN COMMAND OF THE SHIP WHILE WE TRANSPORT OURSELVES FOR A LOOK BELOW!
AS YOU WISH, CAPTAIN! LET CAUTION BE YOUR GUIDE!

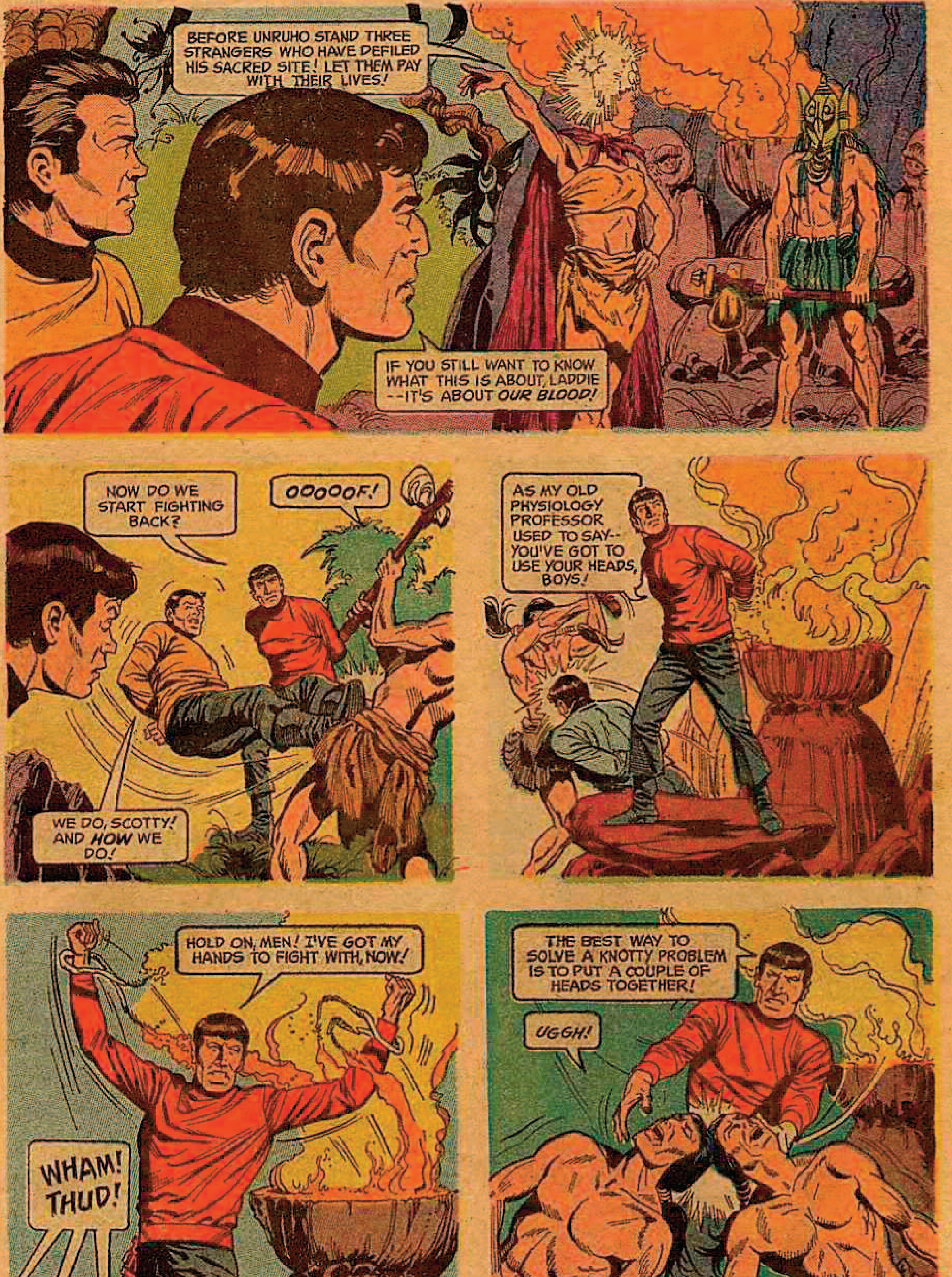

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE TRANSPORTER REMATERIALIZES THEM ON THE PLANET'S LUSH SURFACE...
IMAGINE IT, MEN, WE MIGHT BE ON HAND TO SEE THESE PEOPLE "INVENT" THE WHEEL OR--
--WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?
I CANNA' SAY, CAPTAIN! BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE 10,000 VULCAN PALM TREES CAUGHT IN A SOLAR-WIND STORM!
DEATH TO THE INVADERS! THE DEFILERS OF THE SACRED SOIL OF UNRUHO MUST NOT ESCAPE!
EYAWK! EYAWK!
YAHEEKA!
EYAWK!
FALL BACK AND PROTECT YOURSELVES! USE PHASER STUN-POWER ONLY! IF WE KILL EVEN ONE OF THESE PEOPLE, WE'LL ANSWER FOR IT!

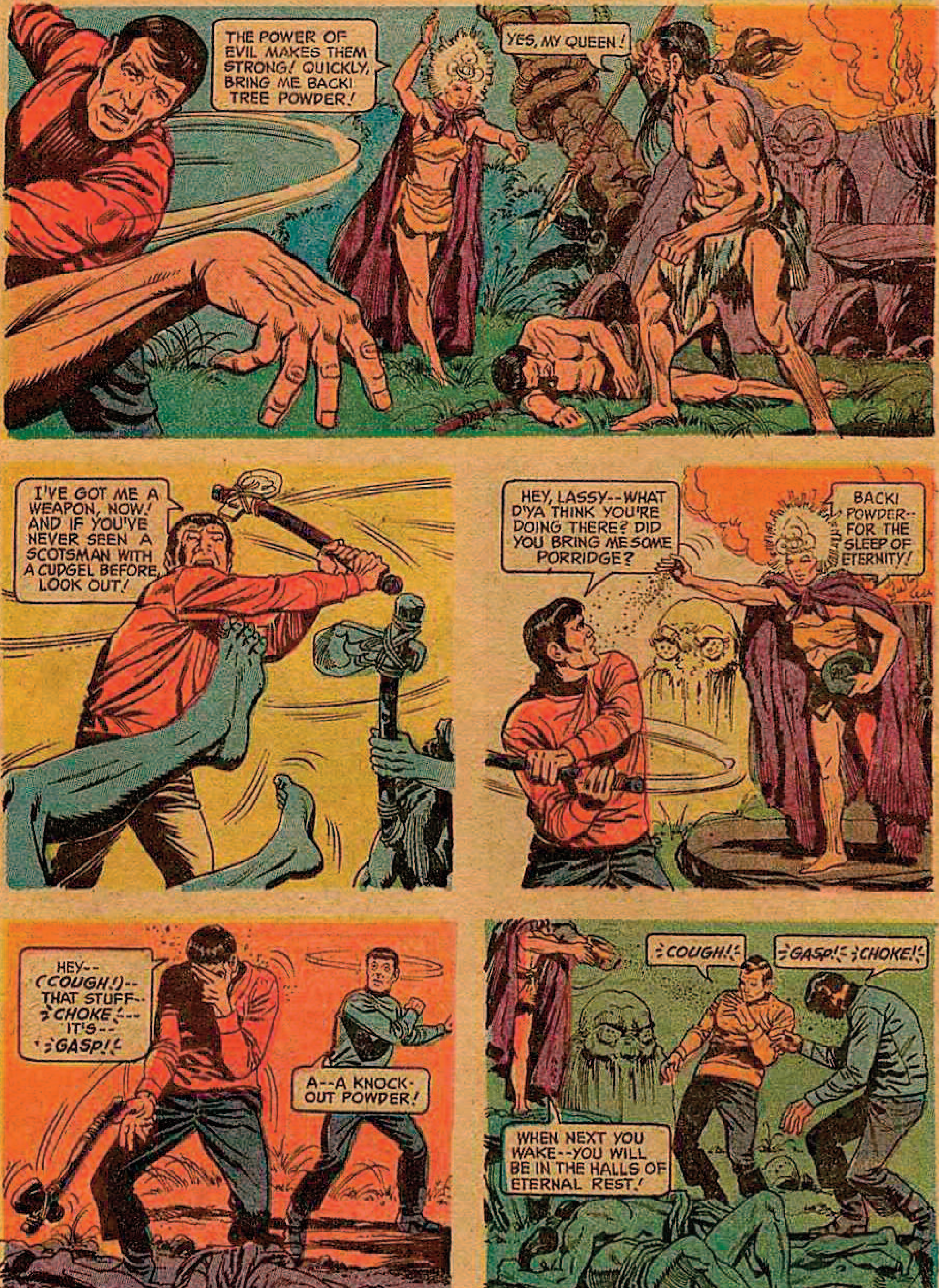

GOOD THING THEY HAVEN'T DISCOVERED **GUNPOWDER** YET!
THEY DONNA' NEED IT! IF ONE O' THEM CLUBS CATCHES YOUR NOGGIN YE'LL BE WISHIN' IT WAS A WEE BULLET!
OWWWF!
BWAMMP!
THEY GOT BONES! COVER ME, SCOTTY-- I'M GOING TO PULL HIM OUT OF THERE!
AYE, CAP'N!
UGGH!
GWOOOOWF!
WE CANNA MAKE IT, JIM! WE'RE TRYIN' TO RUN A TEA PARTY, AND THEY'RE OUT FOR BLOOD!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SCOTTY! THERE'S NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER!

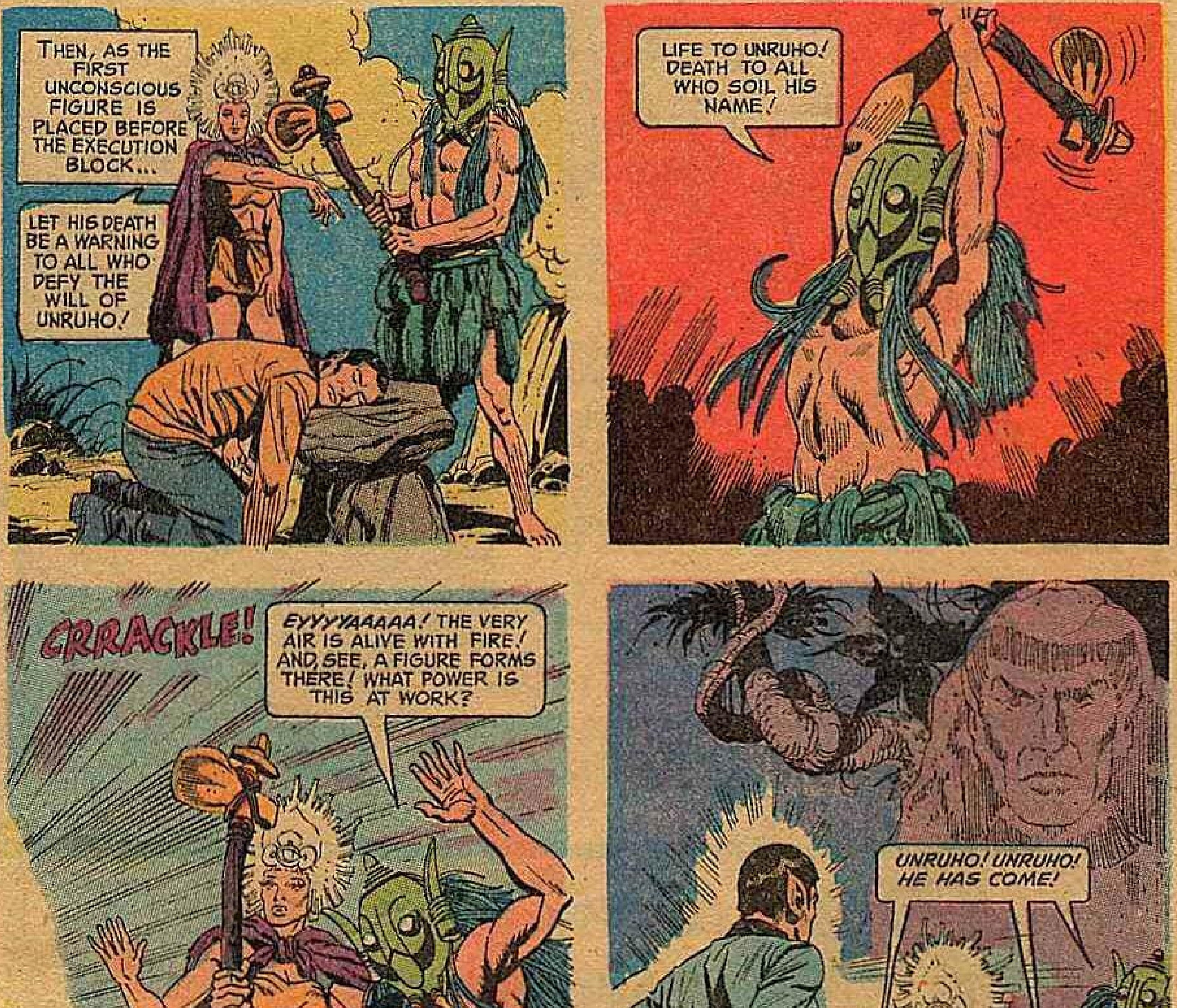

SWIFTLY THE PRIMITIVE MEN DISARM THE SPACE VOYAGERS...
OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK! THEY TOOK OUR COMMUNICATORS, TOO! AND MR. SPOCK IS CALLING US!
EHHHK?
BEEP BEEP BEEP
CAPTAIN KIRK! COME IN CAPT-- *CRAACKLE!*
SPIRIT VOICE IN TINY BOX! WE MUST KILL EVIL SPIRIT!
WHACK!
CRAACK!
THEY'VE LEARNED TO DOMESTICATE ANIMALS!
THEY'VE LEARNED HOW TO BUST HEADS, TOO! MAN, I'VE GOT THE GRANDADDY OF ALL HEADACHES!
ONE DAY THEY'LL CUT CROSS-SECTIONS FROM THOSE LOGS, PUT A HOLE IN THE CENTER, AND THEY'LL HAVE THE *WHEEL!*
WHO D'YA SUPPOSE THIS *UNRUHO* CHARACTER THEY MENTIONED IS, JIM? THE LOCAL CHIEF?
DO NOT TAKE THE NAME OF UNRUHO IN VAIN!

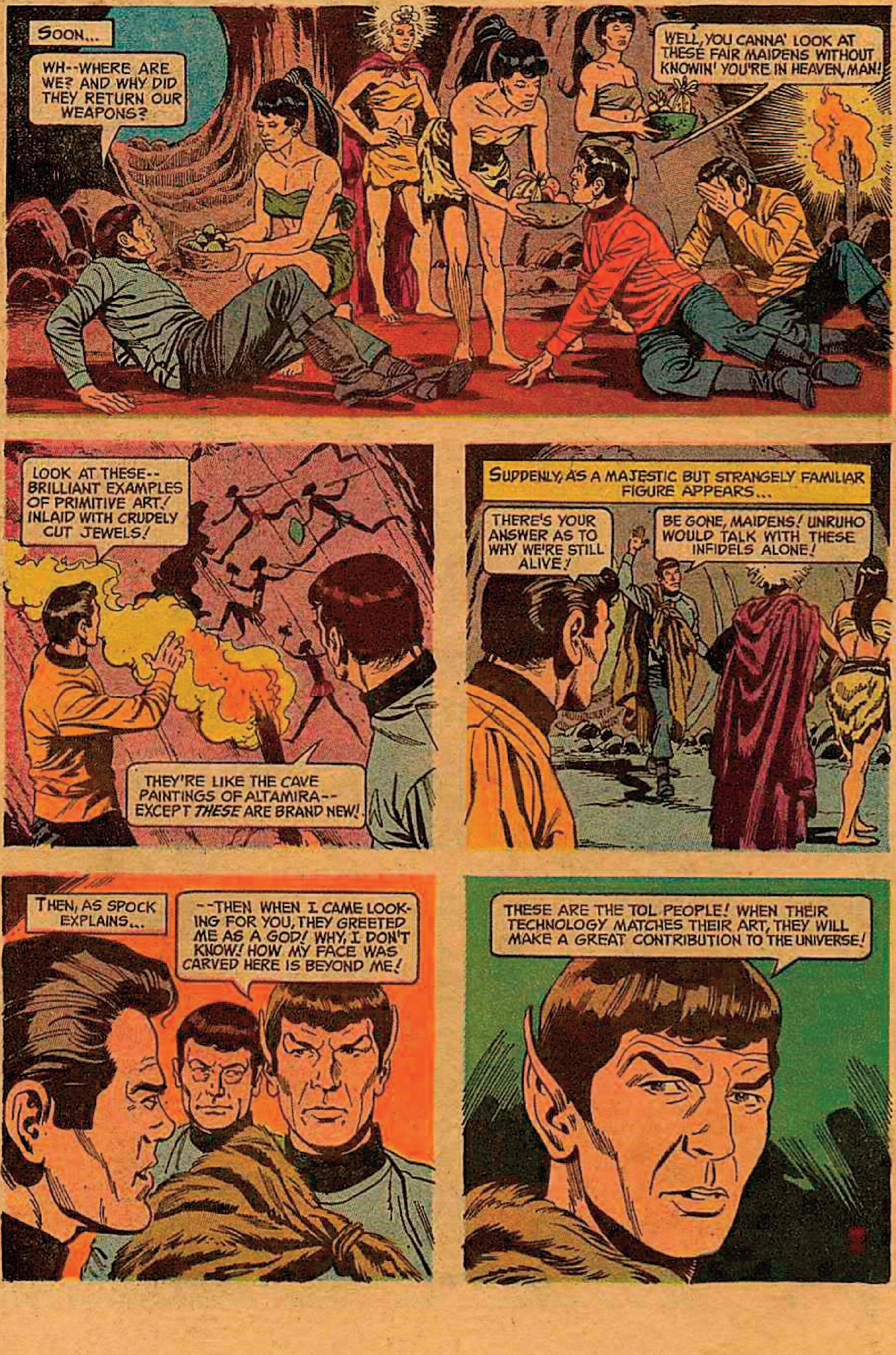

INSIDE! THERE YOU WILL STAND BEFORE LOK-THE-WISE!
IF LOK IS THE BIG MAN AROUND HERE, ***WHO*** IS UNRUHO?
WRONG, BONES! LOK IS A ***WOMAN!***
AND *WHAT* A WOMAN!
SILENCE IN THE PRESENCE OF LOK-THE-WISE, LOK-THE-ALL-SEEING!
WHICH IS THE ONE WHO HAD THE BOX THAT TALKED?
HOW DID SHE KNOW THAT? NOBODY COULD HAVE GOTTEN HERE BEFORE US!
I SAW IT--MUCH OF IT! IN THE EYE THAT LIVES WITHIN MY HEAD!
SHE'S TELEPATHIC OR SOMETHING! SHE CAN "SEE" THINGS WITH HER MIND! NO WONDER SHE'S THE BIG CHIEF!
I SENT THE GUARDS TO CAPTURE YOU--FOR I COULD "SEE" YOU WALKING ON THE SACRED SOIL OF UNRUHO!
AND FOR THAT THERE IS BUT ONE PENALTY--***DEATH!***
W-W-WHAT?!

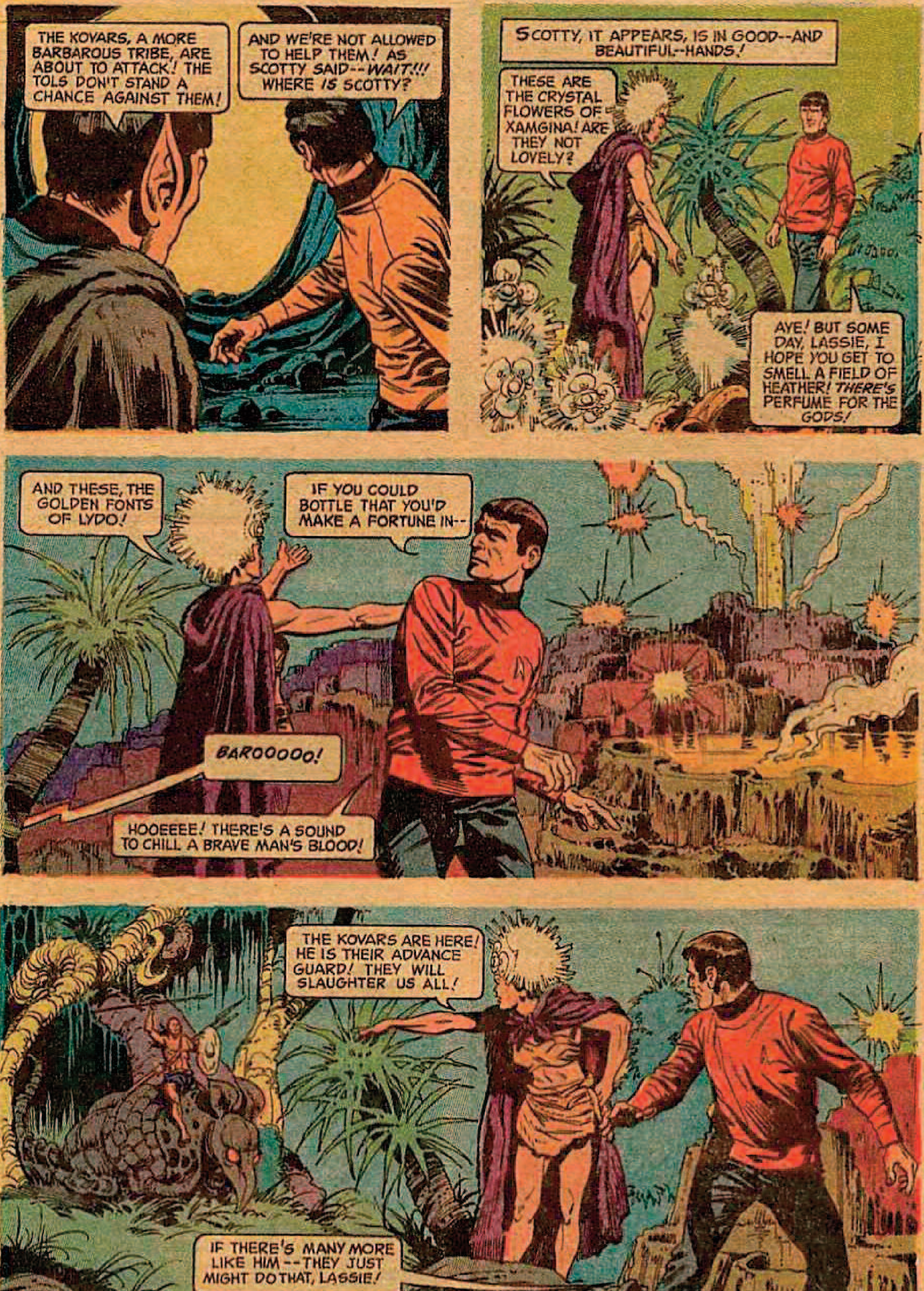

NOW WE'VE HAD IT, JIM! YOU SHOULD HAVE LET US FIGHT BEFORE THEY TIED US LIKE KNOTS!
YOU KNOW OUR ORDERS! NO VIOLENCE EXCEPT AS A LAST RESORT!
WELL, IF THIS ISN'T A LAST RESORT I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE, CAPTAIN!
SILENCE! WE ENTER THE SACRED CENTER OF UNRUHO!
WE STAND BEFORE UNRUHO, SPIRIT OF ALL LIFE, PROVIDER OF ALL SUSTENANCE, COMMANDER OF ALL DESTINIES! BEND TO HIS WONDROUS MIGHT!
JIM! DO YOU SEE WHO--
YES, YOU FOOL, I SEE! NOW SHUT UP UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!


BEFORE UNRUHO STAND THREE STRANGERS WHO HAVE DEFILED HIS SACRED SITE! LET THEM PAY WITH THEIR LIVES!
IF YOU STILL WANT TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT, LADDIE --IT'S ABOUT OUR BLOOD!
NOW DO WE START FIGHTING BACK?
OOOOOF!
WE DO, SCOTTY! AND HOW WE DO!
AS MY OLD PHYSIOLOGY PROFESSOR USED TO SAY-- YOU'VE GOT TO USE YOUR HEADS, BOYS!
HOLD ON, MEN! I'VE GOT MY HANDS TO FIGHT WITH, NOW!
WHAM! THUD!
THE BEST WAY TO SOLVE A KNOTTY PROBLEM IS TO PUT A COUPLE OF HEADS TOGETHER!
UGGH!


THE POWER OF EVIL MAKES THEM STRONG! QUICKLY, BRING ME BACKI TREE POWDER!
YES, MY QUEEN!
I'VE GOT ME A WEAPON, NOW! AND IF YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A SCOTSMAN WITH A CUDGEL BEFORE, LOOK OUT!
HEY, LASSY--WHAT D'YA THINK YOU'RE DOING THERE? DID YOU BRING ME SOME PORRIDGE?
BACKI POWDER--FOR THE SLEEP OF ETERNITY!
HEY-- (COUGH!)-- THAT STUFF-- CHOKE--- IT'S-- GASP!
A--A KNOCK-OUT POWDER!
COUGH!
GASP! CHOKE!
WHEN NEXT YOU WAKE--YOU WILL BE IN THE HALLS OF ETERNAL REST!

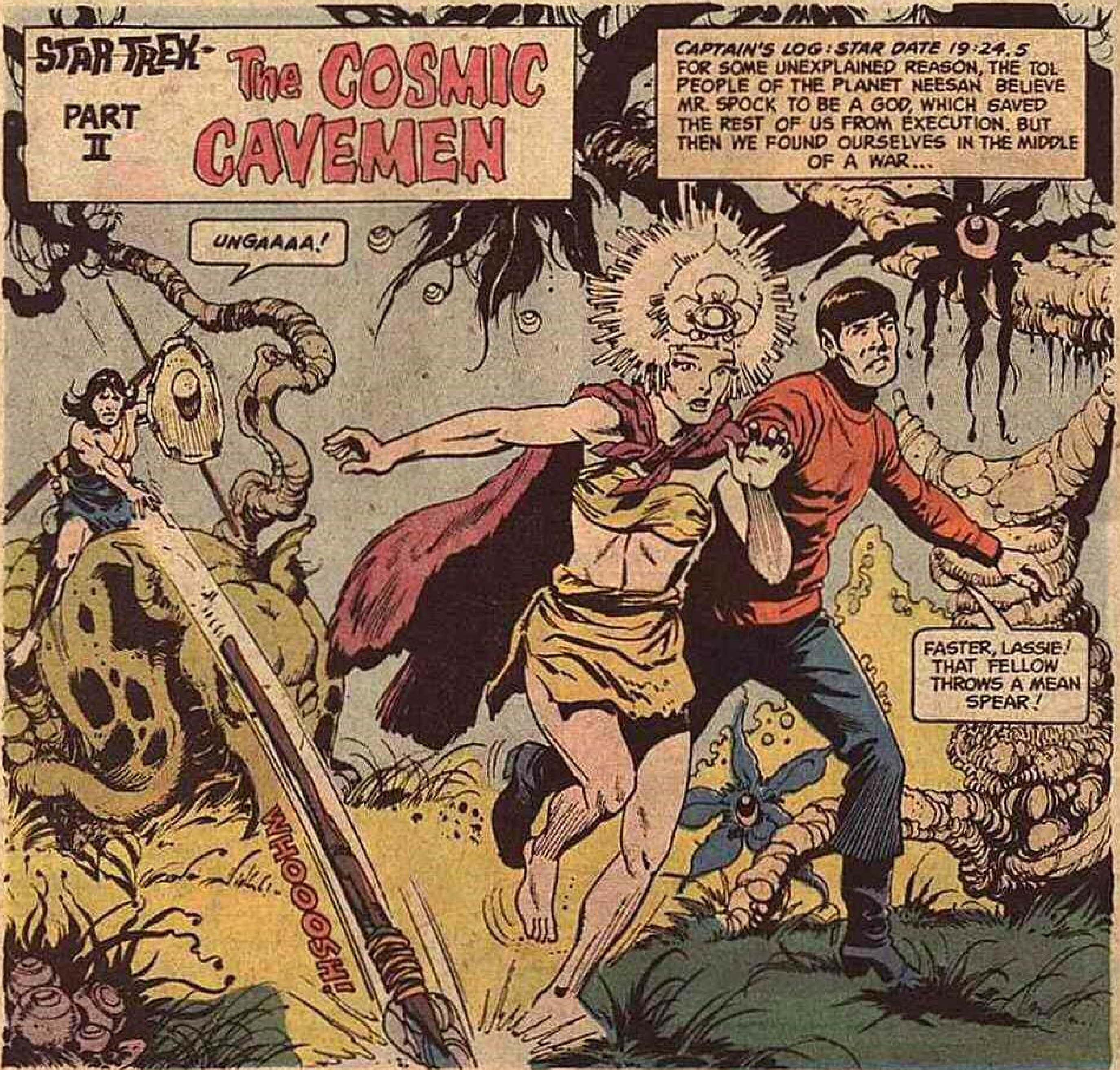

THEN, AS THE FIRST UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE IS PLACED BEFORE THE EXECUTION BLOCK...
LET HIS DEATH BE A WARNING TO ALL WHO DEFY THE WILL OF UNRUHO!
LIFE TO UNRUHO! DEATH TO ALL WHO SOIL HIS NAME!
CRRACKLE!
EYYYYAAAAA! THE VERY AIR IS ALIVE WITH FIRE! AND, SEE, A FIGURE FORMS THERE! WHAT POWER IS THIS AT WORK?
UNRUHO! UNRUHO! HE HAS COME!

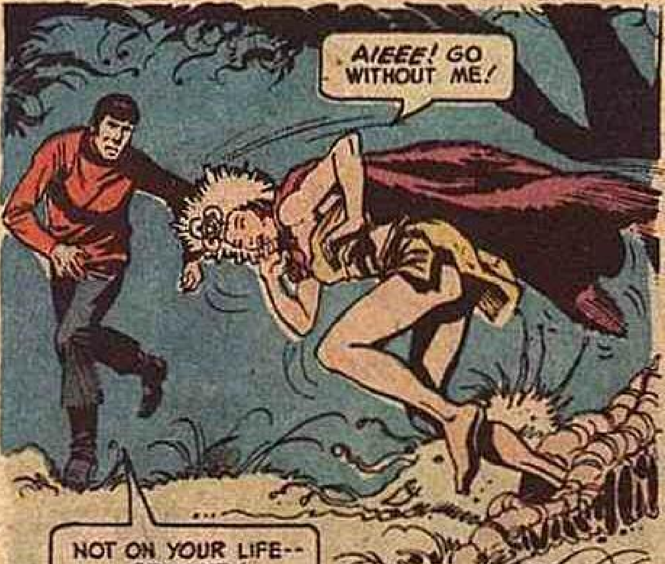

SOON...
WH--WHERE ARE WE? AND WHY DID THEY RETURN OUR WEAPONS?
WELL, YOU CANNA' LOOK AT THESE FAIR MAIDENS WITHOUT KNOWIN' YOU'RE IN HEAVEN, MAN!
LOOK AT THESE-- BRILLIANT EXAMPLES OF PRIMITIVE ART! INLAID WITH CRUDELY CUT JEWELS!
THEY'RE LIKE THE CAVE PAINTINGS OF ALTAMIRA-- EXCEPT THESE ARE BRAND NEW!
SUDDENLY, AS A MAJESTIC BUT STRANGELY FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS...
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER AS TO WHY WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
BE GONE, MAIDENS! UNRUHO WOULD TALK WITH THESE INFIDELS ALONE!
THEN, AS SPOCK EXPLAINS...
--THEN WHEN I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU, THEY GREETED ME AS A GOD! WHY, I DON'T KNOW! HOW MY FACE WAS CARVED HERE IS BEYOND ME!
THESE ARE THE TOL PEOPLE! WHEN THEIR TECHNOLOGY MATCHES THEIR ART, THEY WILL MAKE A GREAT CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNIVERSE!

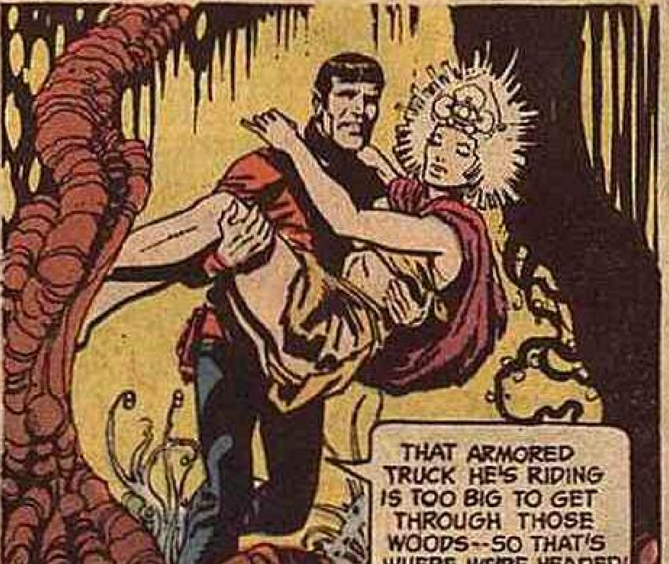

THE KOVARS, A MORE BARBAROUS TRIBE, ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK! THE TOLS DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM!
AND WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO HELP THEM! AS SCOTTY SAID--*WAIT!!!* WHERE *IS* SCOTTY?
SCOTTY, IT APPEARS, IS IN GOOD--AND BEAUTIFUL--HANDS!
THESE ARE THE CRYSTAL FLOWERS OF XAMGINA! ARE THEY NOT LOVELY?
AYE! BUT SOME DAY, LASSIE, I HOPE YOU GET TO SMELL A FIELD OF HEATHER! *THERE'S* PERFUME FOR THE GODS!
AND THESE, THE GOLDEN FONTS OF LYDO!
IF YOU COULD BOTTLE THAT YOU'D MAKE A FORTUNE IN--
BAROOOOO!
HOOEEEE! THERE'S A SOUND TO CHILL A BRAVE MAN'S BLOOD!
THE KOVARS ARE HERE! HE IS THEIR ADVANCE GUARD! THEY WILL SLAUGHTER US ALL!
IF THERE'S MANY MORE LIKE HIM--THEY JUST MIGHT DO THAT, LASSIE!
END OF PART I

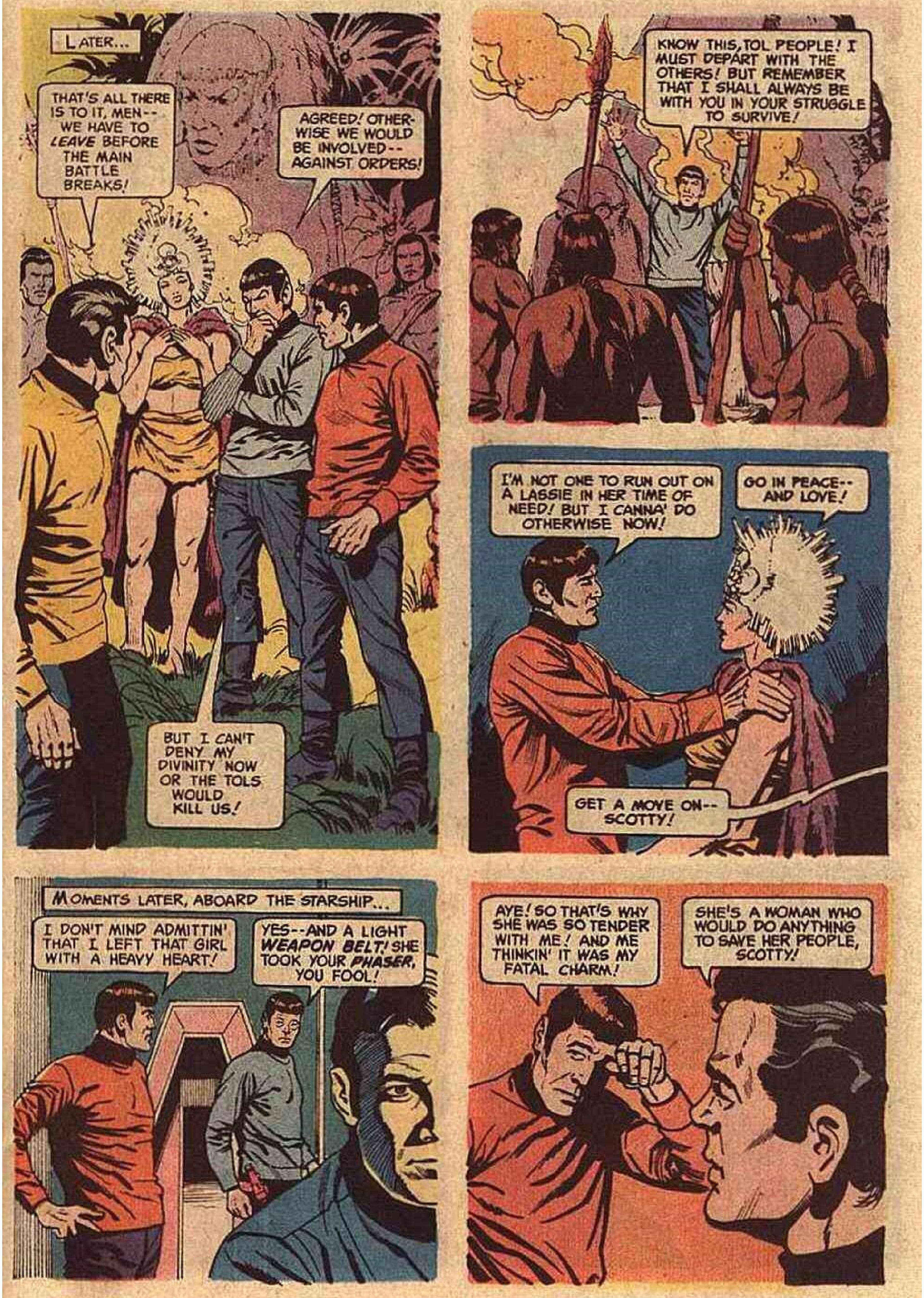
STAR TREK - The COSMIC CAVEMEN

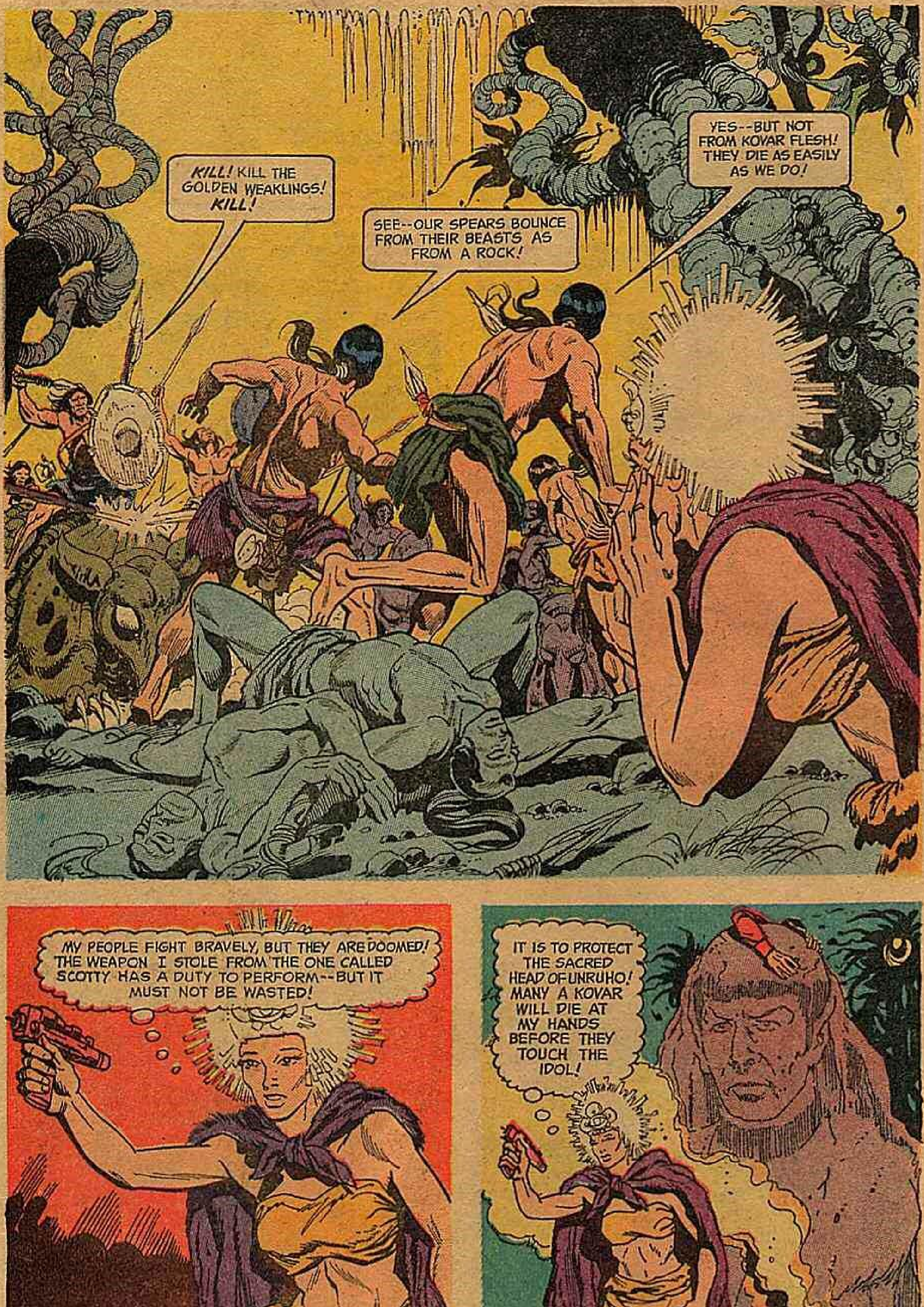
PART II

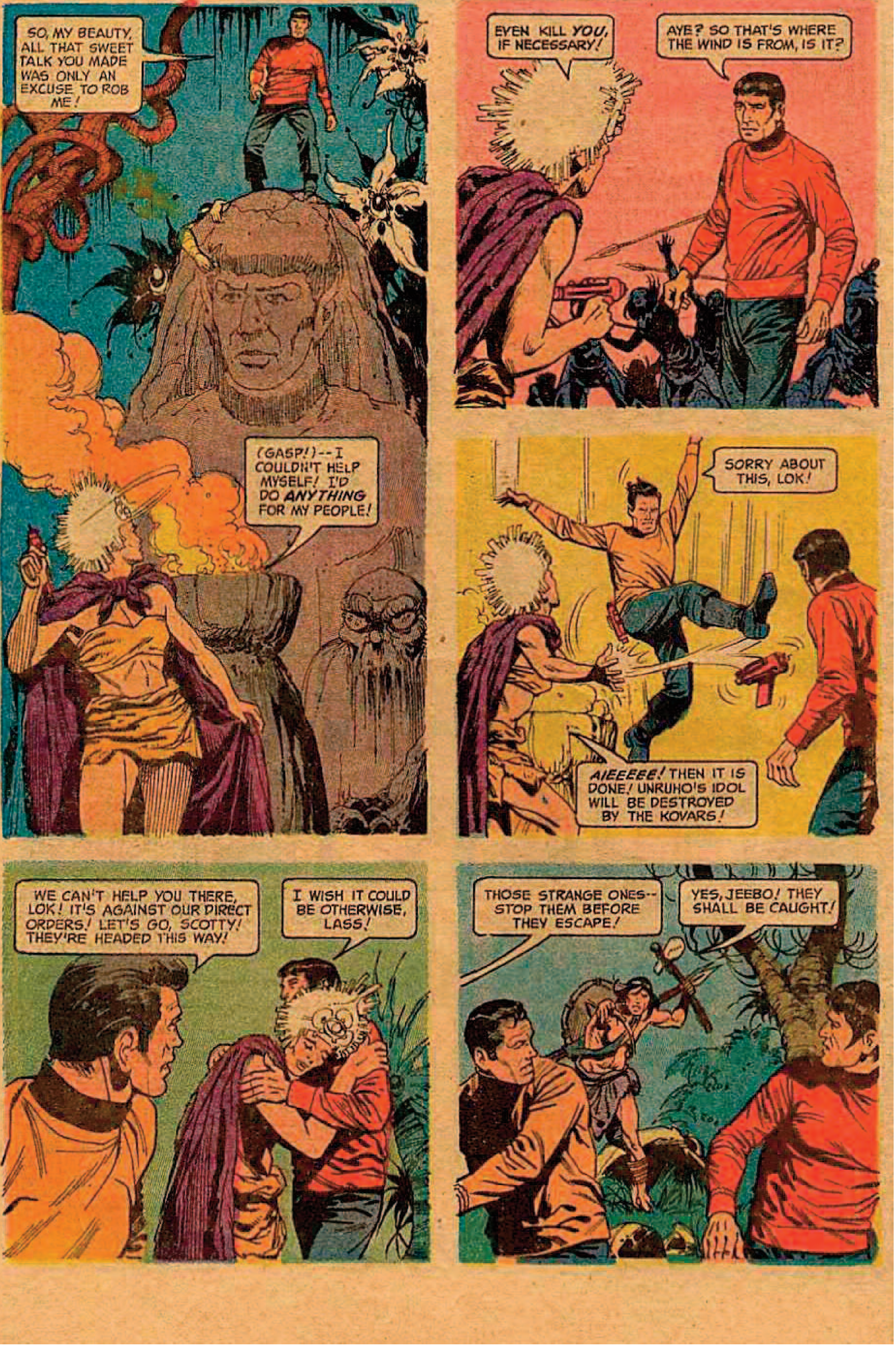

CAPTAIN'S LOG: STAR DATE 19:24.5
FOR SOME UNEXPLAINED REASON, THE TOL PEOPLE OF THE PLANET NEESAN BELIEVE MR. SPOCK TO BE A GOD, WHICH SAVED THE REST OF US FROM EXECUTION. BUT THEN WE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR...
UNGAAAA!
FASTER, LASSIE! THAT FELLOW THROWS A MEAN SPEAR!
WHOOOOSH!

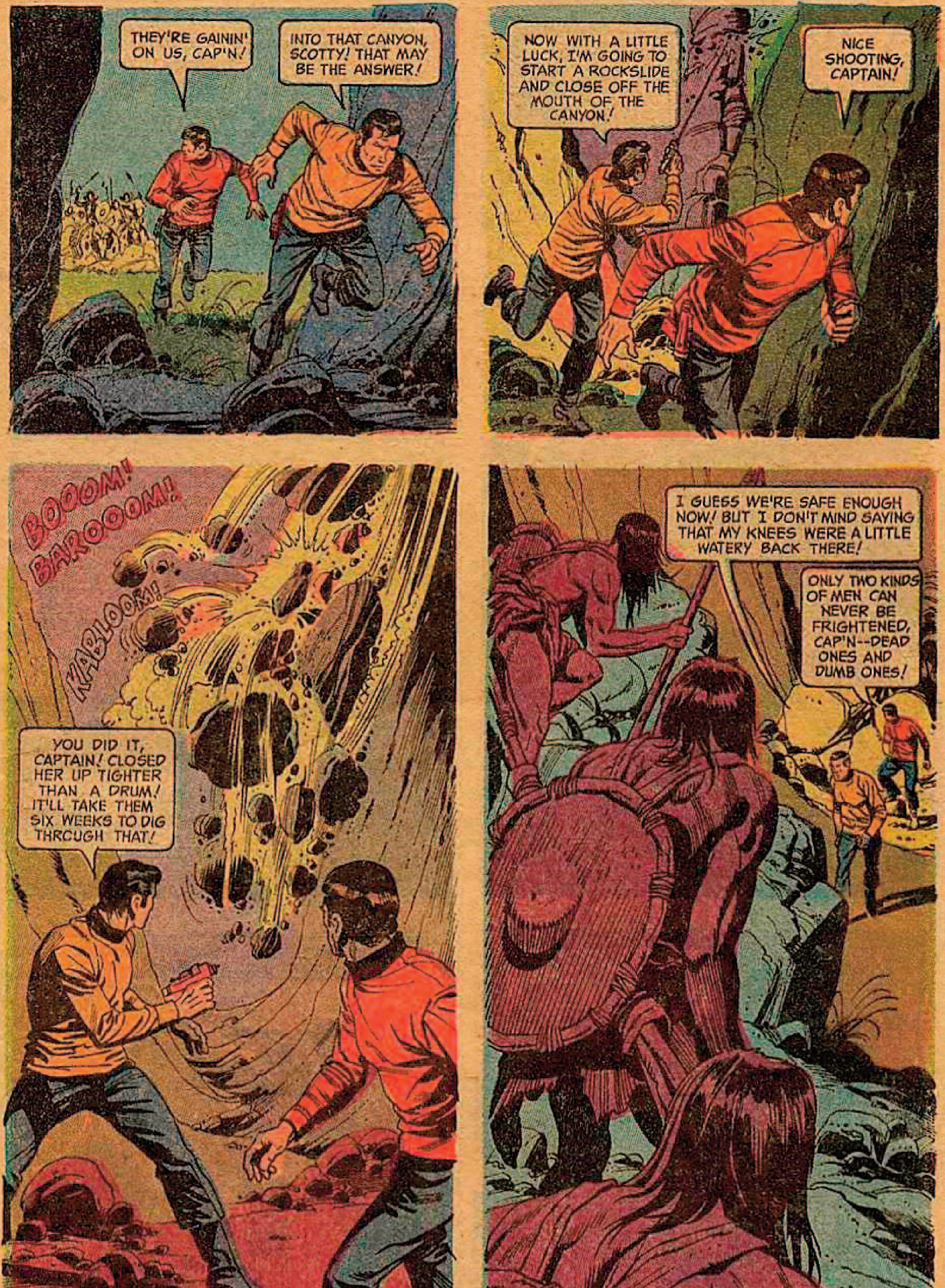

AIEEE! GO WITHOUT ME!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE-- OR MINE!

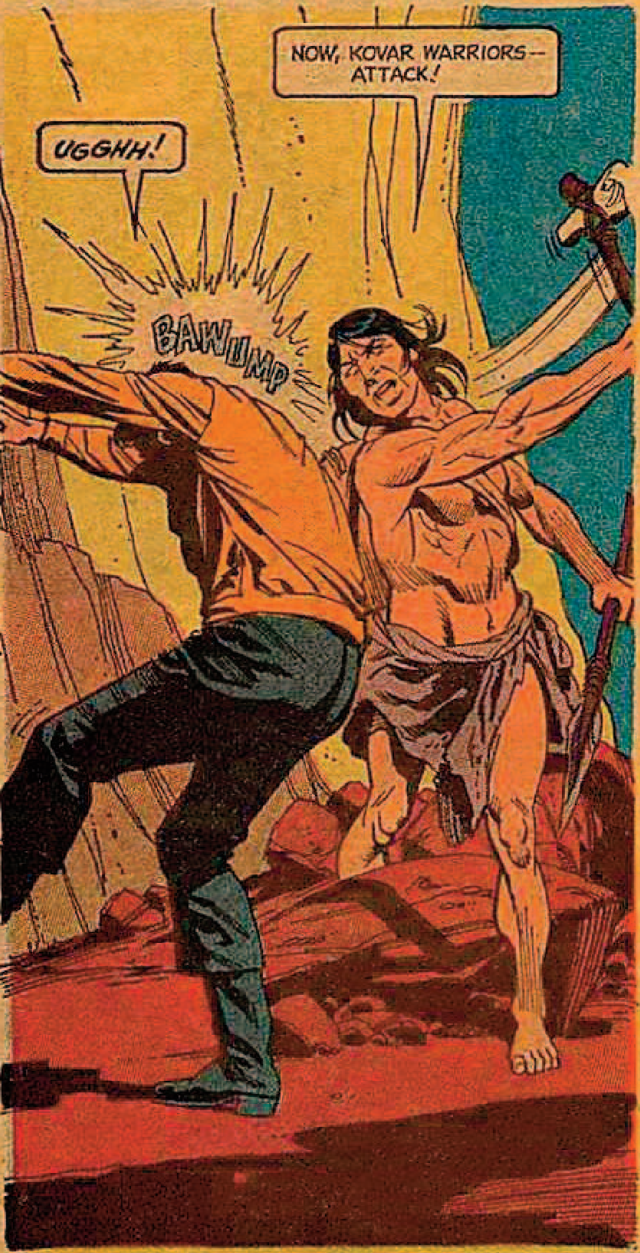

THAT ARMORED TRUCK HE'S RIDING IS TOO BIG TO GET THROUGH THOSE WOODS--SO THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED! HANG ON!

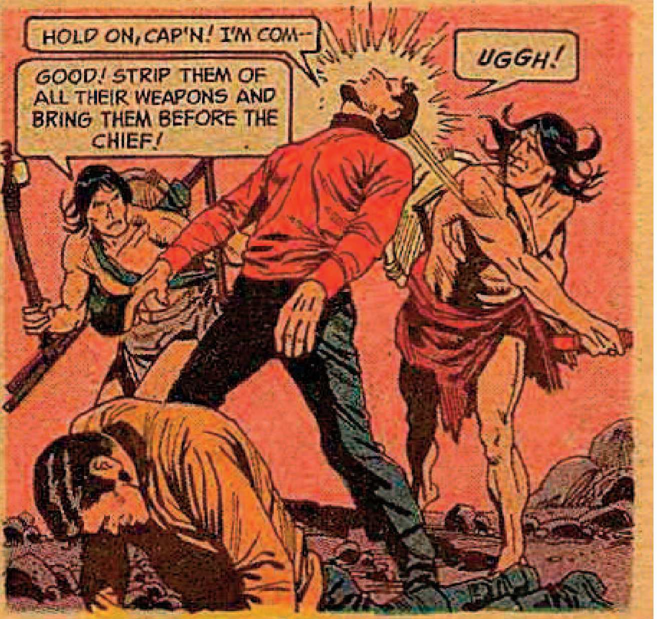

LATER...
THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, MEN-- WE HAVE TO *LEAVE* BEFORE THE MAIN BATTLE BREAKS!
AGREED! OTHERWISE WE WOULD BE INVOLVED-- AGAINST ORDERS!
BUT I CAN'T DENY MY DIVINITY NOW OR THE TOLS WOULD KILL US!
KNOW THIS, TOL PEOPLE! I MUST DEPART WITH THE OTHERS! BUT REMEMBER THAT I SHALL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU IN YOUR STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE!
I'M NOT ONE TO RUN OUT ON A LASSIE IN HER TIME OF NEED! BUT I CANNA' DO OTHERWISE NOW!
GO IN PEACE-- AND LOVE!
GET A MOVE ON-- SCOTTY!
MOMENTS LATER, ABOARD THE STARSHIP...
I DON'T MIND ADMITTIN' THAT I LEFT THAT GIRL WITH A HEAVY HEART!
YES--AND A LIGHT *WEAPON BELT!* SHE TOOK YOUR *PHASER,* YOU FOOL!
AYE! SO THAT'S WHY SHE WAS SO TENDER WITH ME! AND ME THINKIN' IT WAS MY FATAL CHARM!
SHE'S A WOMAN WHO WOULD DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HER PEOPLE, SCOTTY!

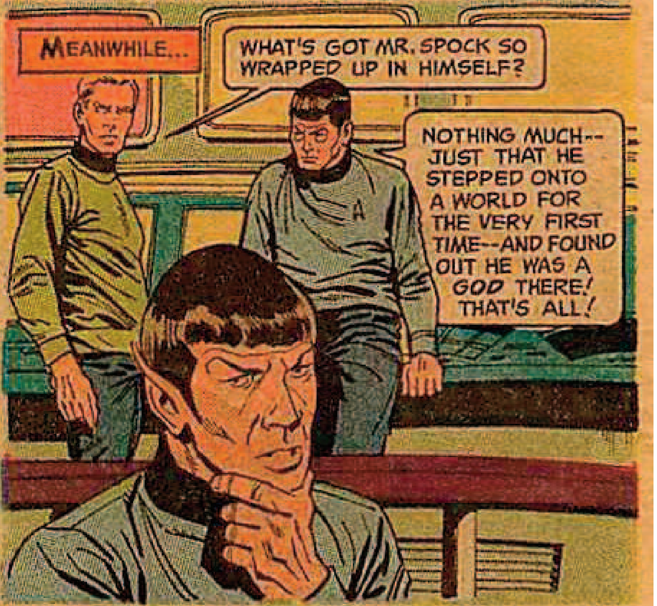

KILL! KILL THE GOLDEN WEAKLINGS! KILL!
SEE--OUR SPEARS BOUNCE FROM THEIR BEASTS AS FROM A ROCK!
YES--BUT NOT FROM KOVAR FLESH! THEY DIE AS EASILY AS WE DO!
MY PEOPLE FIGHT BRAVELY, BUT THEY ARE DOOMED! THE WEAPON I STOLE FROM THE ONE CALLED SCOTTY HAS A DUTY TO PERFORM--BUT IT MUST NOT BE WASTED!
IT IS TO PROTECT THE SACRED HEAD OF UNRUHO! MANY A KOVAR WILL DIE AT MY HANDS BEFORE THEY TOUCH THE IDOL!

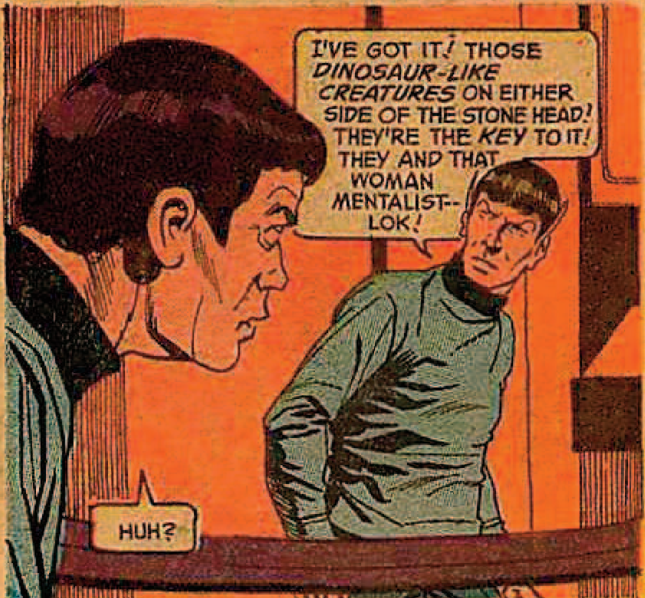

SO, MY BEAUTY, ALL THAT SWEET TALK YOU MADE WAS ONLY AN EXCUSE TO ROB ME!
(GASP!)--I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF! I'D DO *ANYTHING* FOR MY PEOPLE!
EVEN KILL *YOU*, IF NECESSARY!
AYE? SO THAT'S WHERE THE WIND IS FROM, IS IT?
SORRY ABOUT THIS, LOK!
AIEEEEE! THEN IT IS DONE! UNRUHO'S IDOL WILL BE DESTROYED BY THE KOVARS!
WE CAN'T HELP YOU THERE, LOK! IT'S AGAINST OUR DIRECT ORDERS! LET'S GO, SCOTTY! THEY'RE HEADED THIS WAY!
I WISH IT COULD BE OTHERWISE, LASS!
THOSE STRANGE ONES-- STOP THEM BEFORE THEY ESCAPE!
YES, JEEBO! THEY SHALL BE CAUGHT!

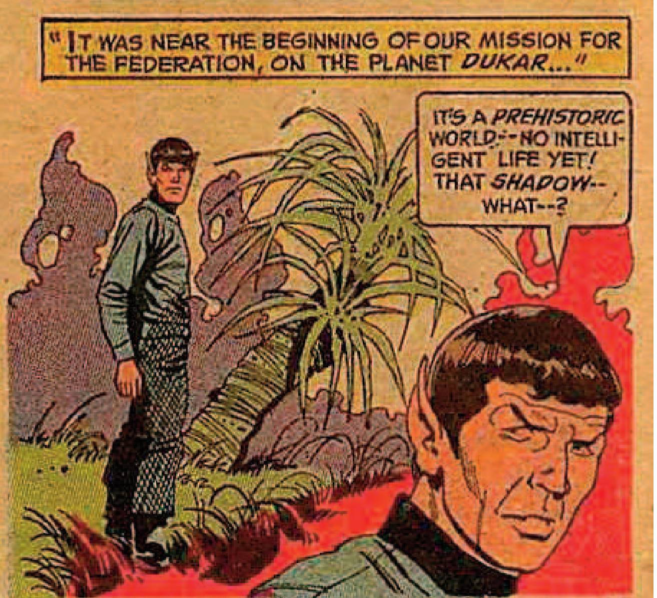

THEY'RE GAININ' ON US, CAP'N!
INTO THAT CANYON, SCOTTY! THAT MAY BE THE ANSWER!
NOW WITH A LITTLE LUCK, I'M GOING TO START A ROCKSLIDE AND CLOSE OFF THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON!
NICE SHOOTING, CAPTAIN!
BOOOM! BAROOOM!
KABLOOM!
YOU DID IT, CAPTAIN! CLOSED HER UP TIGHTER THAN A DRUM! IT'LL TAKE THEM SIX WEEKS TO DIG THROUGH THAT!
I GUESS WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH NOW! BUT I DON'T MIND SAYING THAT MY KNEES WERE A LITTLE WATERY BACK THERE!
ONLY TWO KINDS OF MEN CAN NEVER BE FRIGHTENED, CAP'N--DEAD ONES AND DUMB ONES!

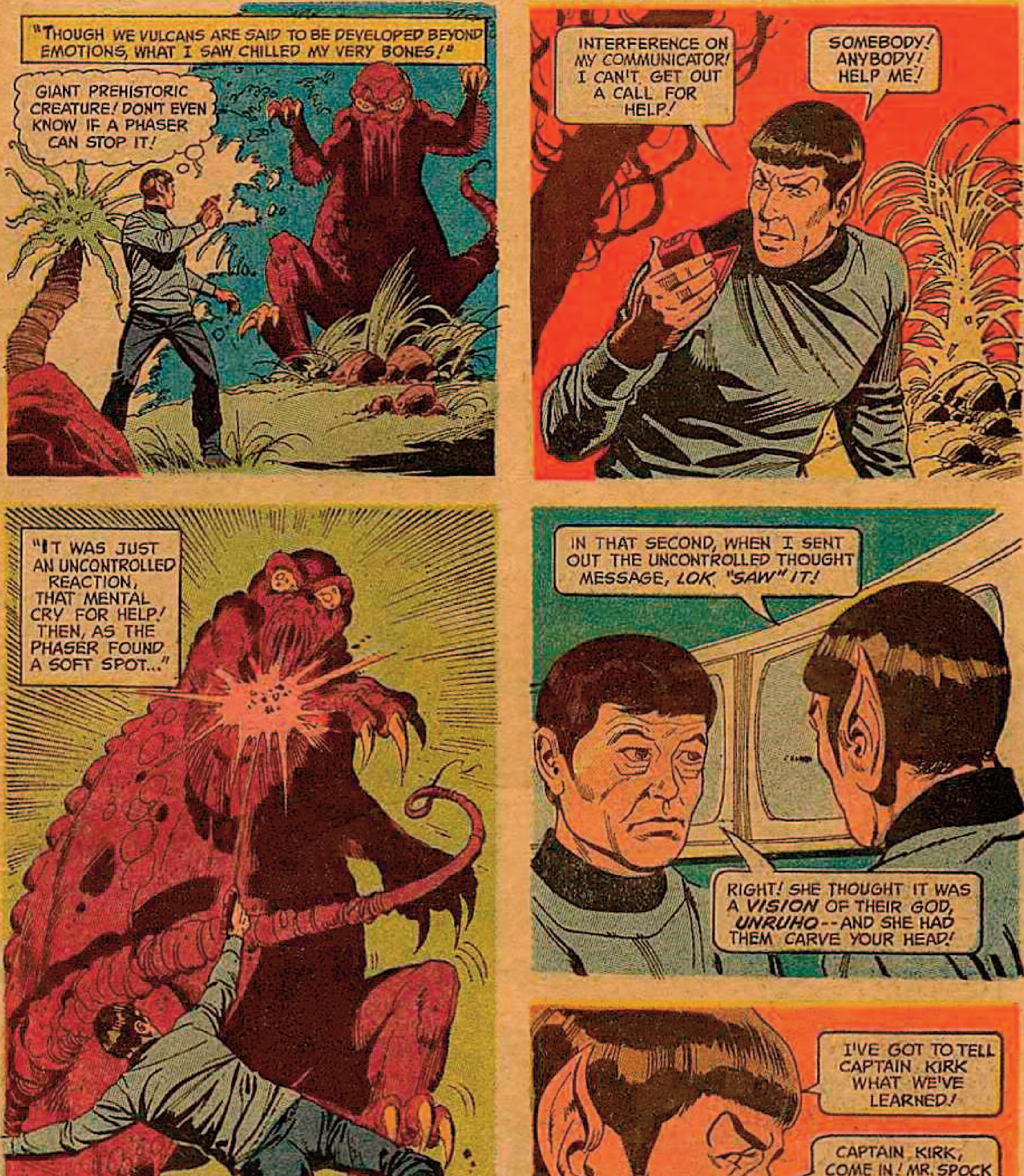

NOW, KOVAR WARRIORS-- ATTACK!
UGGHH!
BAWUMP

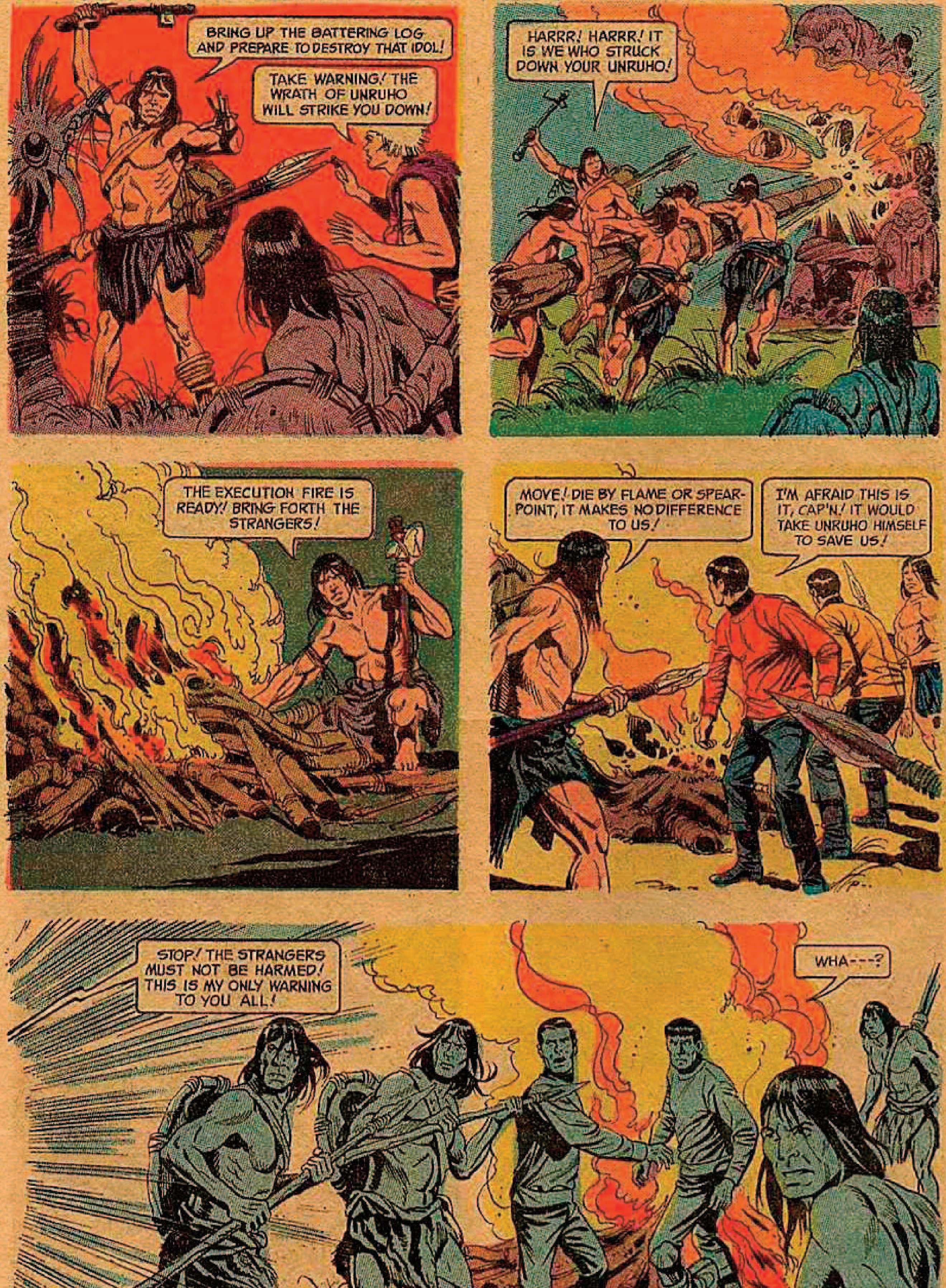

HOLD ON, CAP'N! I'M COM--
UGGH!
GOOD! STRIP THEM OF ALL THEIR WEAPONS AND BRING THEM BEFORE THE CHIEF!

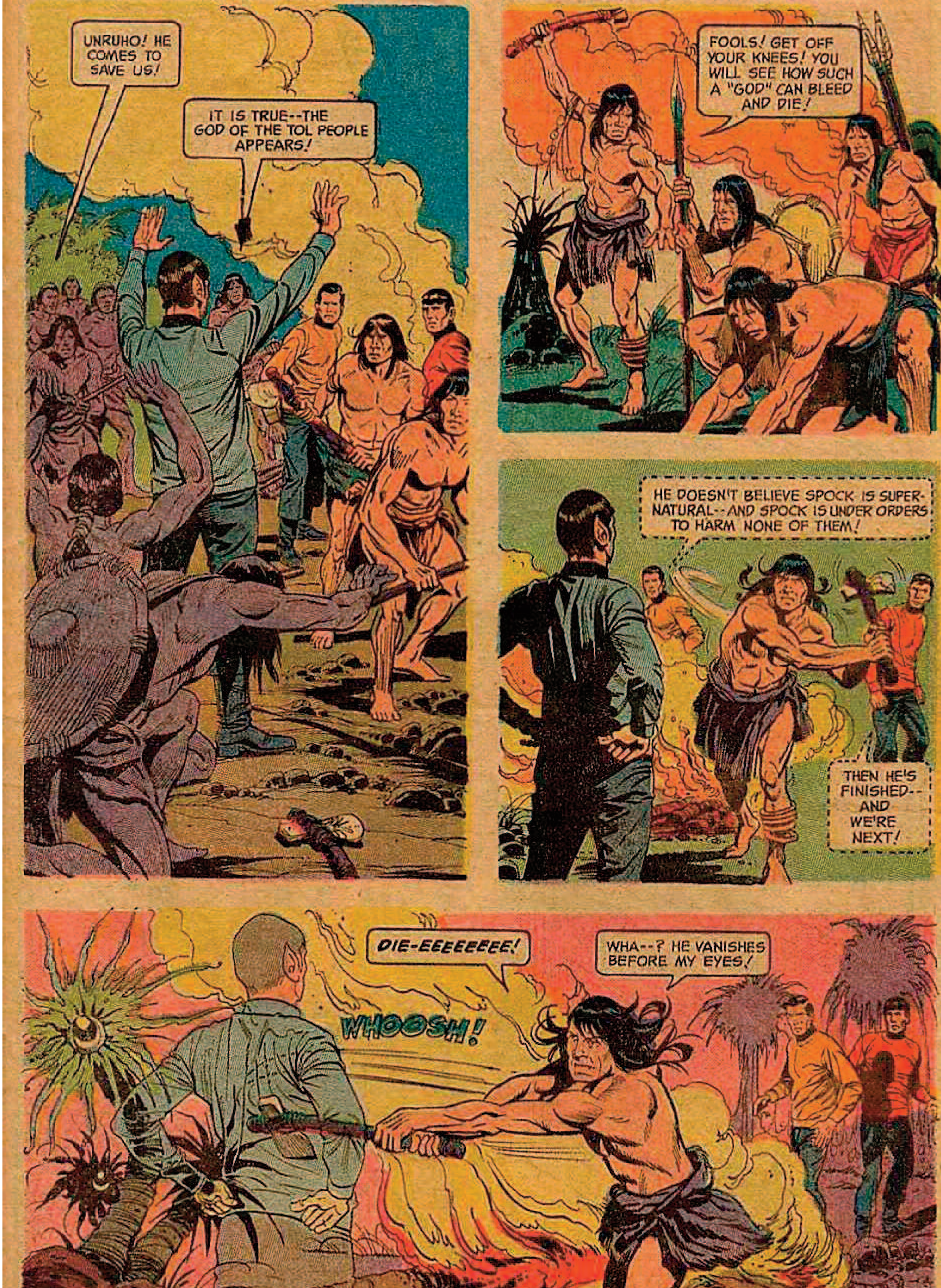

MEANWHILE...
WHAT'S GOT MR. SPOCK SO WRAPPED UP IN HIMSELF?
NOTHING MUCH-- JUST THAT HE STEPPED ONTO A WORLD FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME--AND FOUND OUT HE WAS A GOD THERE! THAT'S ALL!

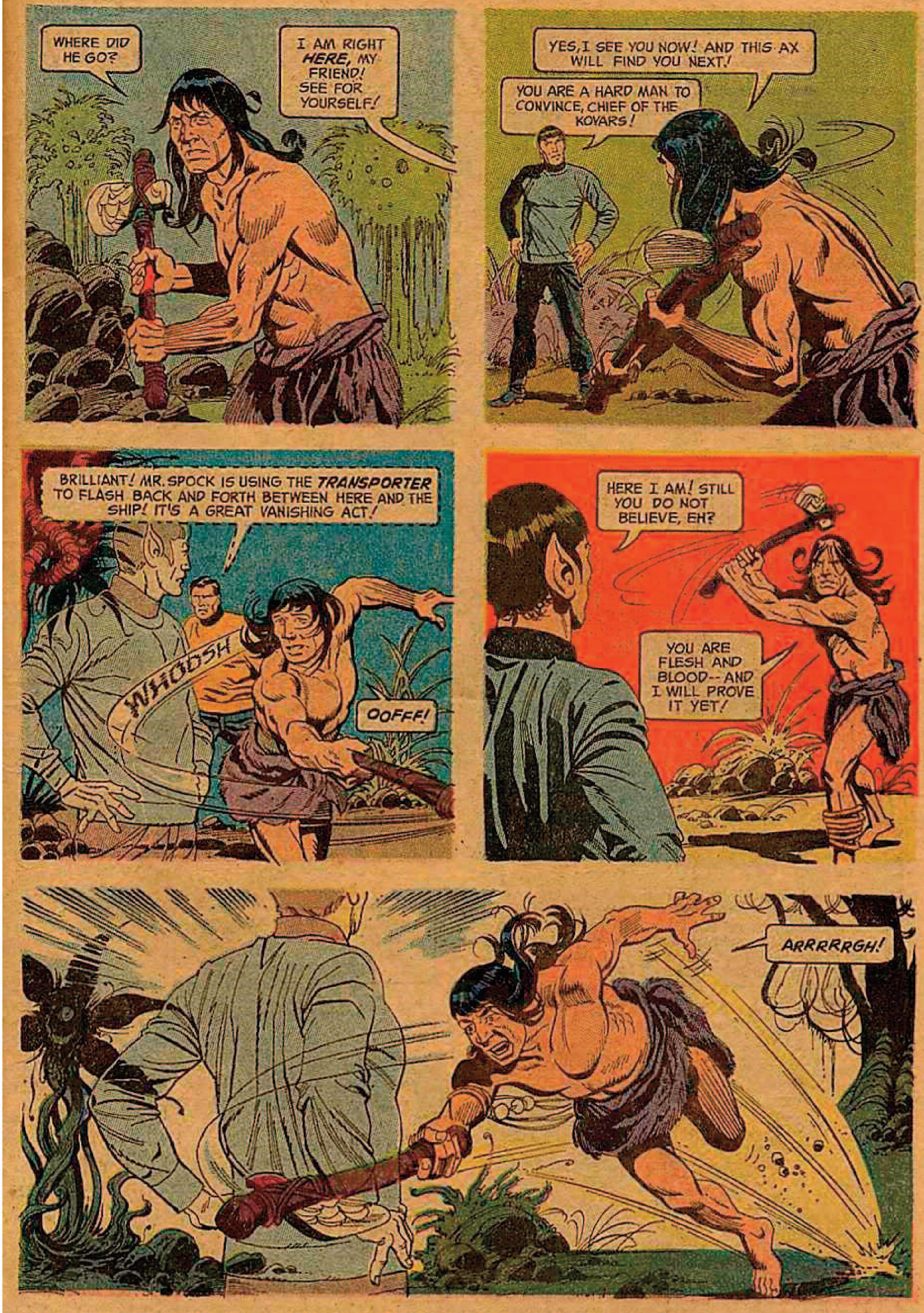

I'VE GOT IT! THOSE DINOSAUR-LIKE CREATURES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE STONE HEAD! THEY'RE THE KEY TO IT! THEY AND THAT WOMAN MENTALIST-- LOK!
HUH?

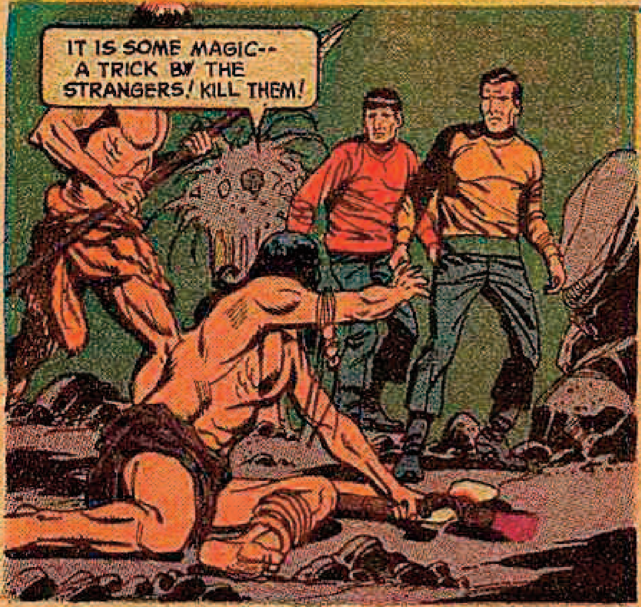

"IT WAS NEAR THE BEGINNING OF OUR MISSION FOR THE FEDERATION, ON THE PLANET DUKAR..."
IT'S A PREHISTORIC WORLD--NO INTELLIGENT LIFE YET! THAT SHADOW-- WHAT--?

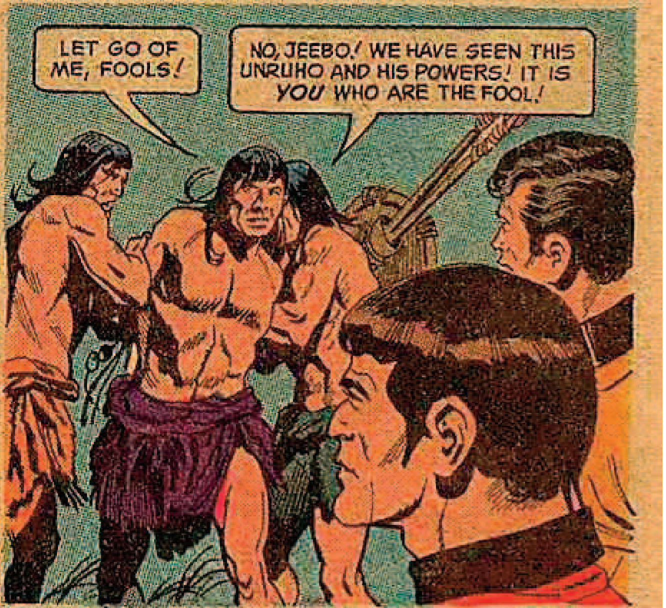

"THOUGH WE VULCANS ARE SAID TO BE DEVELOPED BEYOND EMOTIONS, WHAT I SAW CHILLED MY VERY BONES!"
GIANT PREHISTORIC CREATURE! DON'T EVEN KNOW IF A PHASER CAN STOP IT!
INTERFERENCE ON MY COMMUNICATOR! I CAN'T GET OUT A CALL FOR HELP!
SOMEBODY! ANYBODY! HELP ME!
"IT WAS JUST AN UNCONTROLLED REACTION, THAT MENTAL CRY FOR HELP! THEN, AS THE PHASER FOUND A SOFT SPOT..."
IN THAT SECOND, WHEN I SENT OUT THE UNCONTROLLED THOUGHT MESSAGE, LOK "SAW" IT!
RIGHT! SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A VISION OF THEIR GOD, UNRUHO--AND SHE HAD THEM CARVE YOUR HEAD!
I'VE GOT TO TELL CAPTAIN KIRK WHAT WE'VE LEARNED!
CAPTAIN KIRK, COME IN! MR. SPOCK CALLING CAPTAIN KIRK!

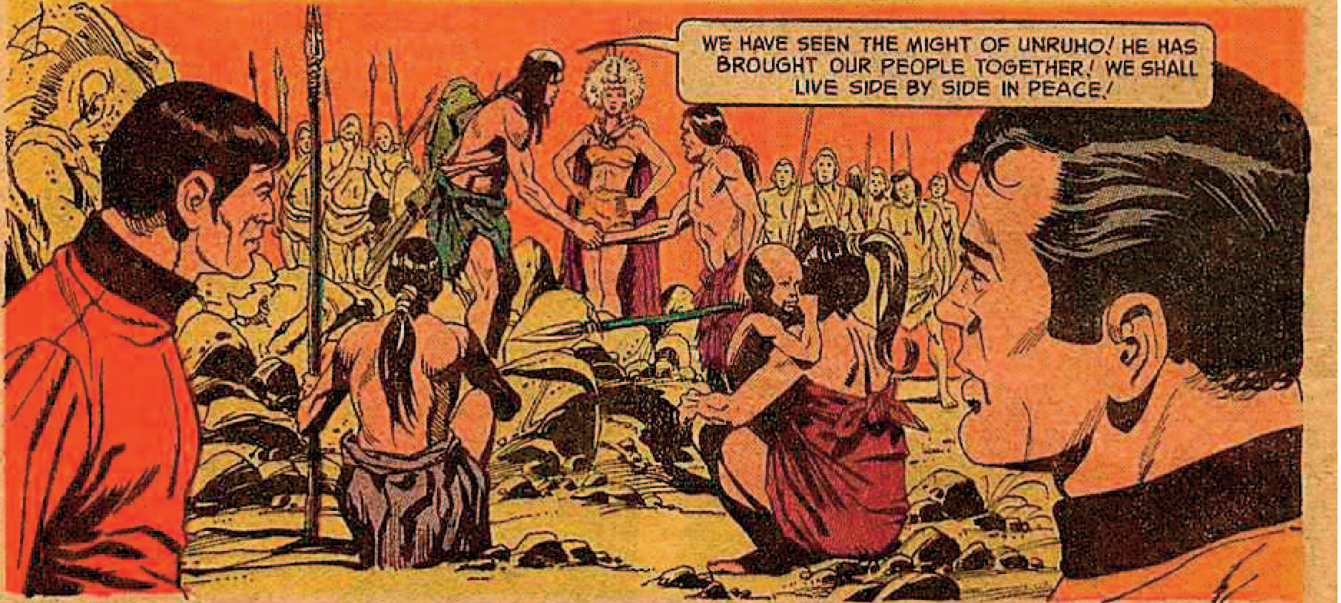

BRING UP THE BATTERING LOG AND PREPARE TO DESTROY THAT IDOL!
TAKE WARNING! THE WRATH OF UNRUHO WILL STRIKE YOU DOWN!
HARRR! HARRR! IT IS WE WHO STRUCK DOWN YOUR UNRUHO!
THE EXECUTION FIRE IS READY! BRING FORTH THE STRANGERS!
MOVE! DIE BY FLAME OR SPEAR-POINT, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO US!
I'M AFRAID THIS IS IT, CAP'N! IT WOULD TAKE UNRUHO HIMSELF TO SAVE US!
STOP! THE STRANGERS MUST NOT BE HARMED! THIS IS MY ONLY WARNING TO YOU ALL!
WHA---?

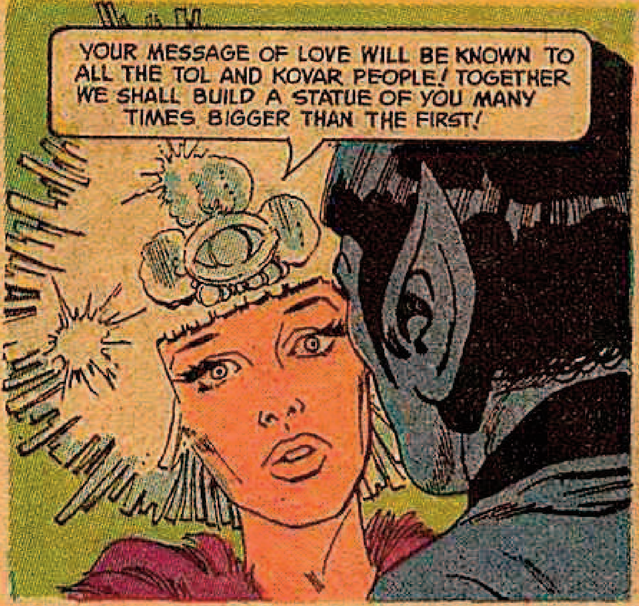

UNRUHO! HE COMES TO SAVE US!
IT IS TRUE--THE GOD OF THE TOL PEOPLE APPEARS!
FOOLS! GET OFF YOUR KNEES! YOU WILL SEE HOW SUCH A "GOD" CAN BLEED AND DIE!
HE DOESN'T BELIEVE SPOCK IS SUPERNATURAL--AND SPOCK IS UNDER ORDERS TO HARM NONE OF THEM!
THEN HE'S FINISHED--AND WE'RE NEXT!
DIE-EEEEEEEE!
WHA--? HE VANISHES BEFORE MY EYES!
WHOOSH!

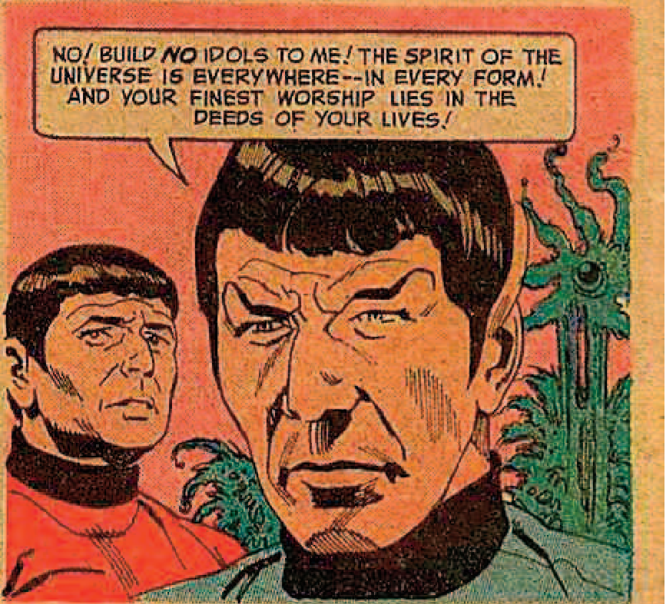

WHERE DID HE GO?
I AM RIGHT ***HERE,*** MY FRIEND! SEE FOR YOURSELF!
YES, I SEE YOU NOW! AND THIS AX WILL FIND YOU NEXT!
YOU ARE A HARD MAN TO CONVINCE, CHIEF OF THE KOVARS!
BRILLIANT! MR. SPOCK IS USING THE ***TRANSPORTER*** TO FLASH BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN HERE AND THE SHIP! IT'S A GREAT VANISHING ACT!
WHOOSH
OOFFF!
HERE I AM! STILL YOU DO NOT BELIEVE, EH?
YOU ARE FLESH AND BLOOD-- AND I WILL PROVE IT YET!
ARRRRRGH!

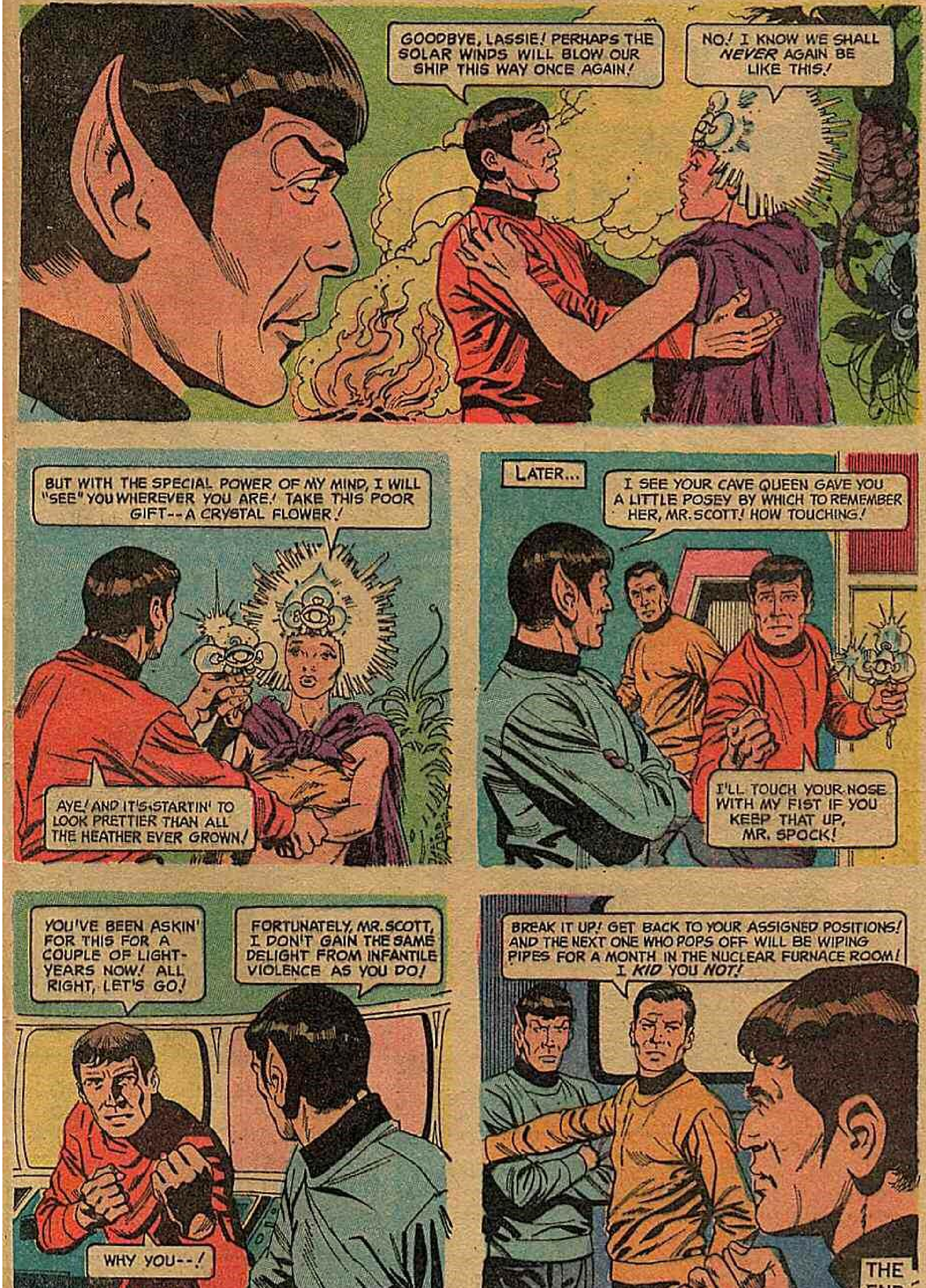

IT IS SOME MAGIC-- A TRICK BY THE STRANGERS! KILL THEM!


LET GO OF ME, FOOLS!
NO, JEEBO! WE HAVE SEEN THIS UNRUHO AND HIS POWERS! IT IS *YOU* WHO ARE THE FOOL!

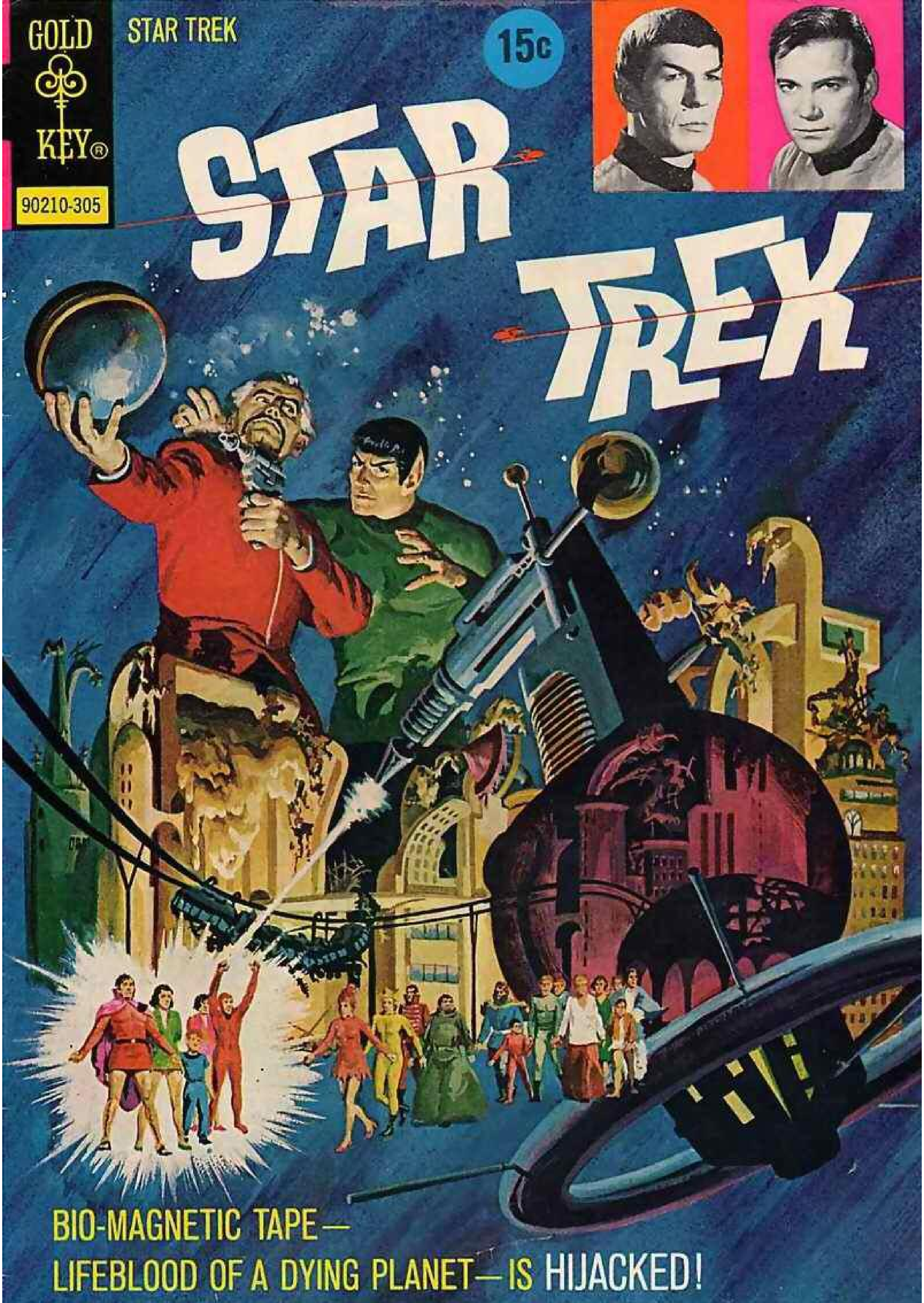

WE HAVE SEEN THE MIGHT OF UNRUHO! HE HAS BROUGHT OUR PEOPLE TOGETHER! WE SHALL LIVE SIDE BY SIDE IN PEACE!


YOUR MESSAGE OF LOVE WILL BE KNOWN TO ALL THE TOL AND KOVAR PEOPLE! TOGETHER WE SHALL BUILD A STATUE OF YOU MANY TIMES BIGGER THAN THE FIRST!


NO! BUILD *NO* IDOLS TO ME! THE SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSE IS EVERYWHERE--IN EVERY FORM! AND YOUR FINEST WORSHIP LIES IN THE DEEDS OF YOUR LIVES!


GOODBYE, LASSIE! PERHAPS THE SOLAR WINDS WILL BLOW OUR SHIP THIS WAY ONCE AGAIN!
NO! I KNOW WE SHALL *NEVER* AGAIN BE LIKE THIS!
BUT WITH THE SPECIAL POWER OF MY MIND, I WILL "SEE" YOU WHEREVER YOU ARE! TAKE THIS POOR GIFT--A CRYSTAL FLOWER!
AYE! AND IT'S STARTIN' TO LOOK PRETTIER THAN ALL THE HEATHER EVER GROWN!
LATER...
I SEE YOUR CAVE QUEEN GAVE YOU A LITTLE POSEY BY WHICH TO REMEMBER HER, MR. SCOTT! HOW TOUCHING!
I'LL TOUCH YOUR NOSE WITH MY FIST IF YOU KEEP THAT UP, MR. SPOCK!
YOU'VE BEEN ASKIN' FOR THIS FOR A COUPLE OF LIGHT-YEARS NOW! ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO!
FORTUNATELY, MR. SCOTT, I DON'T GAIN THE SAME DELIGHT FROM INFANTILE VIOLENCE AS YOU DO!
WHY YOU--!
BREAK IT UP! GET BACK TO YOUR ASSIGNED POSITIONS! AND THE NEXT ONE WHO POPS OFF WILL BE WIPING PIPES FOR A MONTH IN THE NUCLEAR FURNACE ROOM! I *KID* YOU *NOT*!
THE END

STAR TREK


GOLD KEY
STAR TREK
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BIO-MAGNETIC TAPE—
LIFEBLOOD OF A DYING PLANET—IS HIJACKED!

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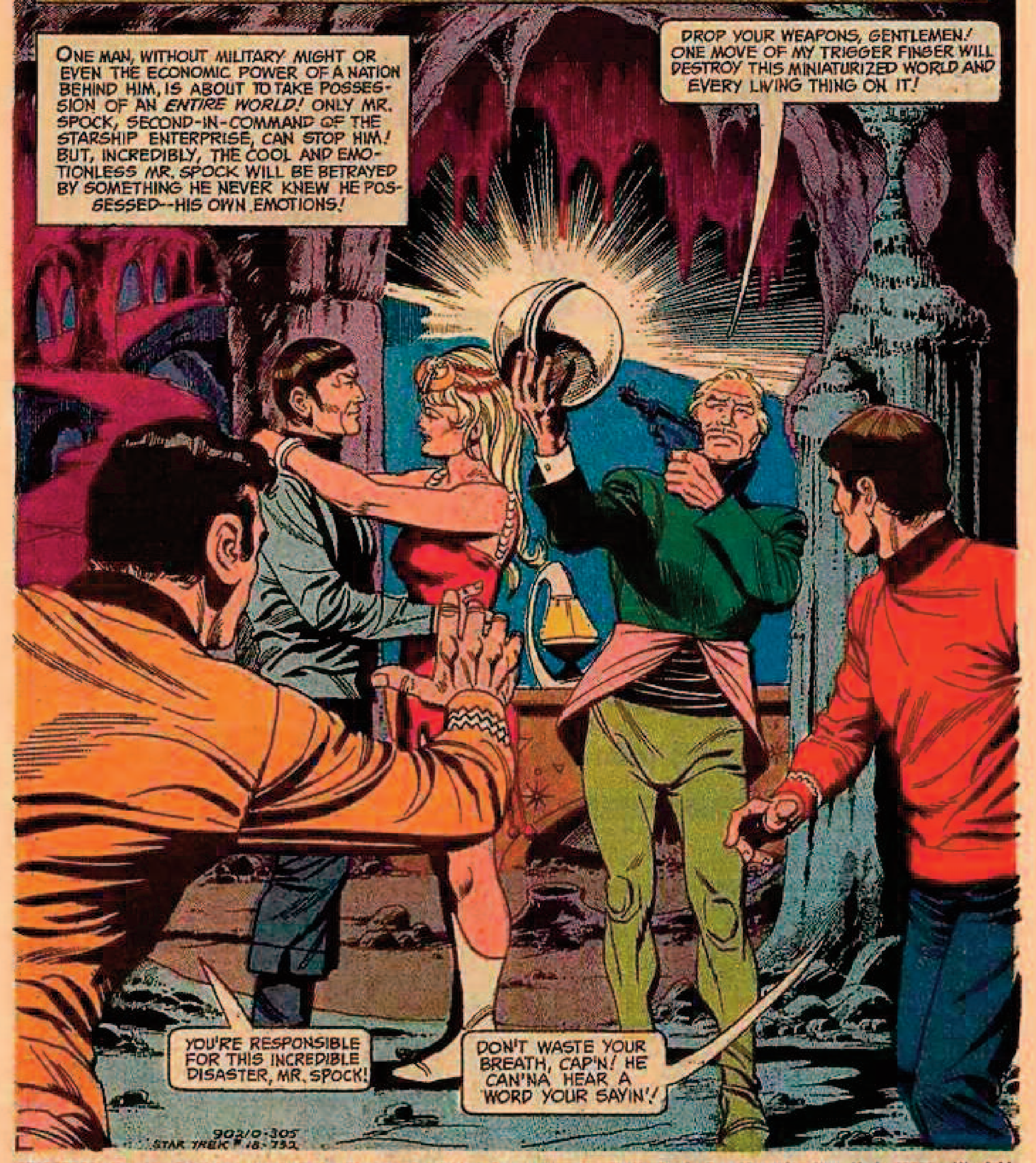
STAR TREK

PART I

The HIJACKED PLANET


ONE MAN, WITHOUT MILITARY MIGHT OR EVEN THE ECONOMIC POWER OF A NATION BEHIND HIM, IS ABOUT TO TAKE POSSESSION OF AN *ENTIRE WORLD!* ONLY MR. SPOCK, SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE, CAN STOP HIM! BUT, INCREDIBLY, THE COOL AND EMOTIONLESS MR. SPOCK WILL BE BETRAYED BY SOMETHING HE NEVER KNEW HE POSSESSED--HIS OWN EMOTIONS!
DROP YOUR WEAPONS, GENTLEMEN! ONE MOVE OF MY TRIGGER FINGER WILL DESTROY THIS MINIATURIZED WORLD AND EVERY LIVING THING ON IT!
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS INCREDIBLE DISASTER, MR. SPOCK!
DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH, CAP'N! HE CAN'NA HEAR A WORD YOUR SAYIN'!
902/0-305
STAR TREK #18-732

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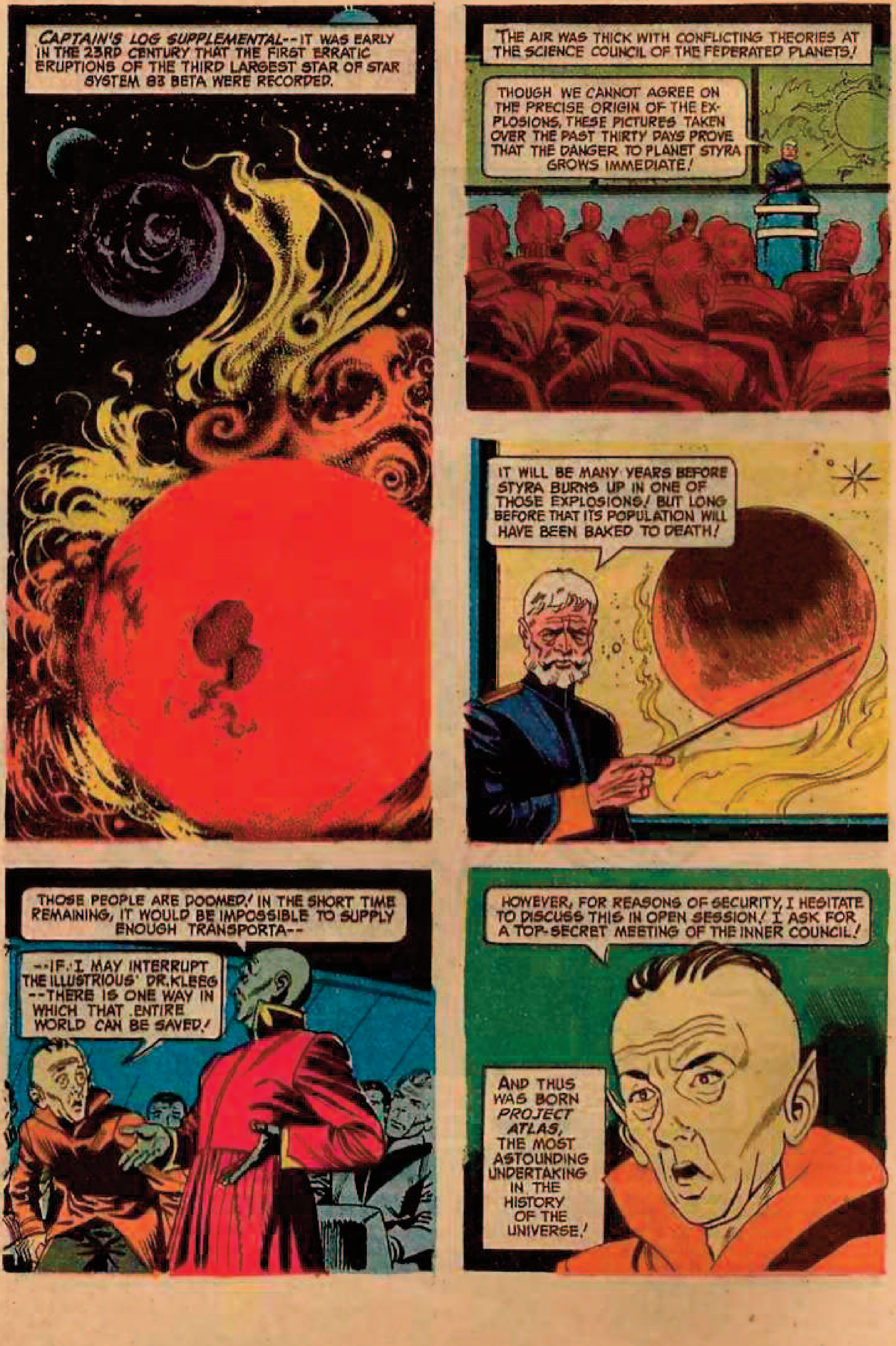
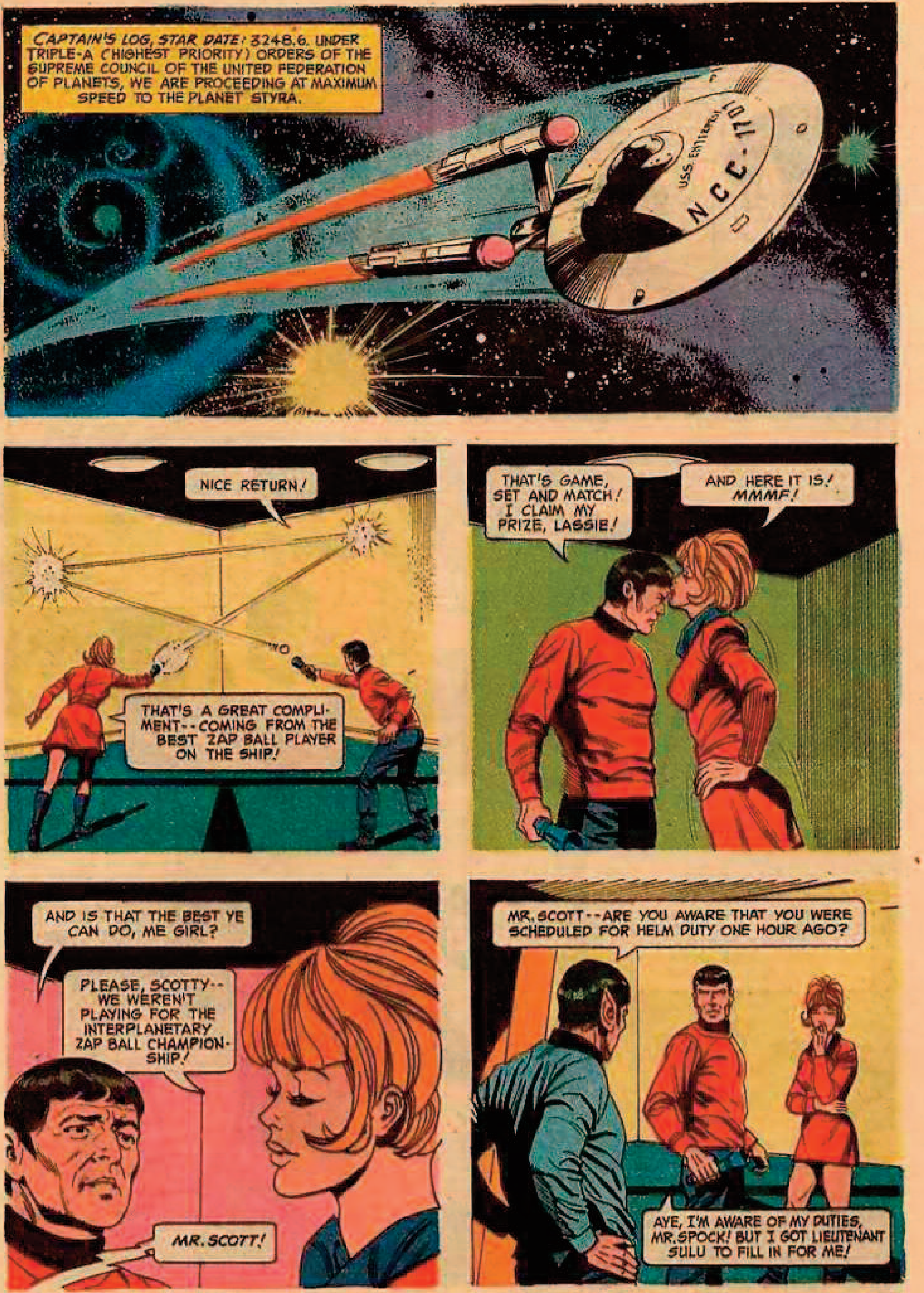
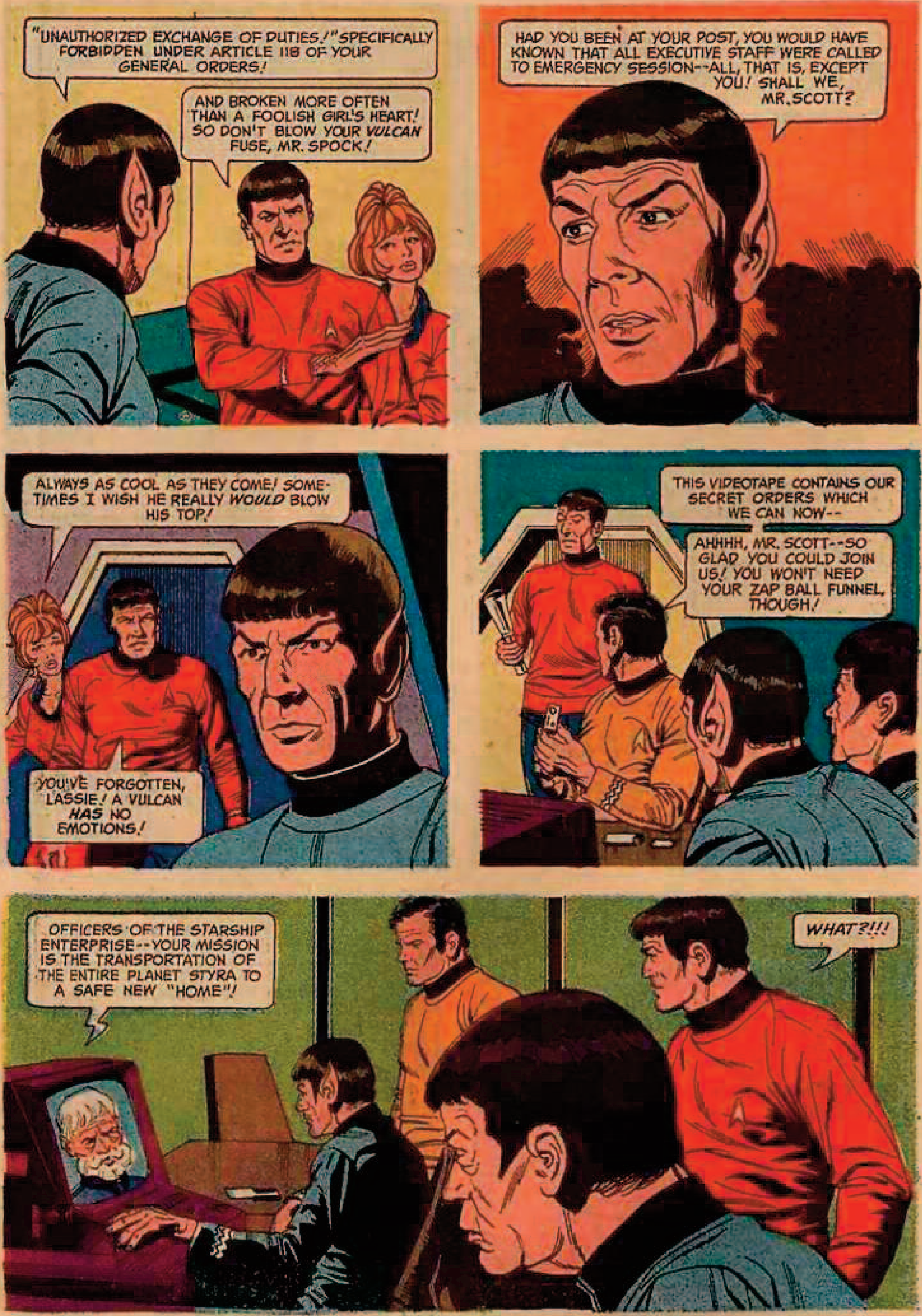
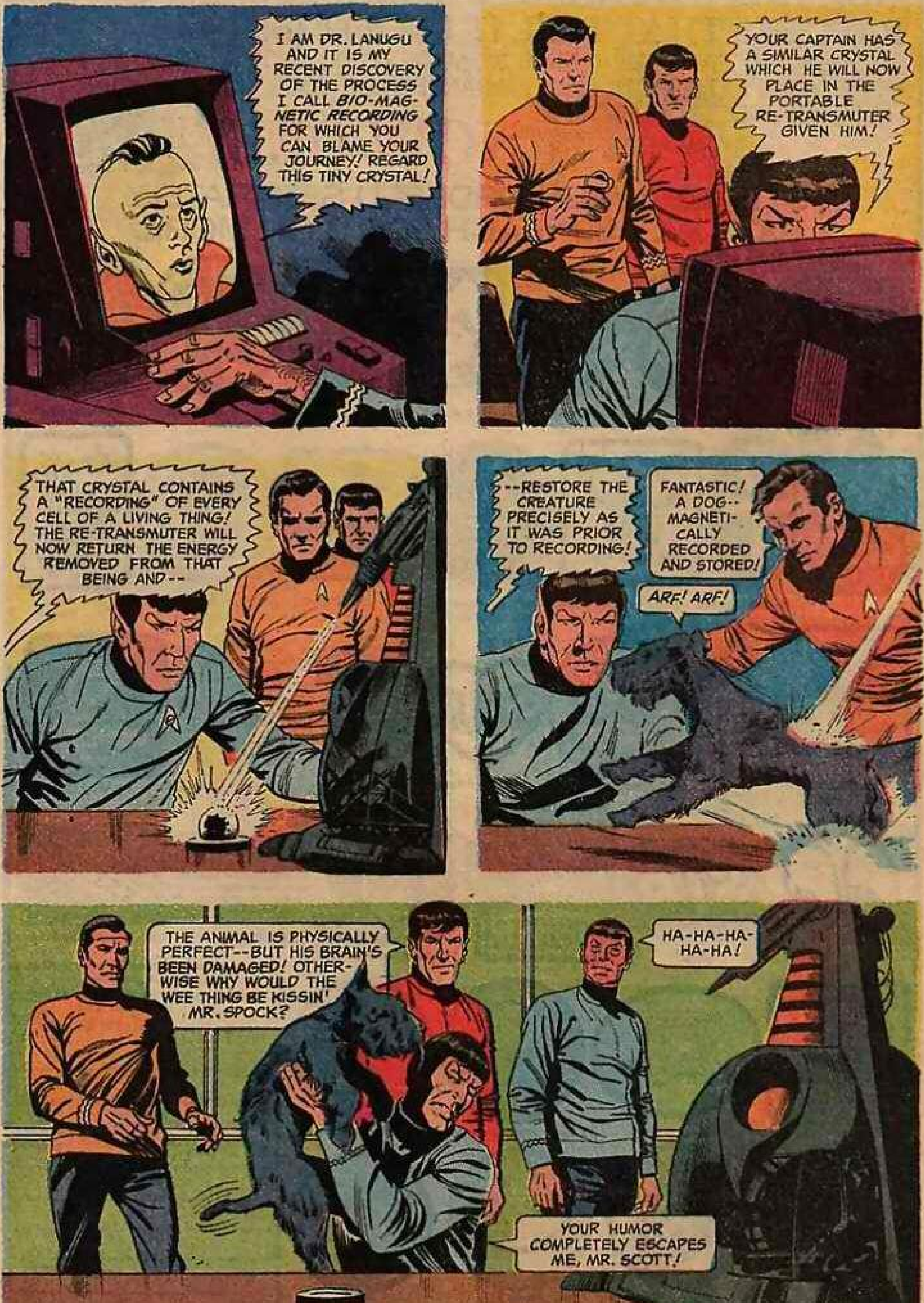
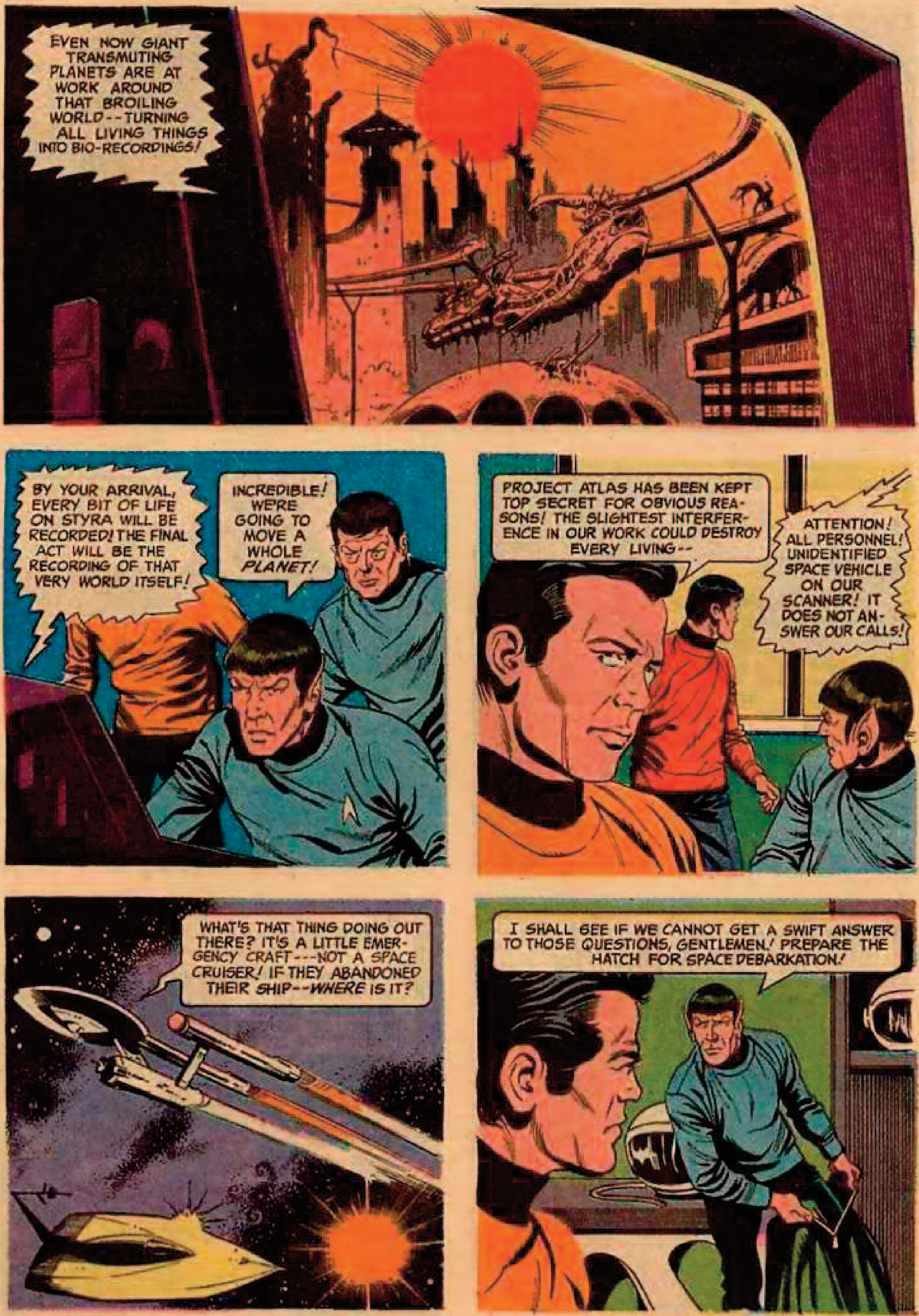
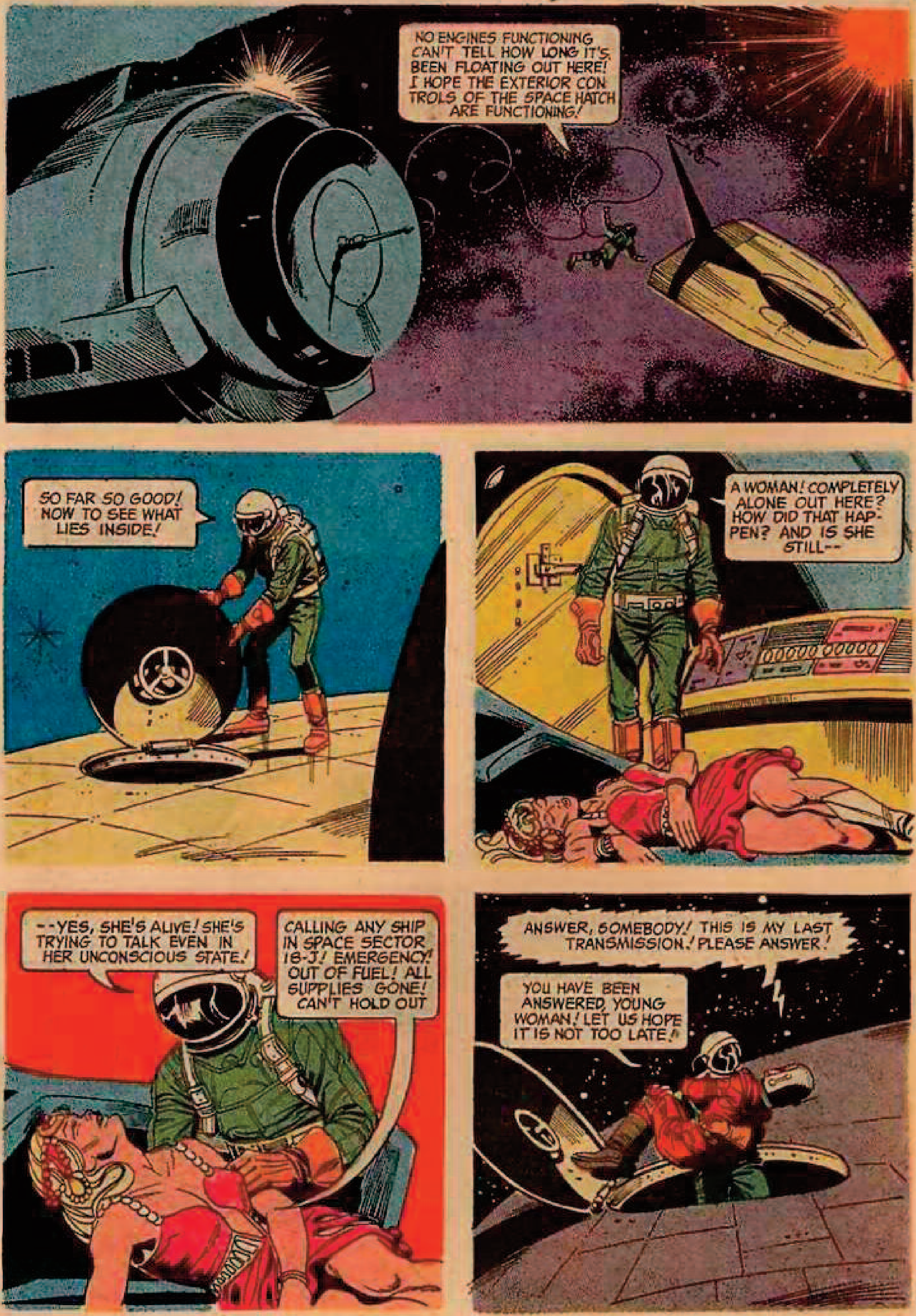

CAPTAIN'S LOG SUPPLEMENTAL--IT WAS EARLY IN THE 23RD CENTURY THAT THE FIRST ERRATIC ERUPTIONS OF THE THIRD LARGEST STAR OF STAR SYSTEM 83 BETA WERE RECORDED.
THE AIR WAS THICK WITH CONFLICTING THEORIES AT THE SCIENCE COUNCIL OF THE FEDERATED PLANETS!
THOUGH WE CANNOT AGREE ON THE PRECISE ORIGIN OF THE EXPLOSIONS, THESE PICTURES TAKEN OVER THE PAST THIRTY DAYS PROVE THAT THE DANGER TO PLANET STYRA GROWS IMMEDIATE!
IT WILL BE MANY YEARS BEFORE STYRA BURNS UP IN ONE OF THOSE EXPLOSIONS! BUT LONG BEFORE THAT ITS POPULATION WILL HAVE BEEN BAKED TO DEATH!
THOSE PEOPLE ARE DOOMED! IN THE SHORT TIME REMAINING, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO SUPPLY ENOUGH TRANSPORTA--
--IF I MAY INTERRUPT THE ILLUSTRIOUS DR. KLEEG --THERE IS ONE WAY IN WHICH THAT ENTIRE WORLD CAN BE SAVED!
HOWEVER, FOR REASONS OF SECURITY, I HESITATE TO DISCUSS THIS IN OPEN SESSION! I ASK FOR A TOP-SECRET MEETING OF THE INNER COUNCIL!
AND THUS WAS BORN *PROJECT ATLAS*, THE MOST ASTOUNDING UNDERTAKING IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE!

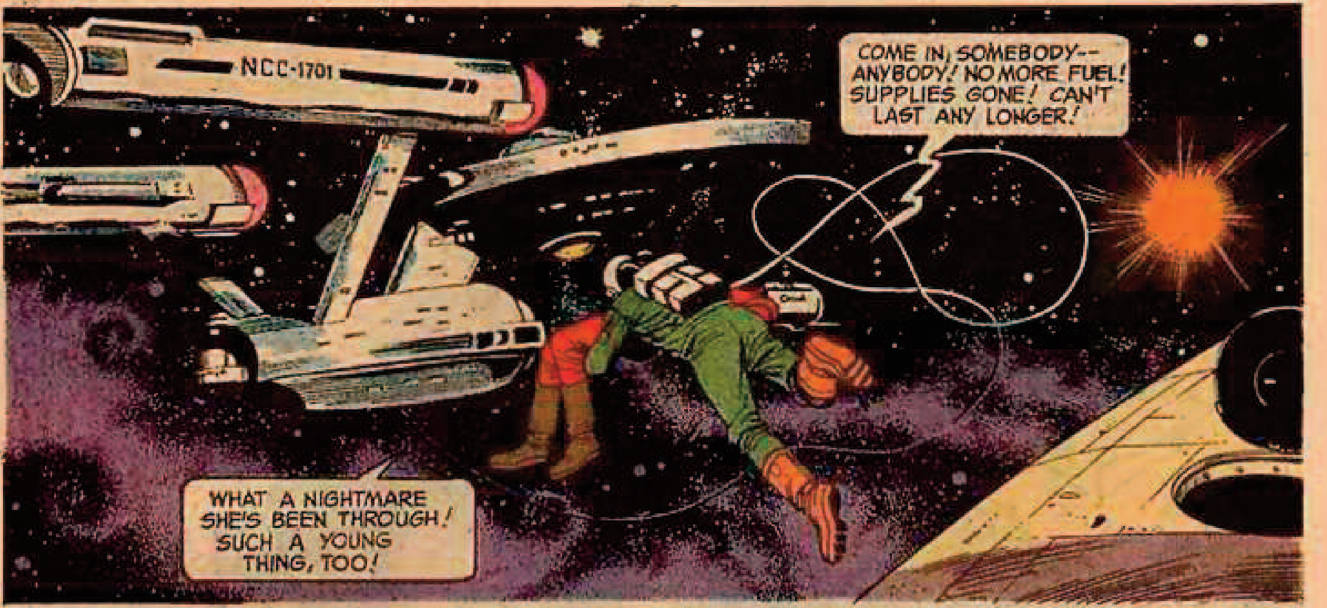

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE: 3248.6. UNDER TRIPLE-A (HIGHEST PRIORITY) ORDERS OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS, WE ARE PROCEEDING AT MAXIMUM SPEED TO THE PLANET STYRA.
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE
NCC-1701
NICE RETURN!
THAT'S A GREAT COMPLIMENT--COMING FROM THE BEST ZAP BALL PLAYER ON THE SHIP!
THAT'S GAME, SET AND MATCH! I CLAIM MY PRIZE, LASSIE!
AND HERE IT IS! MMMF!
AND IS THAT THE BEST YE CAN DO, ME GIRL?
PLEASE, SCOTTY--WE WEREN'T PLAYING FOR THE INTERPLANETARY ZAP BALL CHAMPIONSHIP!
MR. SCOTT!
MR. SCOTT--ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU WERE SCHEDULED FOR HELM DUTY ONE HOUR AGO?
AYE, I'M AWARE OF MY DUTIES, MR. SPOCK! BUT I GOT LIEUTENANT SULU TO FILL IN FOR ME!

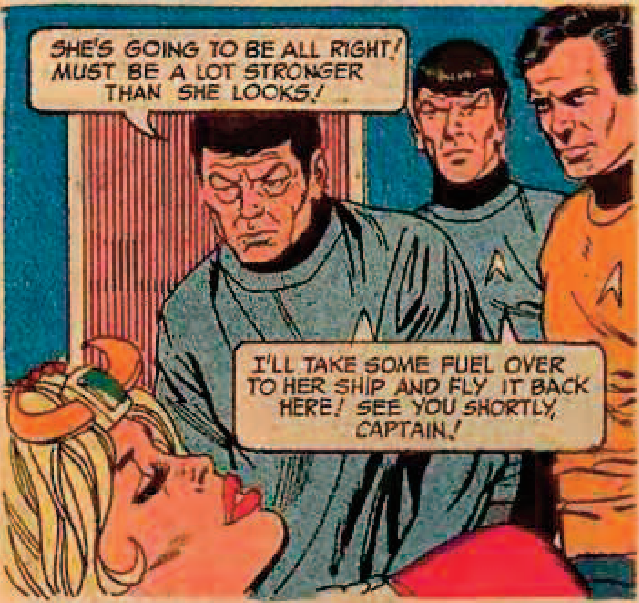

"UNAUTHORIZED EXCHANGE OF DUTIES!" SPECIFICALLY FORBIDDEN UNDER ARTICLE 118 OF YOUR GENERAL ORDERS!
AND BROKEN MORE OFTEN THAN A FOOLISH GIRL'S HEART! SO DON'T BLOW YOUR VULCAN FUSE, MR. SPOCK!
HAD YOU BEEN AT YOUR POST, YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT ALL EXECUTIVE STAFF WERE CALLED TO EMERGENCY SESSION--ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT YOU! SHALL WE, MR. SCOTT?
ALWAYS AS COOL AS THEY COME! SOMETIMES I WISH HE REALLY WOULD BLOW HIS TOP!
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, LASSIE! A VULCAN HAS NO EMOTIONS!
THIS VIDEOTAPE CONTAINS OUR SECRET ORDERS WHICH WE CAN NOW--
AHHHH, MR. SCOTT--SO GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US! YOU WON'T NEED YOUR ZAP BALL FUNNEL, THOUGH!
OFFICERS OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE--YOUR MISSION IS THE TRANSPORTATION OF THE ENTIRE PLANET STYRA TO A SAFE NEW "HOME"!
WHAT?!!!

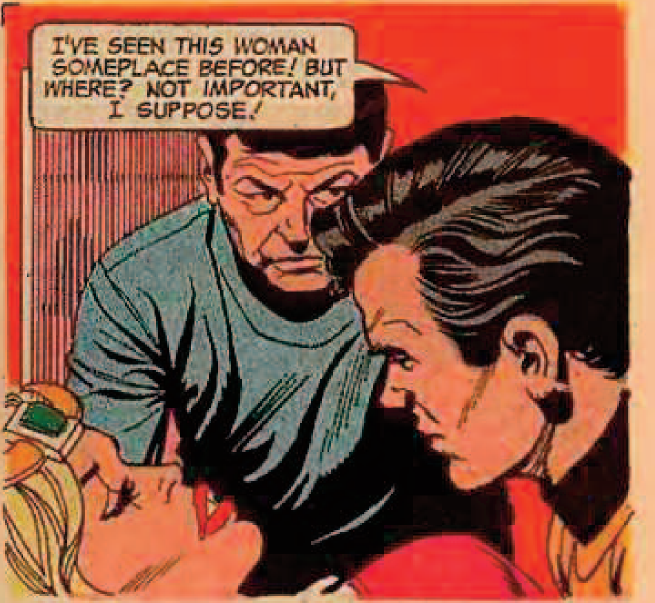

I AM DR. LANUGU AND IT IS MY RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE PROCESS I CALL *BIO-MAGNETIC RECORDING* FOR WHICH YOU CAN BLAME YOUR JOURNEY! REGARD THIS TINY CRYSTAL!
YOUR CAPTAIN HAS A SIMILAR CRYSTAL WHICH HE WILL NOW PLACE IN THE PORTABLE RE-TRANSMUTER GIVEN HIM!
THAT CRYSTAL CONTAINS A "RECORDING" OF EVERY CELL OF A LIVING THING! THE RE-TRANSMUTER WILL NOW RETURN THE ENERGY REMOVED FROM THAT BEING AND--
--RESTORE THE CREATURE PRECISELY AS IT WAS PRIOR TO RECORDING!
FANTASTIC! A DOG--MAGNETICALLY RECORDED AND STORED!
ARF! ARF!
THE ANIMAL IS PHYSICALLY PERFECT--BUT HIS BRAIN'S BEEN DAMAGED! OTHERWISE WHY WOULD THE WEE THING BE KISSIN' MR. SPOCK?
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
YOUR HUMOR COMPLETELY ESCAPES ME, MR. SCOTT!

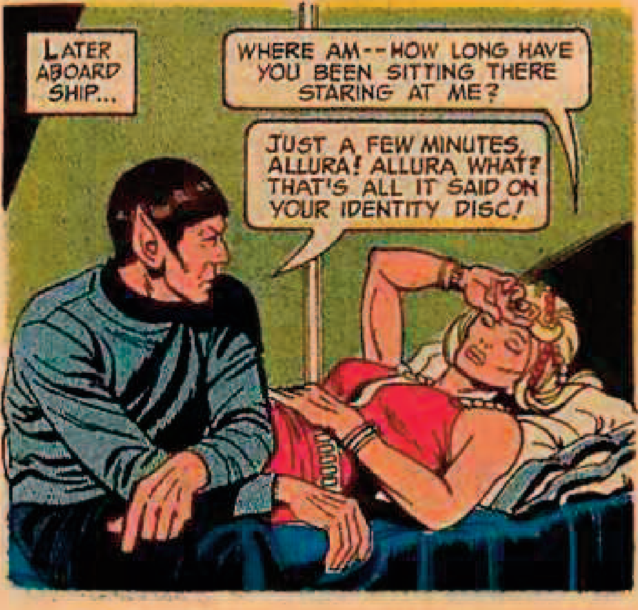

EVEN NOW GIANT TRANSMUTING PLANETS ARE AT WORK AROUND THAT BROILING WORLD--TURNING ALL LIVING THINGS INTO BIO-RECORDINGS!
BY YOUR ARRIVAL, EVERY BIT OF LIFE ON STYRA WILL BE RECORDED! THE FINAL ACT WILL BE THE RECORDING OF THAT VERY WORLD ITSELF!
INCREDIBLE! WE'RE GOING TO MOVE A WHOLE *PLANET!*
PROJECT ATLAS HAS BEEN KEPT TOP SECRET FOR OBVIOUS REASONS! THE SLIGHTEST INTERFERENCE IN OUR WORK COULD DESTROY EVERY LIVING--
ATTENTION! ALL PERSONNEL! UNIDENTIFIED SPACE VEHICLE ON OUR SCANNER! IT DOES NOT ANSWER OUR CALLS!
WHAT'S THAT THING DOING OUT THERE? IT'S A LITTLE EMERGENCY CRAFT---NOT A SPACE CRUISER! IF THEY ABANDONED THEIR SHIP--*WHERE* IS IT?
I SHALL SEE IF WE CANNOT GET A SWIFT ANSWER TO THOSE QUESTIONS, GENTLEMEN! PREPARE THE HATCH FOR SPACE DEBARKATION!

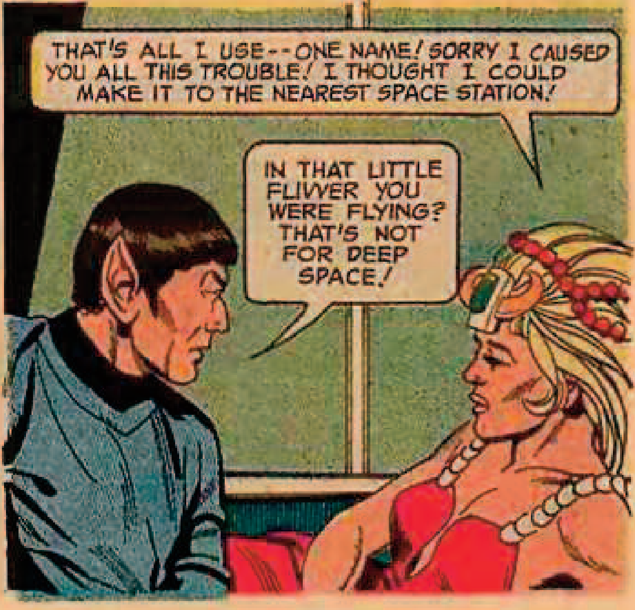

NO ENGINES FUNCTIONING CAN'T TELL HOW LONG IT'S BEEN FLOATING OUT HERE! I HOPE THE EXTERIOR CONTROLS OF THE SPACE HATCH ARE FUNCTIONING!
SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW TO SEE WHAT LIES INSIDE!
A WOMAN! COMPLETELY ALONE OUT HERE? HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? AND IS SHE STILL--
--YES, SHE'S ALIVE! SHE'S TRYING TO TALK EVEN IN HER UNCONSCIOUS STATE!
CALLING ANY SHIP IN SPACE SECTOR 18-J! EMERGENCY! OUT OF FUEL! ALL SUPPLIES GONE! CAN'T HOLD OUT
ANSWER, SOMEBODY! THIS IS MY LAST TRANSMISSION! PLEASE ANSWER!
YOU HAVE BEEN ANSWERED, YOUNG WOMAN! LET US HOPE IT IS NOT TOO LATE!

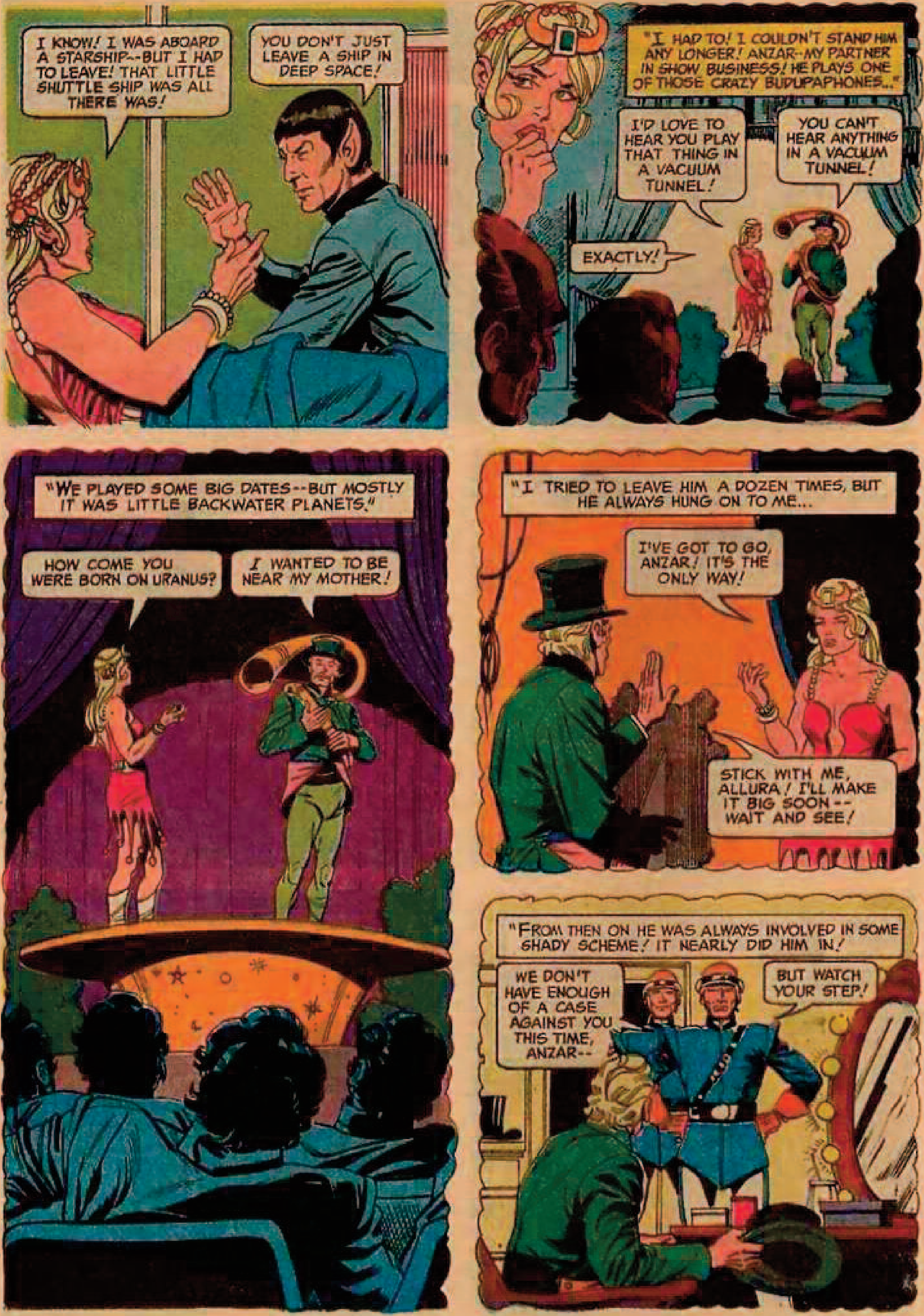

NCC-1701
COME IN, SOMEBODY-- ANYBODY! NO MORE FUEL! SUPPLIES GONE! CAN'T LAST ANY LONGER!
WHAT A NIGHTMARE SHE'S BEEN THROUGH! SUCH A YOUNG THING, TOO!

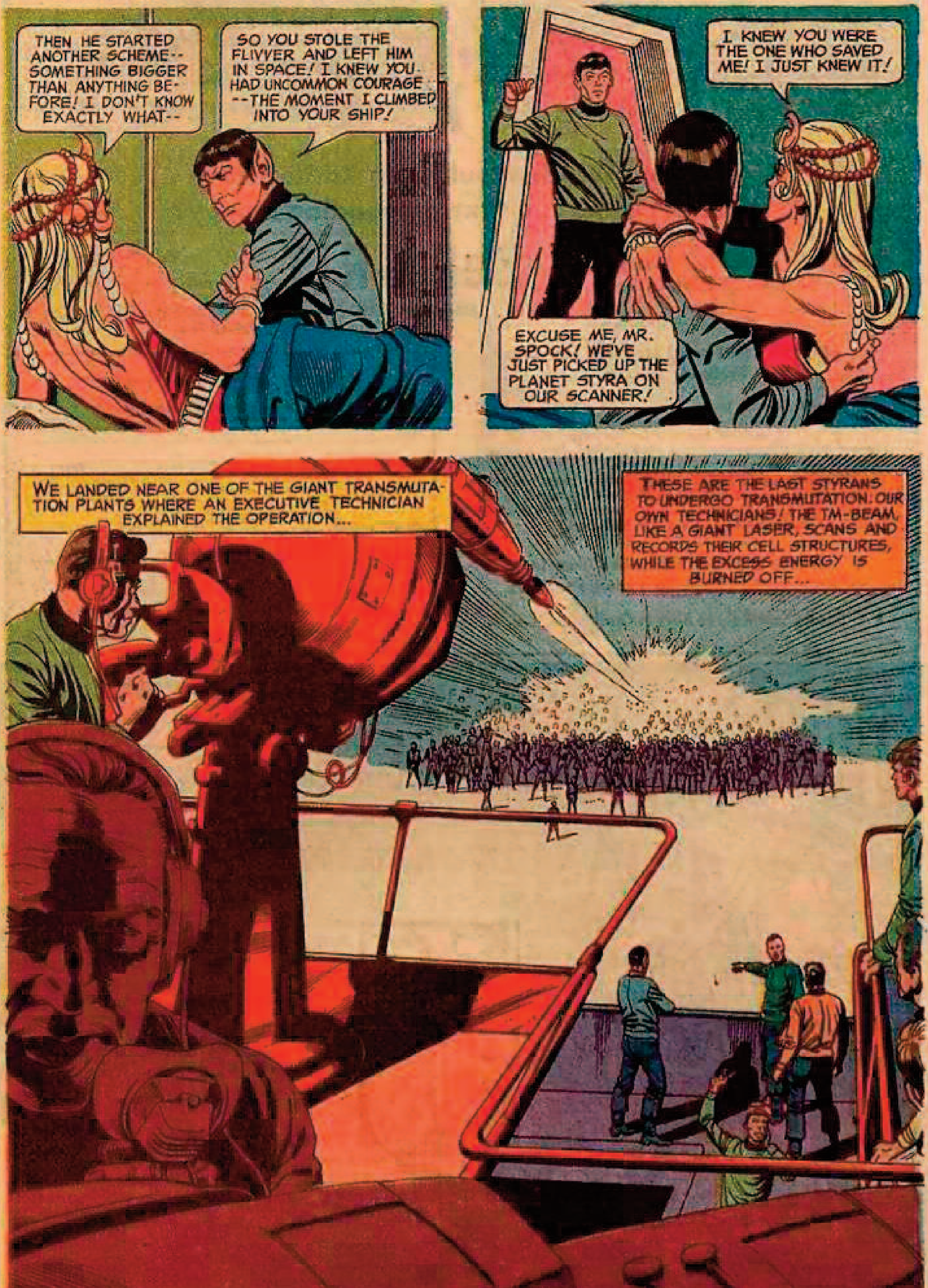

SHE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! MUST BE A LOT STRONGER THAN SHE LOOKS!
I'LL TAKE SOME FUEL OVER TO HER SHIP AND FLY IT BACK HERE! SEE YOU SHORTLY, CAPTAIN!

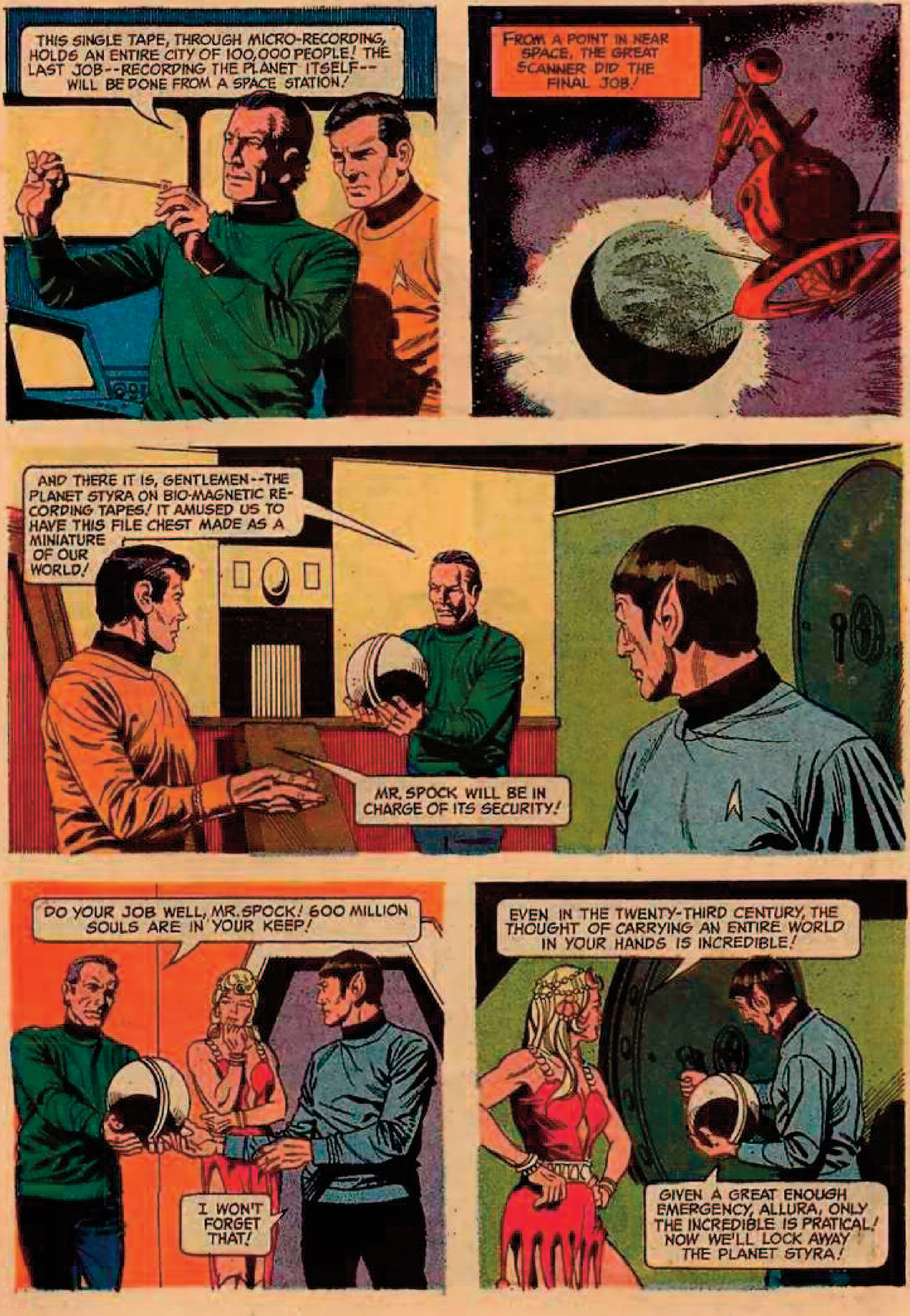

I'VE SEEN THIS WOMAN SOMEPLACE BEFORE! BUT WHERE? NOT IMPORTANT, I SUPPOSE!

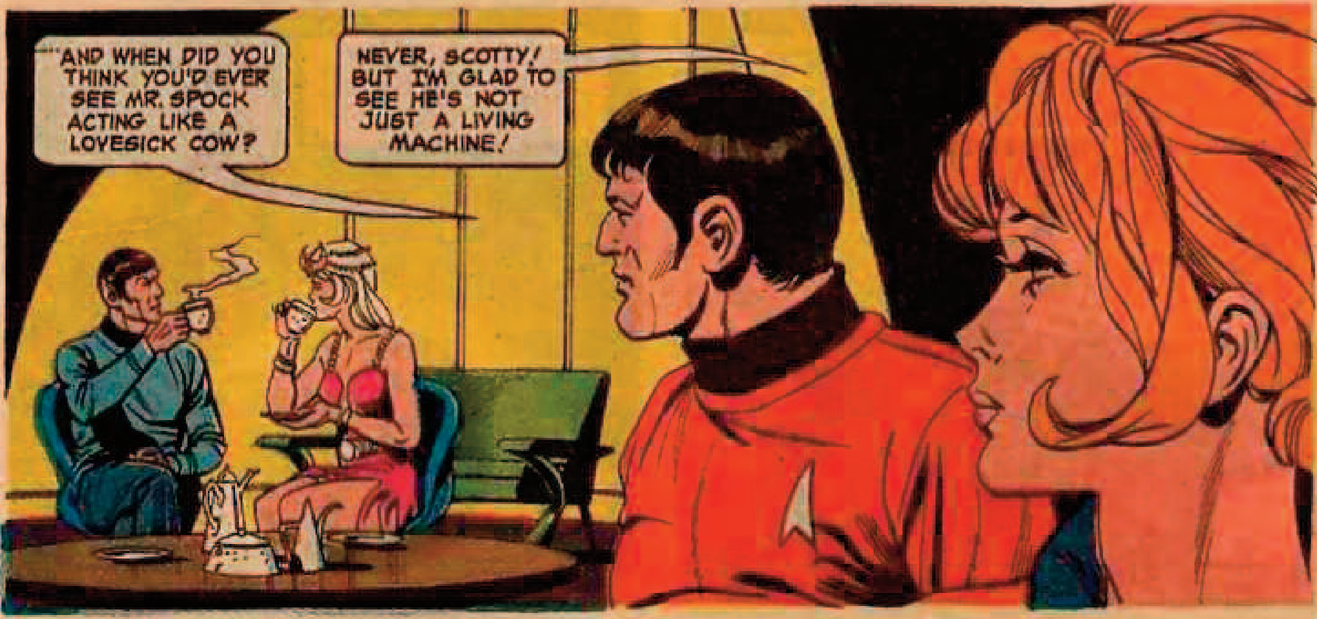

LATER ABOARD SHIP...
WHERE AM--HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN SITTING THERE STARING AT ME?
JUST A FEW MINUTES, ALLURA! ALLURA WHAT? THAT'S ALL IT SAID ON YOUR IDENTITY DISC!

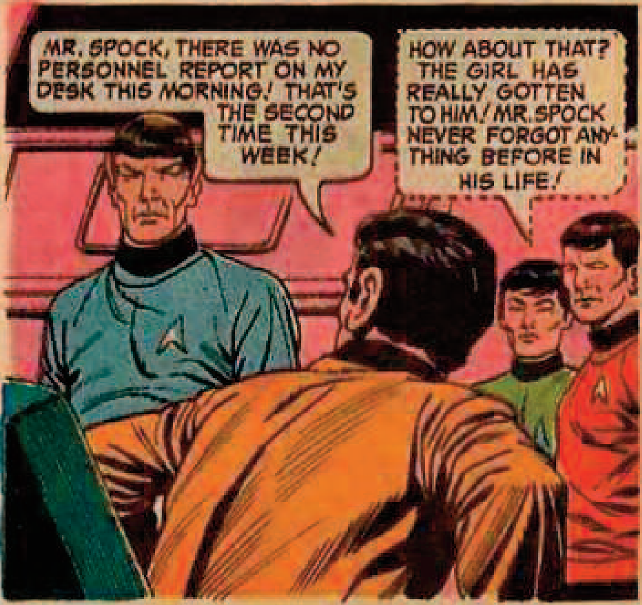

THAT'S ALL I USE--ONE NAME! SORRY I CAUSED YOU ALL THIS TROUBLE! I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE IT TO THE NEAREST SPACE STATION!
IN THAT LITTLE FLIVVER YOU WERE FLYING? THAT'S NOT FOR DEEP SPACE!

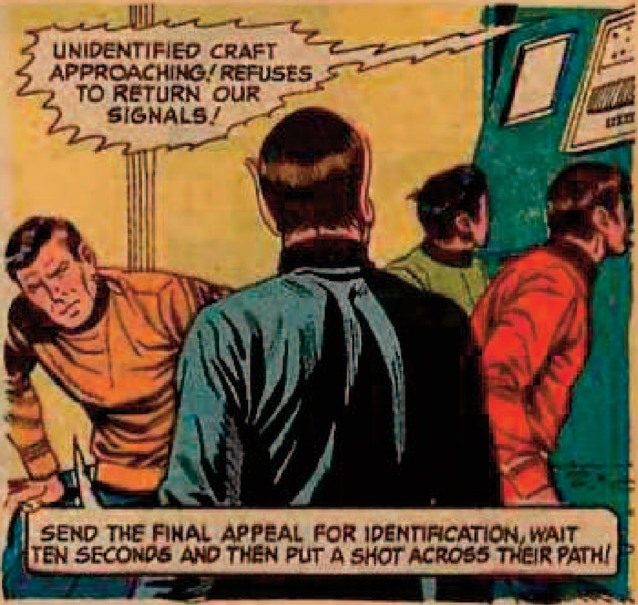

I KNOW! I WAS ABOARD A STARSHIP--BUT I HAD TO LEAVE! THAT LITTLE SHUTTLE SHIP WAS ALL THERE WAS!
YOU DON'T JUST LEAVE A SHIP IN DEEP SPACE!
"I HAD TO! I COULDN'T STAND HIM ANY LONGER! ANZAR--MY PARTNER IN SHOW BUSINESS! HE PLAYS ONE OF THOSE CRAZY BUDUPAPHONES.."
I'D LOVE TO HEAR YOU PLAY THAT THING IN A VACUUM TUNNEL!
YOU CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING IN A VACUUM TUNNEL!
EXACTLY!
"WE PLAYED SOME BIG DATES--BUT MOSTLY IT WAS LITTLE BACKWATER PLANETS."
HOW COME YOU WERE BORN ON URANUS?
I WANTED TO BE NEAR MY MOTHER!
"I TRIED TO LEAVE HIM A DOZEN TIMES, BUT HE ALWAYS HUNG ON TO ME...
I'VE GOT TO GO, ANZAR! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!
STICK WITH ME, ALLURA! I'LL MAKE IT BIG SOON--WAIT AND SEE!
"FROM THEN ON HE WAS ALWAYS INVOLVED IN SOME SHADY SCHEME! IT NEARLY DID HIM IN!
WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH OF A CASE AGAINST YOU THIS TIME, ANZAR--
BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!

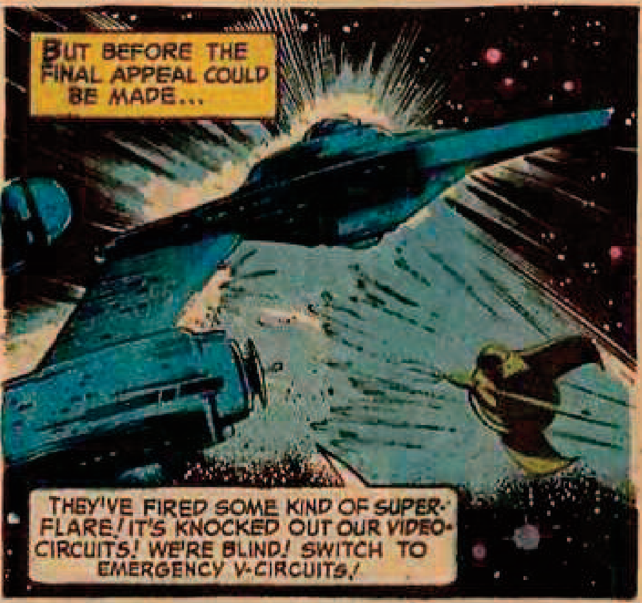

THEN HE STARTED ANOTHER SCHEME--SOMETHING BIGGER THAN ANYTHING BEFORE! I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT--
SO YOU STOLE THE FLIVVER AND LEFT HIM IN SPACE! I KNEW YOU HAD UNCOMMON COURAGE --THE MOMENT I CLIMBED INTO YOUR SHIP!
I KNEW YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SAVED ME! I JUST KNEW IT!
EXCUSE ME, MR. SPOCK! WE'VE JUST PICKED UP THE PLANET STYRA ON OUR SCANNER!
WE LANDED NEAR ONE OF THE GIANT TRANSMUTATION PLANTS WHERE AN EXECUTIVE TECHNICIAN EXPLAINED THE OPERATION...
THESE ARE THE LAST STYRANS TO UNDERGO TRANSMUTATION: OUR OWN TECHNICIANS! THE TM-BEAM, LIKE A GIANT LASER, SCANS AND RECORDS THEIR CELL STRUCTURES, WHILE THE EXCESS ENERGY IS BURNED OFF...

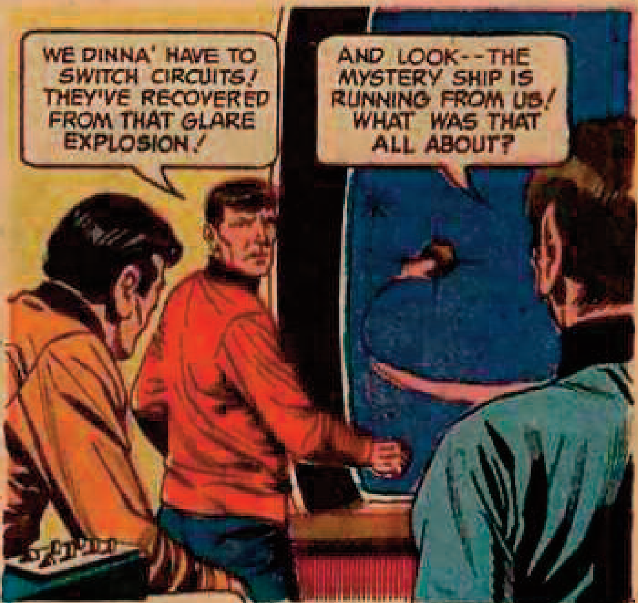

THIS SINGLE TAPE, THROUGH MICRO-RECORDING, HOLDS AN ENTIRE CITY OF 100,000 PEOPLE! THE LAST JOB--RECORDING THE PLANET ITSELF--WILL BE DONE FROM A SPACE STATION!
FROM A POINT IN NEAR SPACE, THE GREAT SCANNER DID THE FINAL JOB!
AND THERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN--THE PLANET STYRA ON BIO-MAGNETIC RECORDING TAPES! IT AMUSED US TO HAVE THIS FILE CHEST MADE AS A MINIATURE OF OUR WORLD!
MR. SPOCK WILL BE IN CHARGE OF ITS SECURITY!
DO YOUR JOB WELL, MR. SPOCK! 600 MILLION SOULS ARE IN YOUR KEEP!
I WON'T FORGET THAT!
EVEN IN THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY, THE THOUGHT OF CARRYING AN ENTIRE WORLD IN YOUR HANDS IS INCREDIBLE!
GIVEN A GREAT ENOUGH EMERGENCY, ALLURA, ONLY THE INCREDIBLE IS PRATICAL! NOW WE'LL LOCK AWAY THE PLANET STYRA!

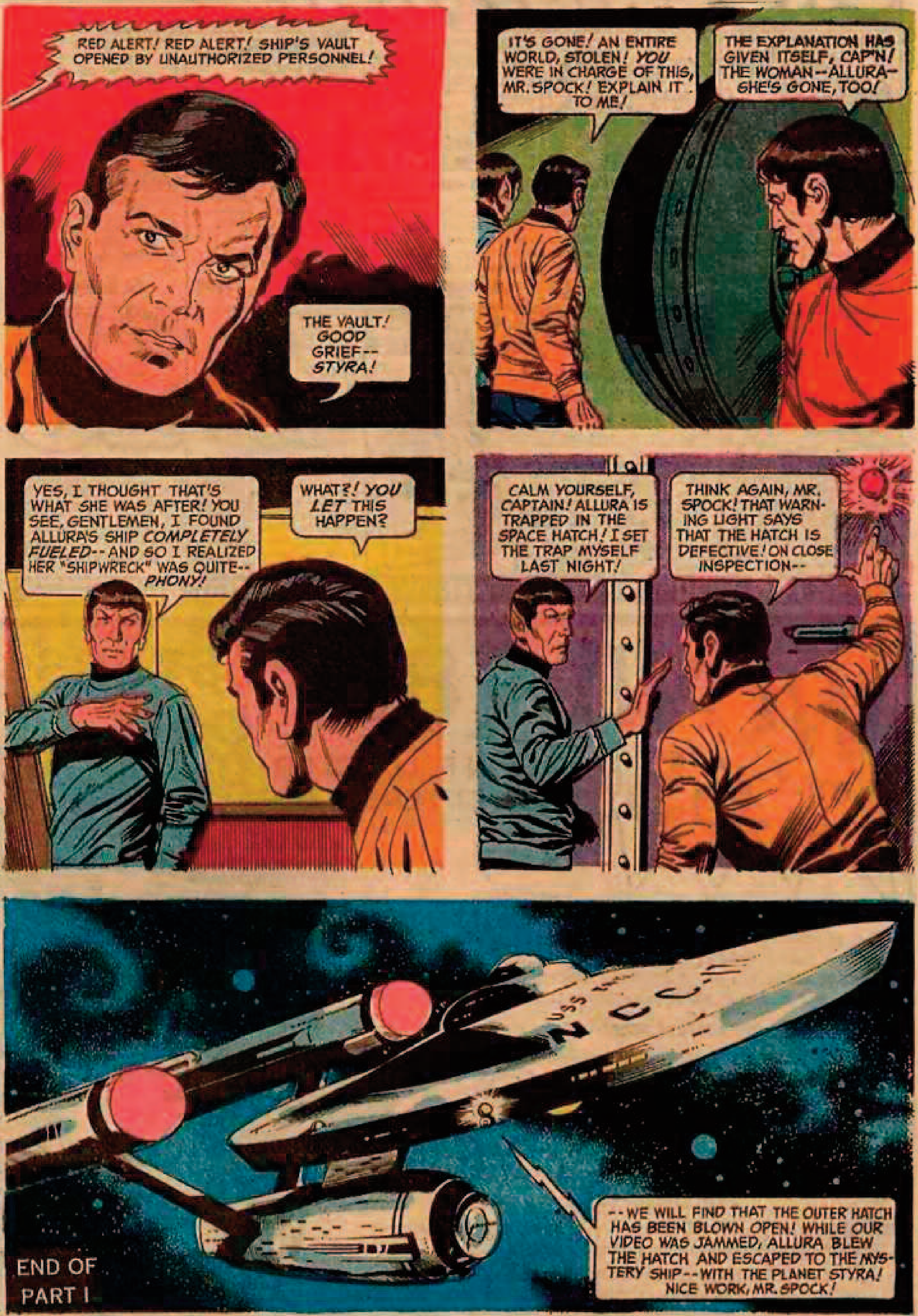

"AND WHEN DID YOU THINK YOU'D EVER SEE MR. SPOCK ACTING LIKE A LOVESICK COW?
NEVER, SCOTTY! BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE HE'S NOT JUST A LIVING MACHINE!

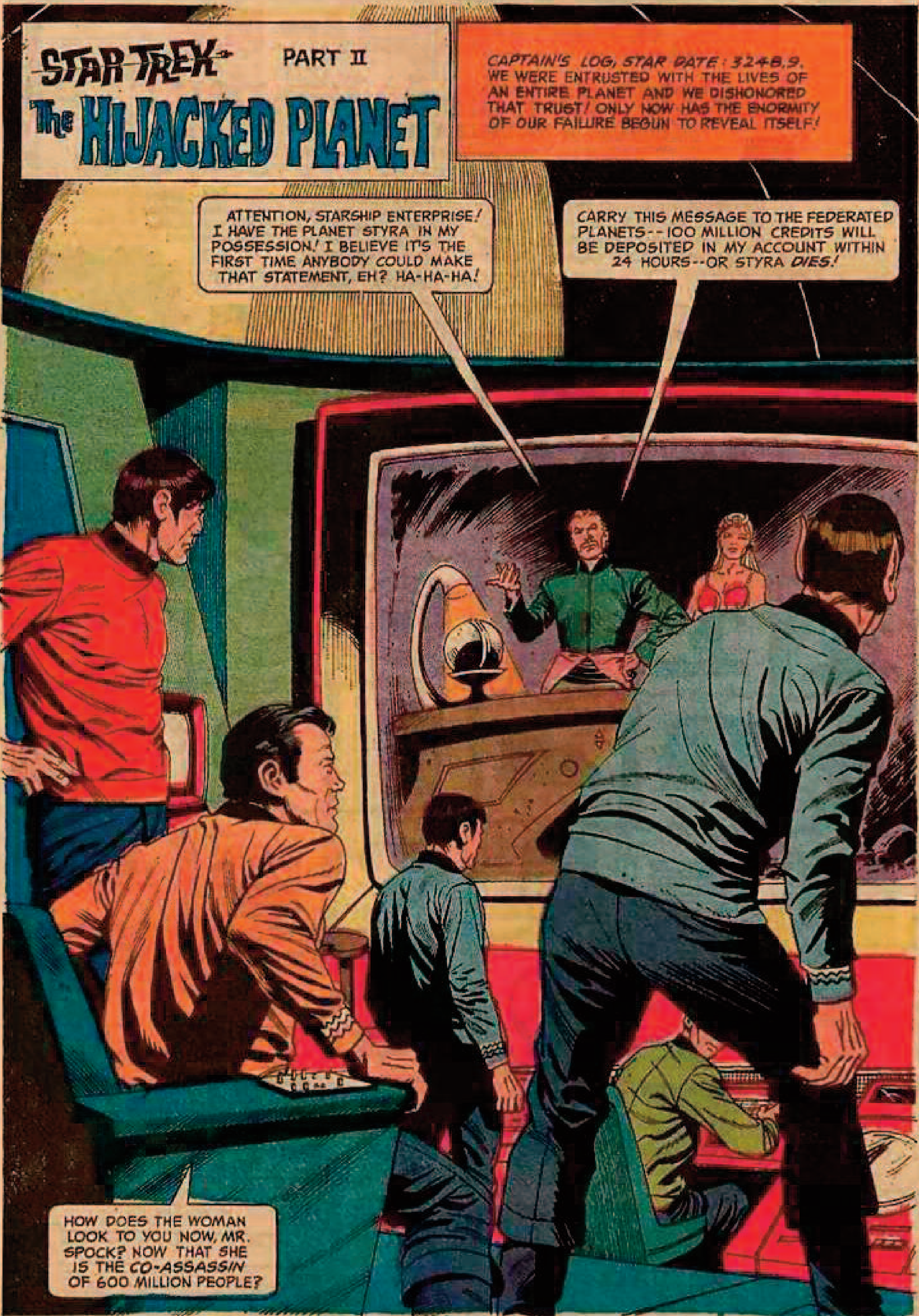

MR. SPOCK, THERE WAS NO PERSONNEL REPORT ON MY DESK THIS MORNING! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK!
HOW ABOUT THAT? THE GIRL HAS REALLY GOTTEN TO HIM! MR. SPOCK NEVER FORGOT ANYTHING BEFORE IN HIS LIFE!

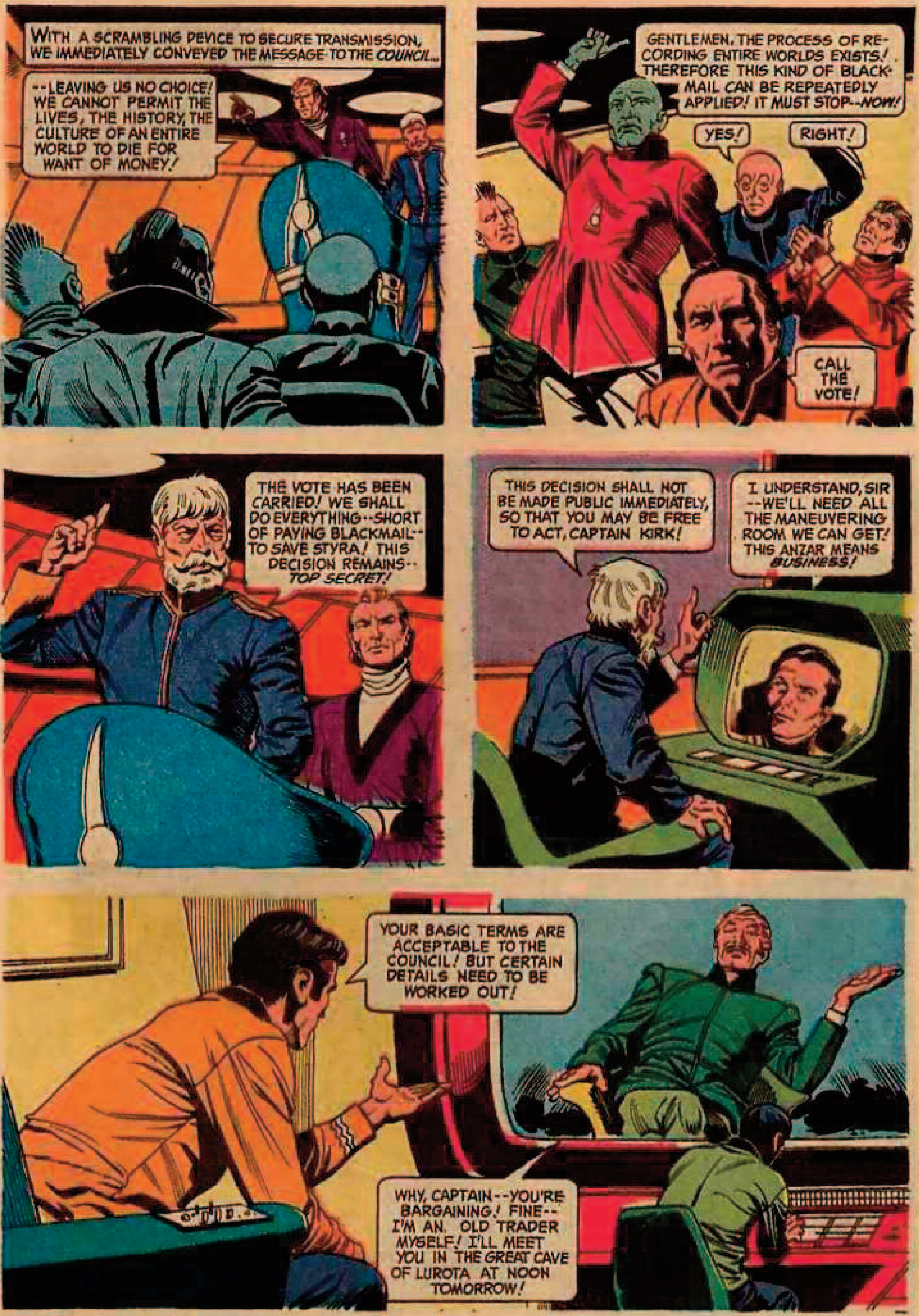

UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT APPROACHING! REFUSES TO RETURN OUR SIGNALS!
SEND THE FINAL APPEAL FOR IDENTIFICATION, WAIT TEN SECONDS AND THEN PUT A SHOT ACROSS THEIR PATH!

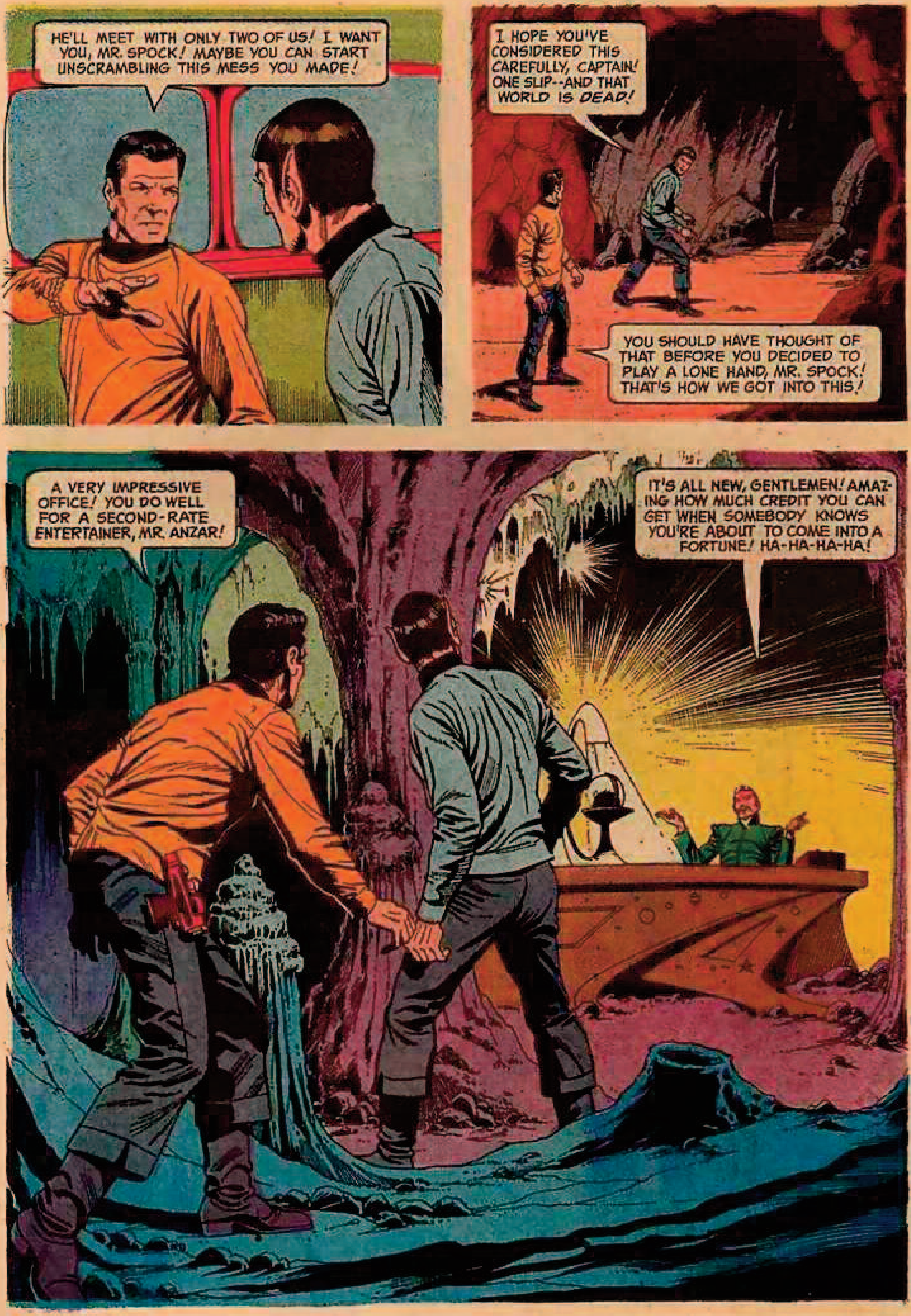

BUT BEFORE THE FINAL APPEAL COULD BE MADE...
THEY'VE FIRED SOME KIND OF SUPER-FLARE! IT'S KNOCKED OUT OUR VIDEO-CIRCUITS! WE'RE BLIND! SWITCH TO EMERGENCY V-CIRCUITS!

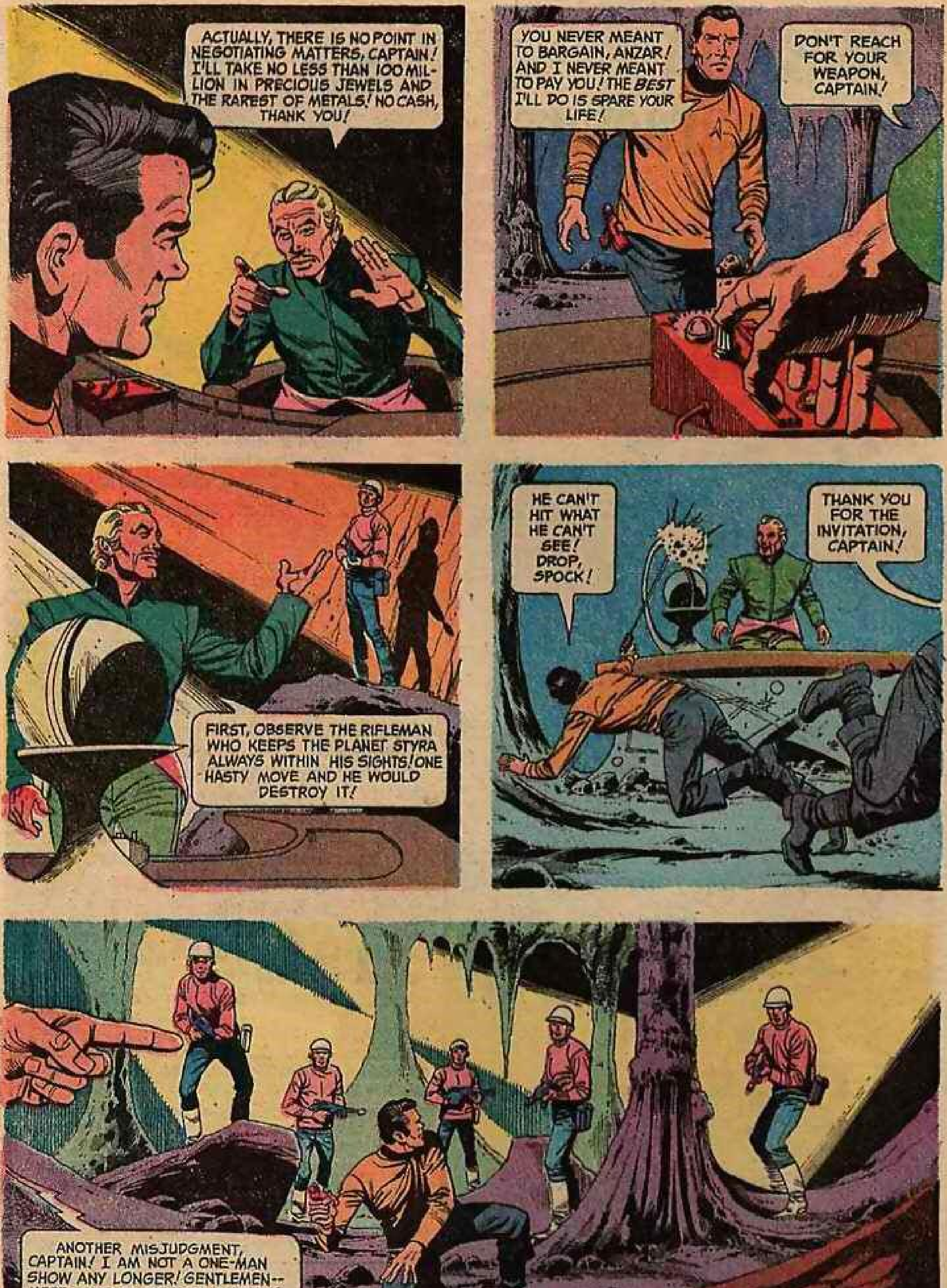

WE DINNA' HAVE TO SWITCH CIRCUITS! THEY'VE RECOVERED FROM THAT GLARE EXPLOSION!
AND LOOK--THE MYSTERY SHIP IS RUNNING FROM US! WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

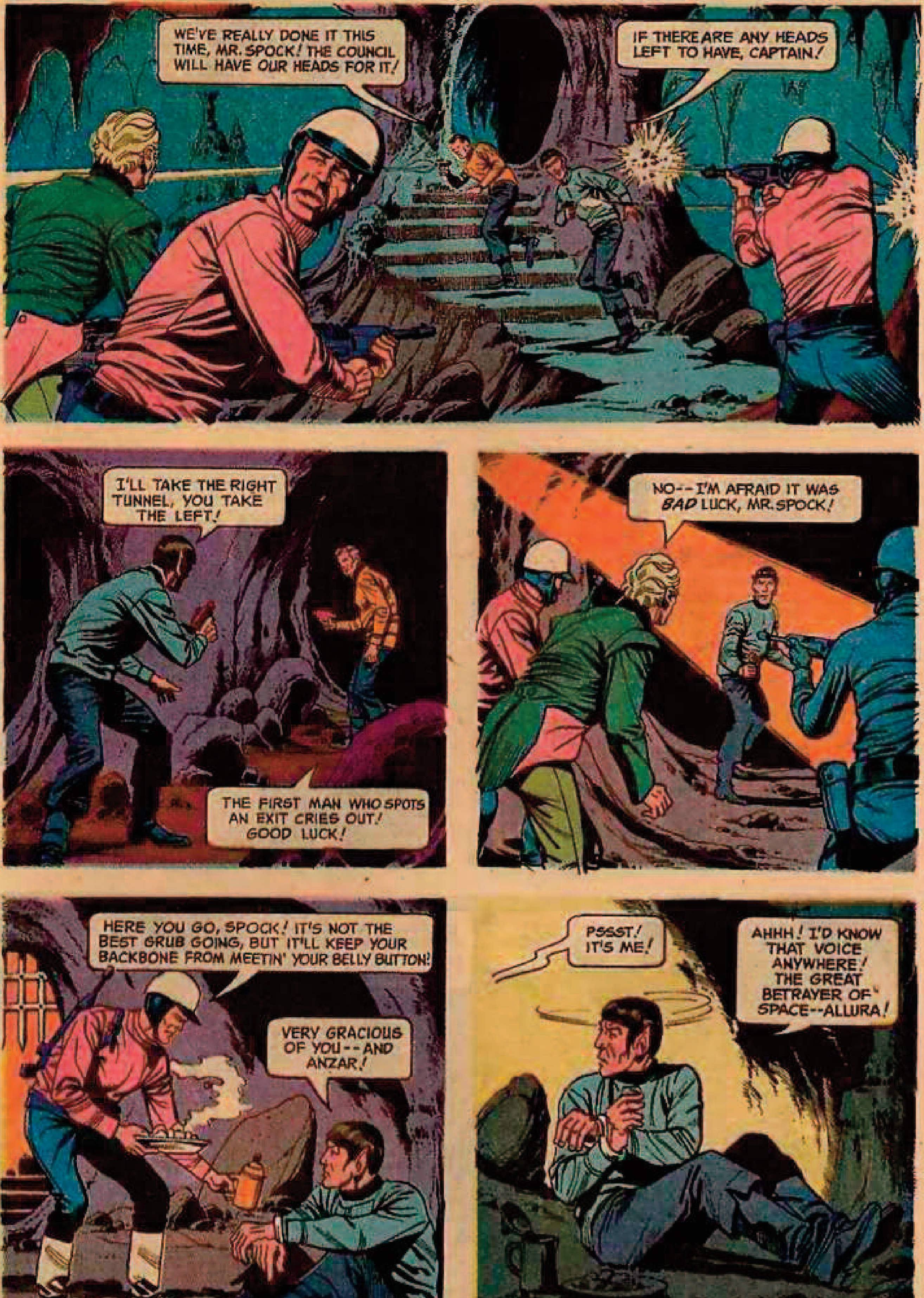

RED ALERT! RED ALERT! SHIP'S VAULT OPENED BY UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL!
THE VAULT! GOOD GRIEF-- STYRA!
IT'S GONE! AN ENTIRE WORLD, STOLEN! YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF THIS, MR. SPOCK! EXPLAIN IT TO ME!
THE EXPLANATION HAS GIVEN ITSELF, CAP'N! THE WOMAN--ALLURA-- SHE'S GONE, TOO!
YES, I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT SHE WAS AFTER! YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, I FOUND ALLURA'S SHIP COMPLETELY FUELED-- AND SO I REALIZED HER "SHIPWRECK" WAS QUITE-- PHONY!
WHAT?! YOU LET THIS HAPPEN?
CALM YOURSELF, CAPTAIN! ALLURA IS TRAPPED IN THE SPACE HATCH! I SET THE TRAP MYSELF LAST NIGHT!
THINK AGAIN, MR. SPOCK! THAT WARNING LIGHT SAYS THAT THE HATCH IS DEFECTIVE! ON CLOSE INSPECTION--
--WE WILL FIND THAT THE OUTER HATCH HAS BEEN BLOWN OPEN! WHILE OUR VIDEO WAS JAMMED, ALLURA BLEW THE HATCH AND ESCAPED TO THE MYSTERY SHIP--WITH THE PLANET STYRA! NICE WORK, MR. SPOCK!
USS NCC
END OF PART I

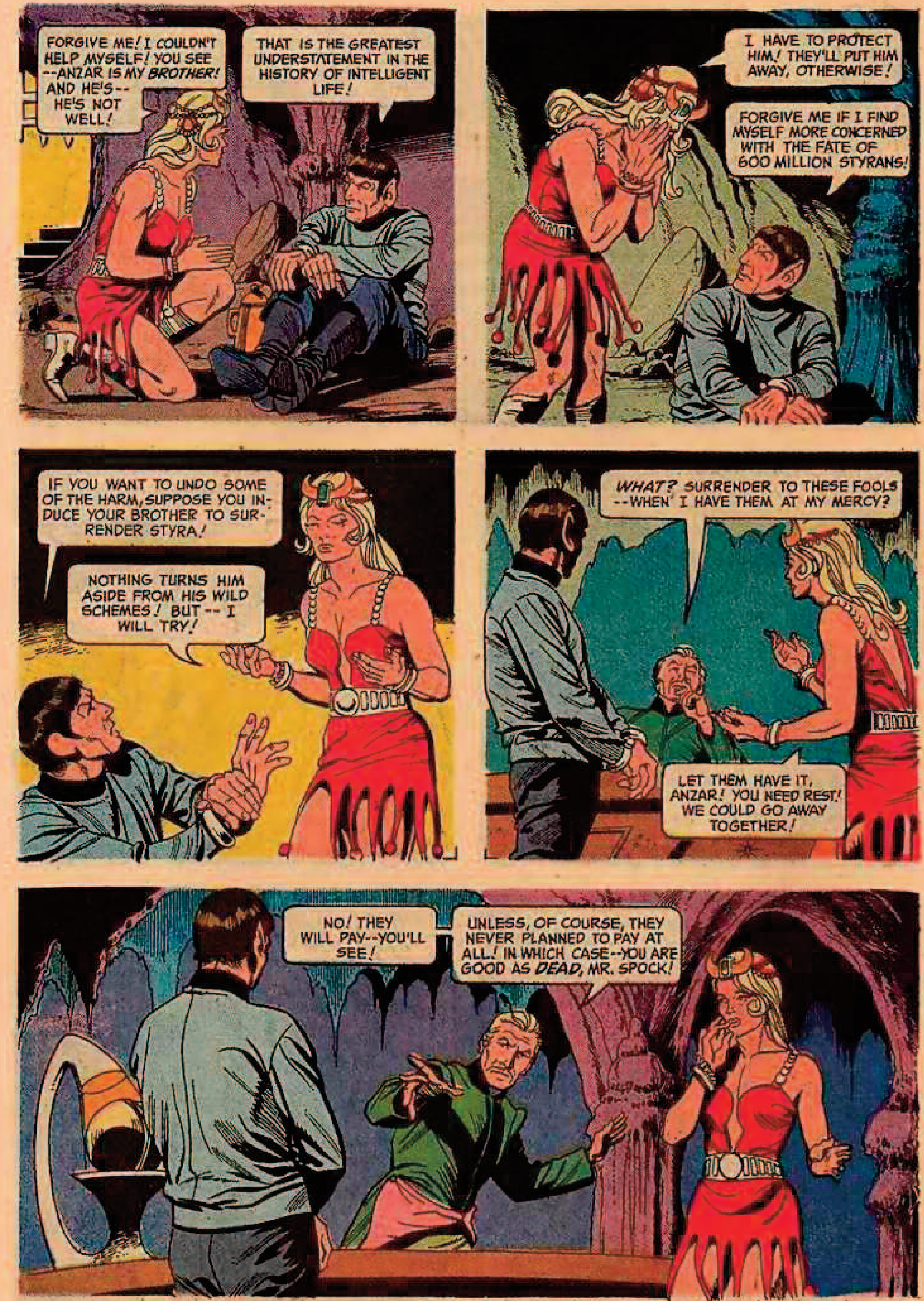

STAR TREK
PART II
The HIJACKED PLANET
CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE: 3248.9. WE WERE ENTRUSTED WITH THE LIVES OF AN ENTIRE PLANET AND WE DISHONORED THAT TRUST! ONLY NOW HAS THE ENORMITY OF OUR FAILURE BEGUN TO REVEAL ITSELF!
ATTENTION, STARSHIP ENTERPRISE! I HAVE THE PLANET STYRA IN MY POSSESSION! I BELIEVE IT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY COULD MAKE THAT STATEMENT, EH? HA-HA-HA!
CARRY THIS MESSAGE TO THE FEDERATED PLANETS--100 MILLION CREDITS WILL BE DEPOSITED IN MY ACCOUNT WITHIN 24 HOURS--OR STYRA DIES!
HOW DOES THE WOMAN LOOK TO YOU NOW, MR. SPOCK? NOW THAT SHE IS THE CO-ASSASSIN OF 600 MILLION PEOPLE?

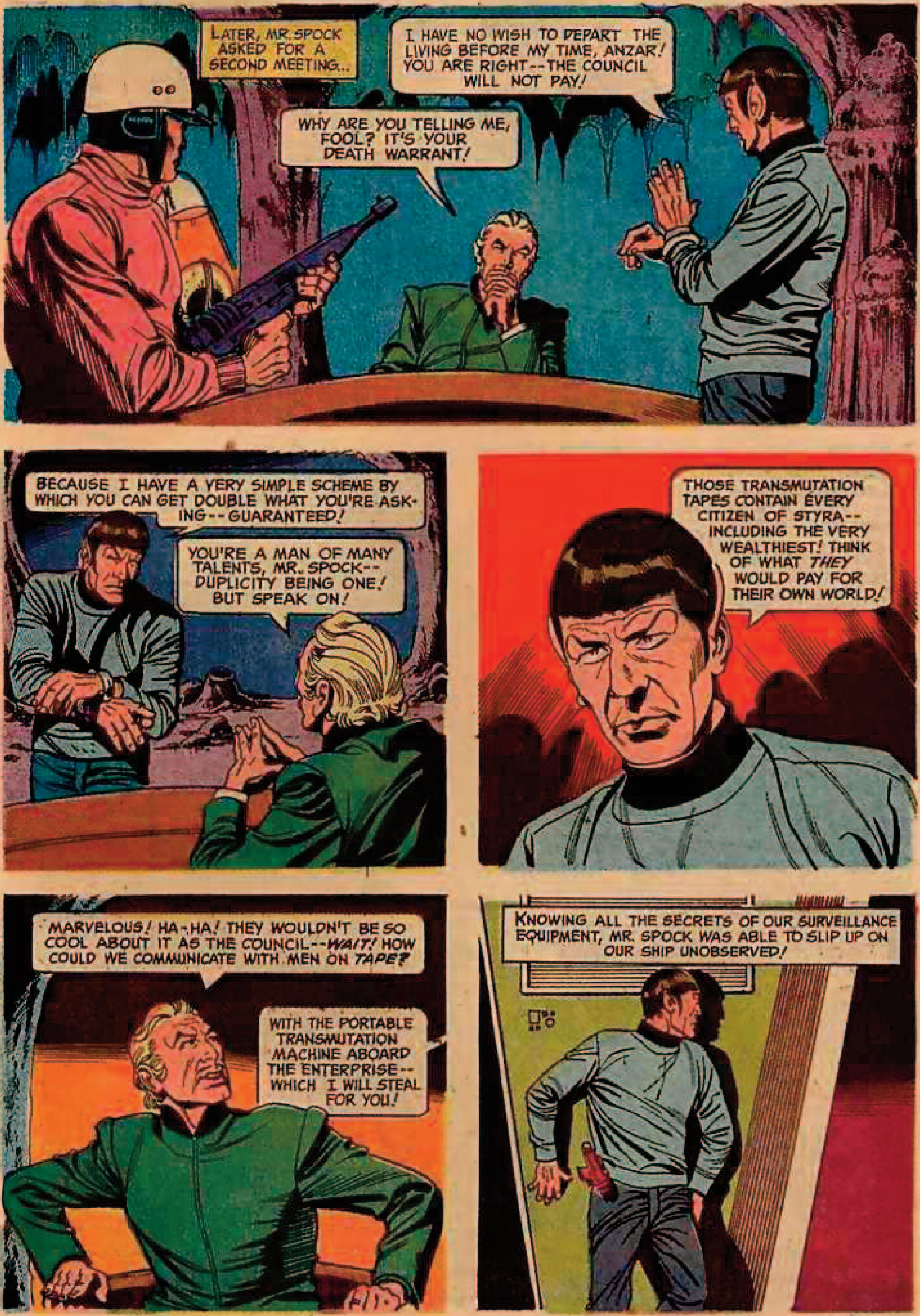

WITH A SCRAMBLING DEVICE TO SECURE TRANSMISSION, WE IMMEDIATELY CONVEYED THE MESSAGE TO THE *COUNCIL*...
--LEAVING US NO CHOICE! WE CANNOT PERMIT THE LIVES, THE HISTORY, THE CULTURE OF AN ENTIRE WORLD TO DIE FOR WANT OF MONEY!
GENTLEMEN, THE PROCESS OF RECORDING ENTIRE WORLDS EXISTS! THEREFORE THIS KIND OF BLACKMAIL CAN BE REPEATEDLY APPLIED! IT MUST STOP--*NOW!*
YES!
RIGHT!
CALL THE VOTE!
THE VOTE HAS BEEN CARRIED! WE SHALL DO EVERYTHING--SHORT OF PAYING BLACKMAIL--TO SAVE STYRA! THIS DECISION REMAINS--*TOP SECRET!*
THIS DECISION SHALL NOT BE MADE PUBLIC IMMEDIATELY, SO THAT YOU MAY BE FREE TO ACT, CAPTAIN KIRK!
I UNDERSTAND, SIR--WE'LL NEED ALL THE MANEUVERING ROOM WE CAN GET! THIS ANZAR MEANS *BUSINESS!*
YOUR BASIC TERMS ARE ACCEPTABLE TO THE COUNCIL! BUT CERTAIN DETAILS NEED TO BE WORKED OUT!
WHY, CAPTAIN--YOU'RE BARGAINING! FINE--I'M AN OLD TRADER MYSELF! I'LL MEET YOU IN THE GREAT CAVE OF LUROTA AT NOON TOMORROW!

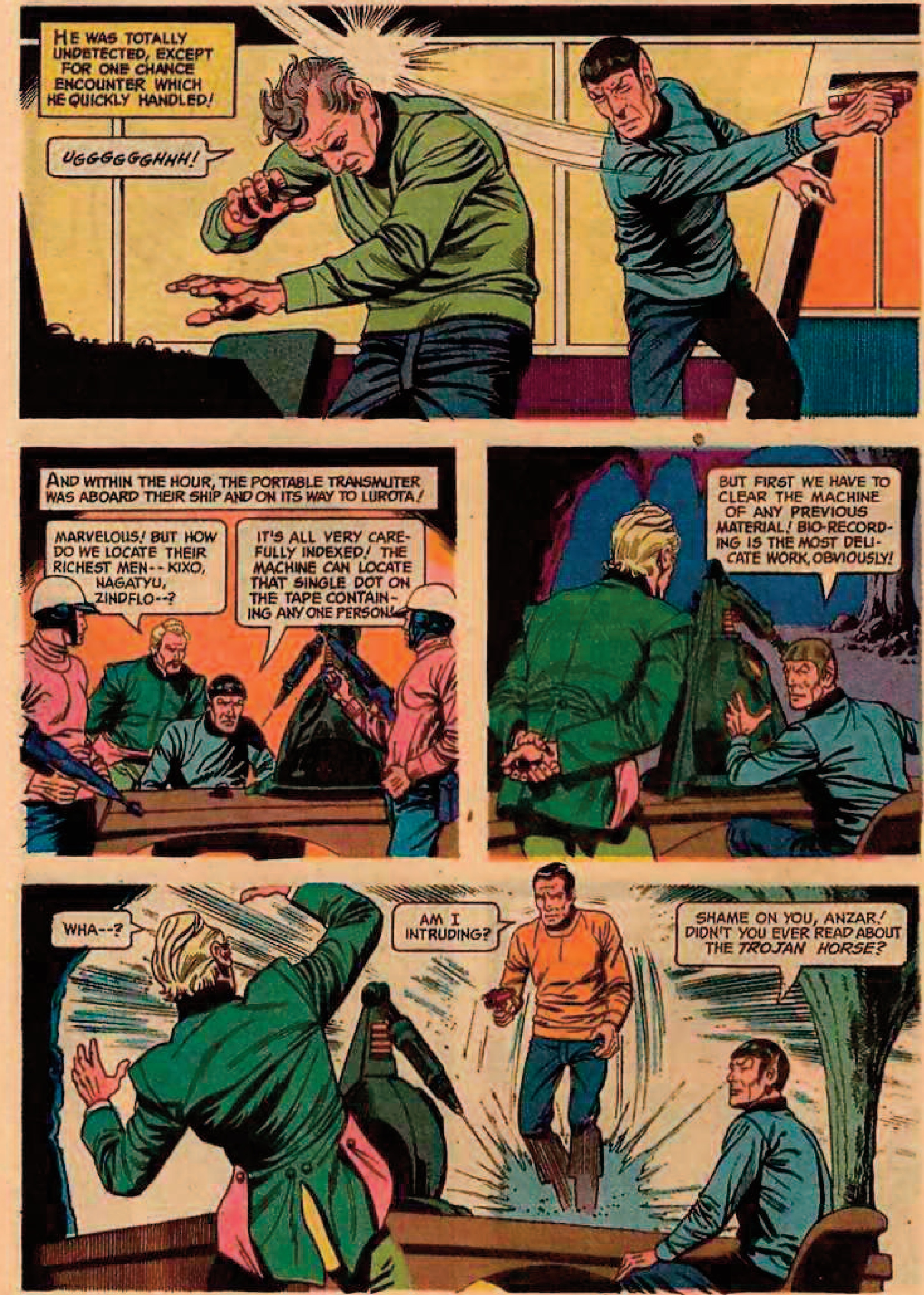

HE'LL MEET WITH ONLY TWO OF US! I WANT YOU, MR. SPOCK! MAYBE YOU CAN START UNSCRAMBLING THIS MESS YOU MADE!
I HOPE YOU'VE CONSIDERED THIS CAREFULLY, CAPTAIN! ONE SLIP--AND THAT WORLD IS *DEAD!*
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU DECIDED TO PLAY A LONE HAND, MR. SPOCK! THAT'S HOW WE GOT INTO THIS!
A VERY IMPRESSIVE OFFICE! YOU DO WELL FOR A SECOND-RATE ENTERTAINER, MR. ANZAR!
IT'S ALL NEW, GENTLEMEN! AMAZING HOW MUCH CREDIT YOU CAN GET WHEN SOMEBODY KNOWS YOU'RE ABOUT TO COME INTO A FORTUNE! HA-HA-HA-HA!

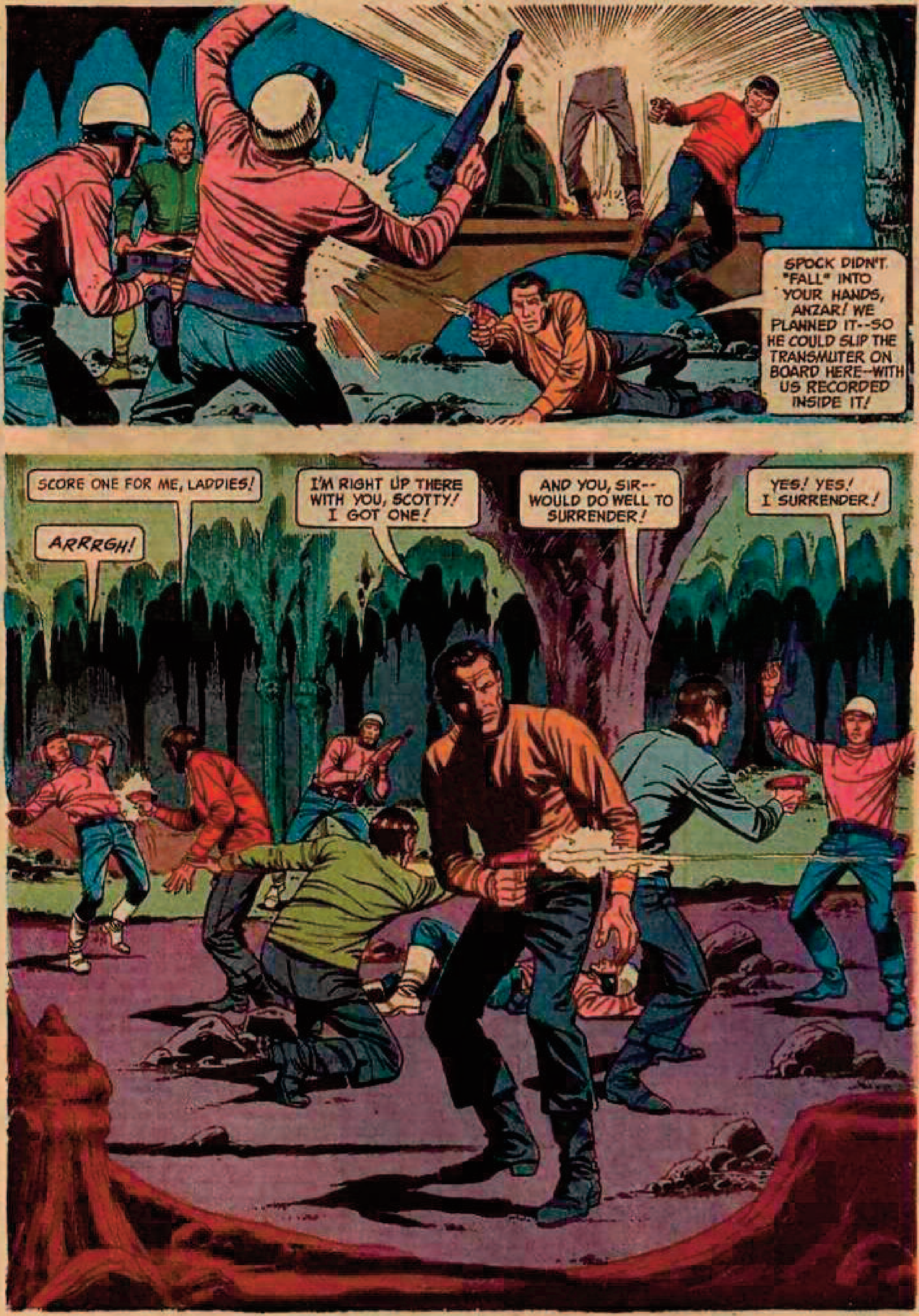

ACTUALLY, THERE IS NO POINT IN NEGOTIATING MATTERS, CAPTAIN! I'LL TAKE NO LESS THAN 100 MILLION IN PRECIOUS JEWELS AND THE RAREST OF METALS! NO CASH, THANK YOU!
YOU NEVER MEANT TO BARGAIN, ANZAR! AND I NEVER MEANT TO PAY YOU! THE *BEST* I'LL DO IS SPARE YOUR LIFE!
DON'T REACH FOR YOUR WEAPON, CAPTAIN!
FIRST, OBSERVE THE RIFLEMAN WHO KEEPS THE PLANET STYRA ALWAYS WITHIN HIS SIGHTS! ONE HASTY MOVE AND HE WOULD DESTROY IT!
HE CAN'T HIT WHAT HE CAN'T SEE! DROP, SPOCK!
THANK YOU FOR THE INVITATION, CAPTAIN!
ANOTHER MISJUDGMENT, CAPTAIN! I AM NOT A ONE-MAN SHOW ANY LONGER! GENTLEMEN-- MEET SOME OF THE MOST CHARMING CUT-THROATS IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

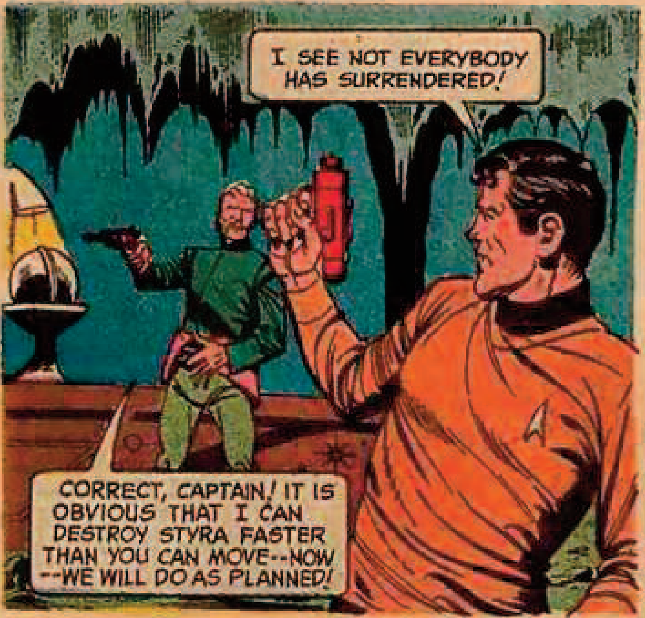

WE'VE REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME, MR. SPOCK! THE COUNCIL WILL HAVE OUR HEADS FOR IT!
IF THERE ARE ANY HEADS LEFT TO HAVE, CAPTAIN!
I'LL TAKE THE RIGHT TUNNEL, YOU TAKE THE LEFT!
THE FIRST MAN WHO SPOTS AN EXIT CRIES OUT! GOOD LUCK!
NO--I'M AFRAID IT WAS *BAD* LUCK, MR. SPOCK!
HERE YOU GO, SPOCK! IT'S NOT THE BEST GRUB GOING, BUT IT'LL KEEP YOUR BACKBONE FROM MEETIN' YOUR BELLY BUTTON!
VERY GRACIOUS OF YOU--AND ANZAR!
PSSST! IT'S ME!
AHHH! I'D KNOW THAT VOICE ANYWHERE! THE GREAT BETRAYER OF SPACE--ALLURA!

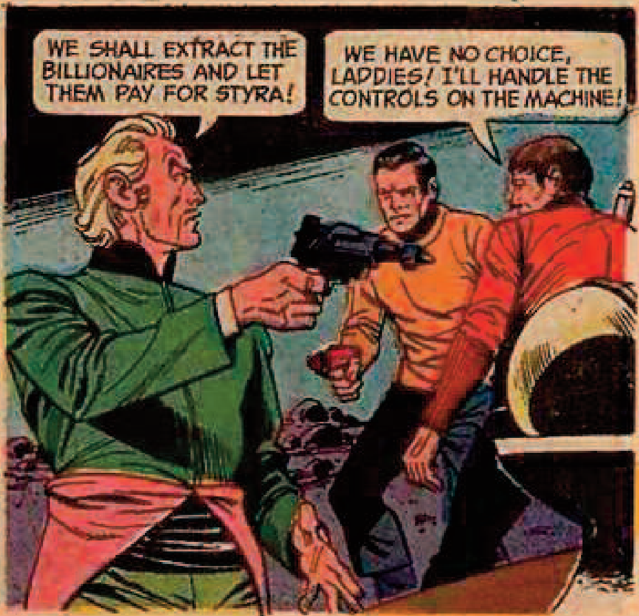

FORGIVE ME! I COULDN'T HELP *MYSELF*! YOU SEE --ANZAR IS MY *BROTHER*! AND HE'S-- HE'S NOT WELL!
THAT IS THE GREATEST UNDERSTATEMENT IN THE HISTORY OF INTELLIGENT LIFE!
I HAVE TO PROTECT HIM! THEY'LL PUT HIM AWAY, OTHERWISE!
FORGIVE ME IF I FIND MYSELF MORE CONCERNED WITH THE FATE OF 600 MILLION STYRANS!
IF YOU WANT TO UNDO SOME OF THE HARM, SUPPOSE YOU INDUCE YOUR BROTHER TO SURRENDER STYRA!
NOTHING TURNS HIM ASIDE FROM HIS WILD SCHEMES! BUT -- I WILL TRY!
WHAT? SURRENDER TO THESE FOOLS --WHEN I HAVE THEM AT MY MERCY?
LET THEM HAVE IT, ANZAR! YOU NEED REST! WE COULD GO AWAY TOGETHER!
NO! THEY WILL PAY--YOU'LL SEE!
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY NEVER PLANNED TO PAY AT ALL! IN WHICH CASE--YOU ARE GOOD AS *DEAD*, MR. SPOCK!

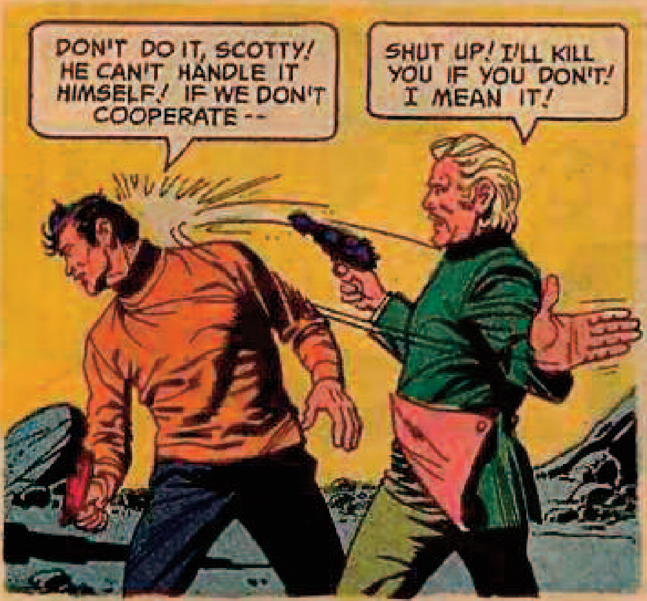

LATER, MR. SPOCK ASKED FOR A SECOND MEETING...
I HAVE NO WISH TO DEPART THE LIVING BEFORE MY TIME, ANZAR! YOU ARE RIGHT--THE COUNCIL WILL NOT PAY!
WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME, FOOL? IT'S YOUR DEATH WARRANT!
BECAUSE I HAVE A VERY SIMPLE SCHEME BY WHICH YOU CAN GET DOUBLE WHAT YOU'RE ASKING--GUARANTEED!
YOU'RE A MAN OF MANY TALENTS, MR. SPOCK--DUPLICITY BEING ONE! BUT SPEAK ON!
THOSE TRANSMUTATION TAPES CONTAIN EVERY CITIZEN OF STYRA--INCLUDING THE VERY WEALTHIEST! THINK OF WHAT *THEY* WOULD PAY FOR THEIR OWN WORLD!
MARVELOUS! HA-HA! THEY WOULDN'T BE SO COOL ABOUT IT AS THE COUNCIL--*WAIT!* HOW COULD WE COMMUNICATE WITH MEN ON *TAPE?*
WITH THE PORTABLE TRANSMUTATION MACHINE ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE--WHICH I WILL STEAL FOR YOU!
KNOWING ALL THE SECRETS OF OUR SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT, MR. SPOCK WAS ABLE TO SLIP UP ON OUR SHIP UNOBSERVED!

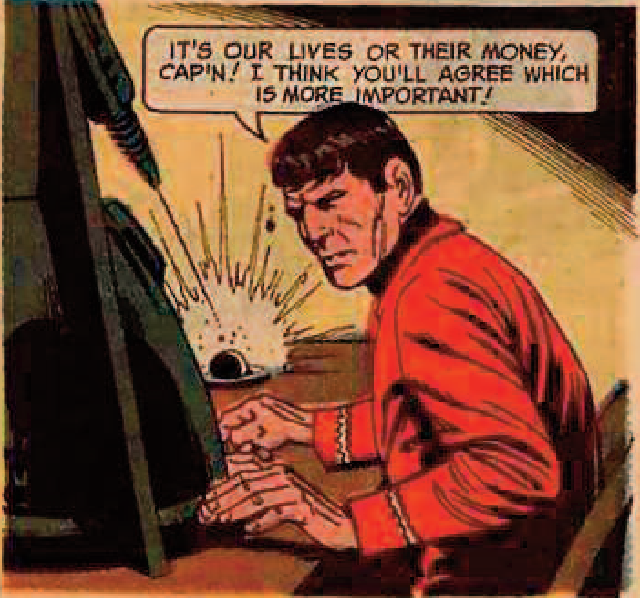

HE WAS TOTALLY UNDETECTED, EXCEPT FOR ONE CHANCE ENCOUNTER WHICH HE QUICKLY HANDLED!
UGGGGGGHHH!
AND WITHIN THE HOUR, THE PORTABLE TRANSMUTER WAS ABOARD THEIR SHIP AND ON ITS WAY TO LUROTA!
MARVELOUS! BUT HOW DO WE LOCATE THEIR RICHEST MEN-- KIXO, NAGATYU, ZINDFLO--?
IT'S ALL VERY CAREFULLY INDEXED! THE MACHINE CAN LOCATE THAT SINGLE DOT ON THE TAPE CONTAINING ANY ONE PERSON!
BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO CLEAR THE MACHINE OF ANY PREVIOUS MATERIAL! BIO-RECORDING IS THE MOST DELICATE WORK, OBVIOUSLY!
WHA--?
AM I INTRUDING?
SHAME ON YOU, ANZAR! DIDN'T YOU EVER READ ABOUT THE TROJAN HORSE?

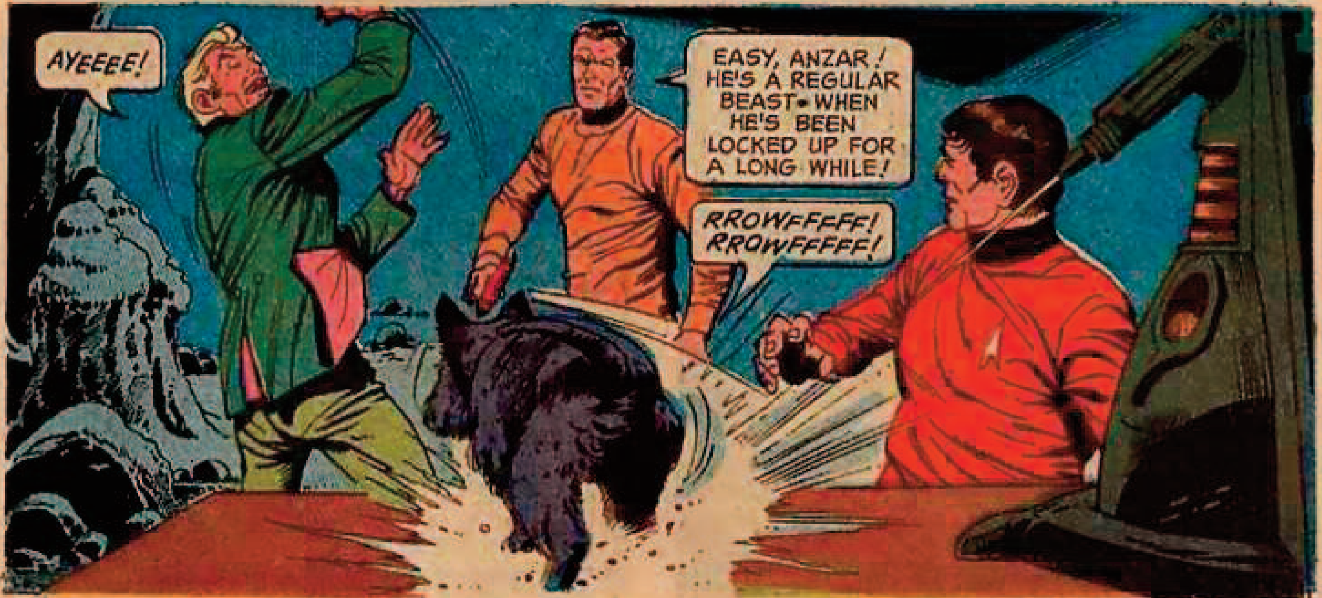

SPOCK DIDN'T "FALL" INTO YOUR HANDS, ANZAR! WE PLANNED IT--SO HE COULD SLIP THE TRANSMUTER ON BOARD HERE--WITH US RECORDED INSIDE IT!
SCORE ONE FOR ME, LADDIES!
ARRRGH!
I'M RIGHT UP THERE WITH YOU, SCOTTY! I GOT ONE!
AND YOU, SIR-- WOULD DO WELL TO SURRENDER!
YES! YES! I SURRENDER!

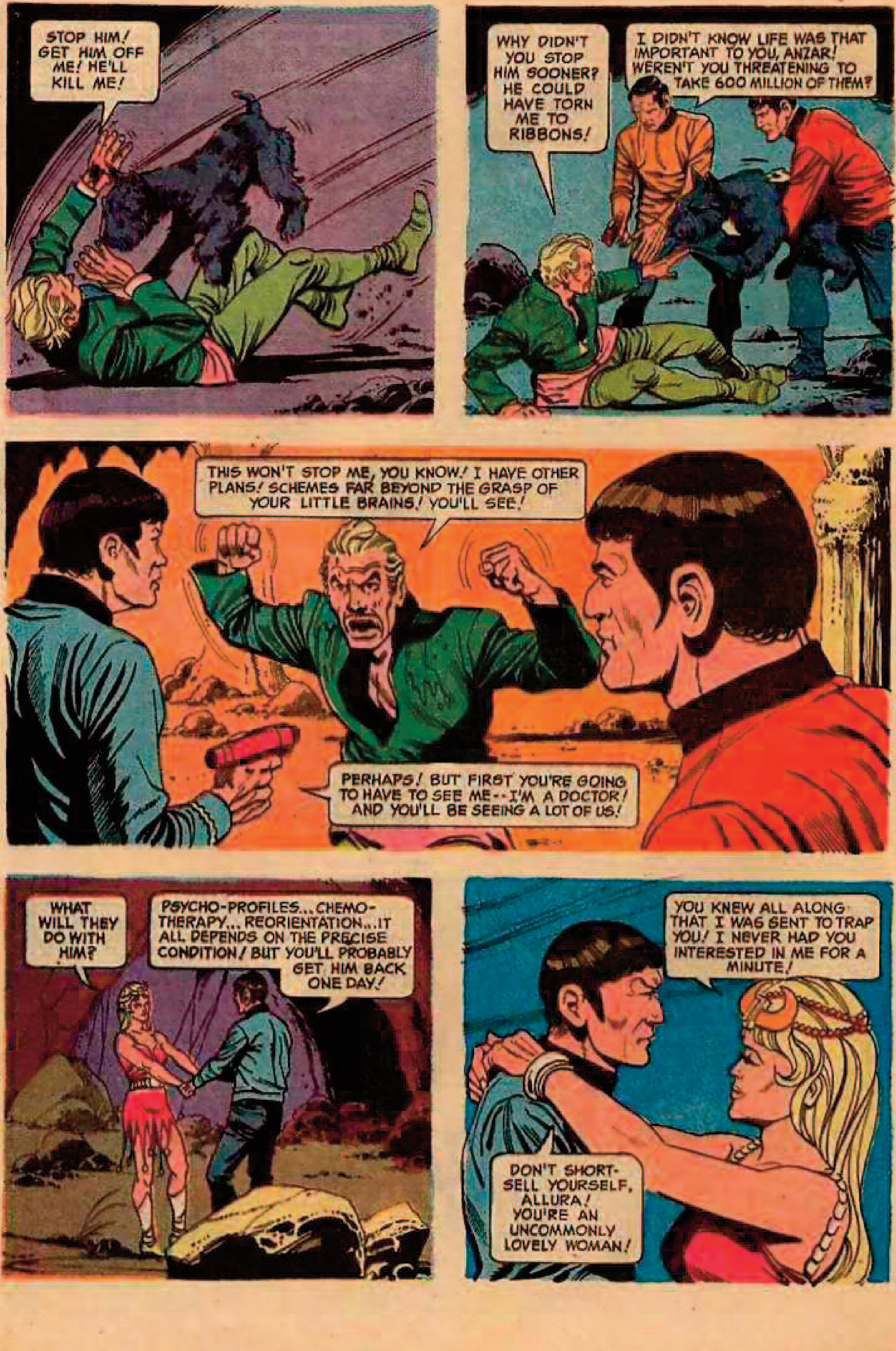

I SEE NOT EVERYBODY HAS SURRENDERED!
CORRECT, CAPTAIN! IT IS OBVIOUS THAT I CAN DESTROY STYRA FASTER THAN YOU CAN MOVE--NOW --WE WILL DO AS PLANNED!

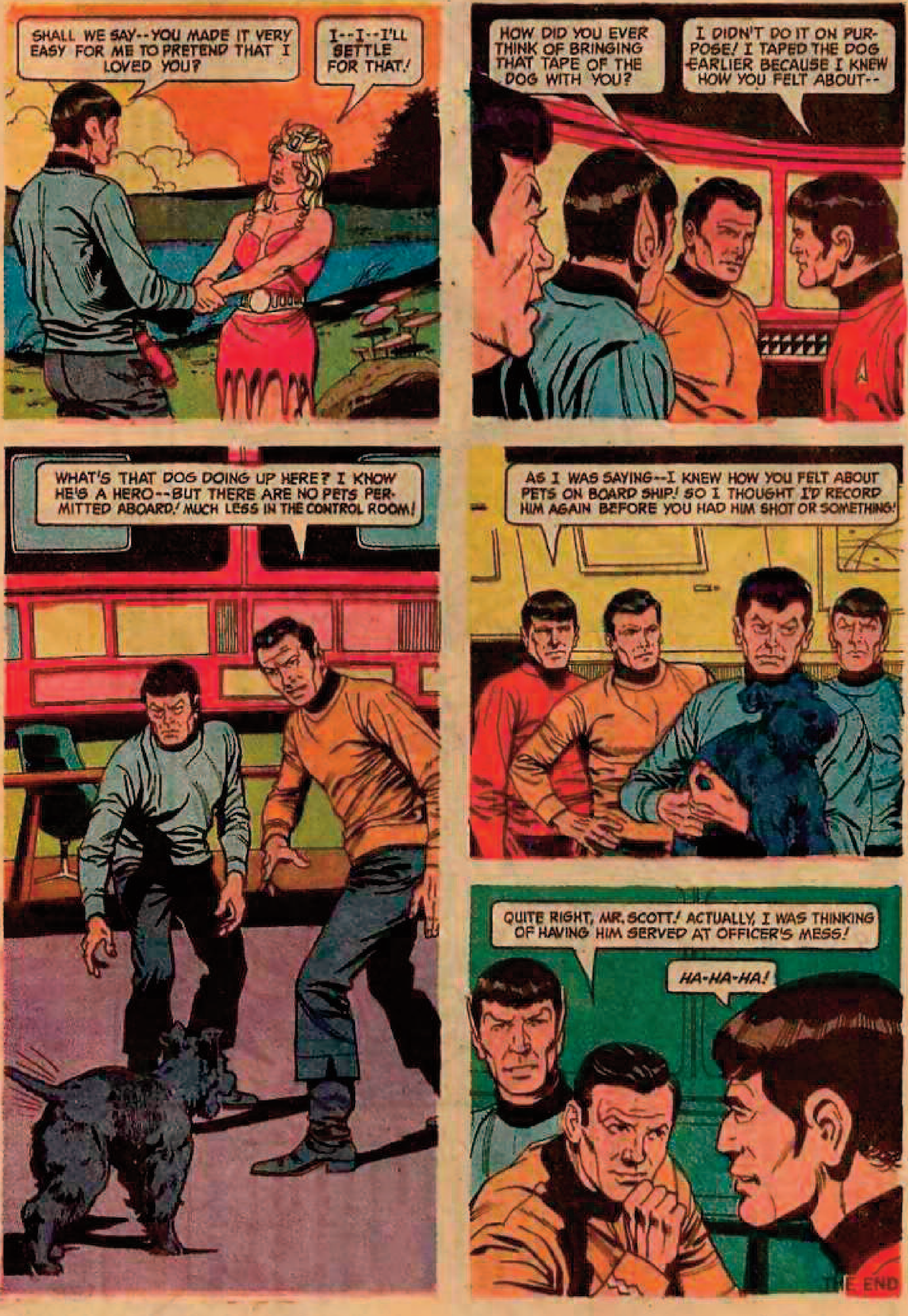

WE SHALL EXTRACT THE BILLIONAIRES AND LET THEM PAY FOR STYRA!
WE HAVE NO CHOICE, LADDIES! I'LL HANDLE THE CONTROLS ON THE MACHINE!

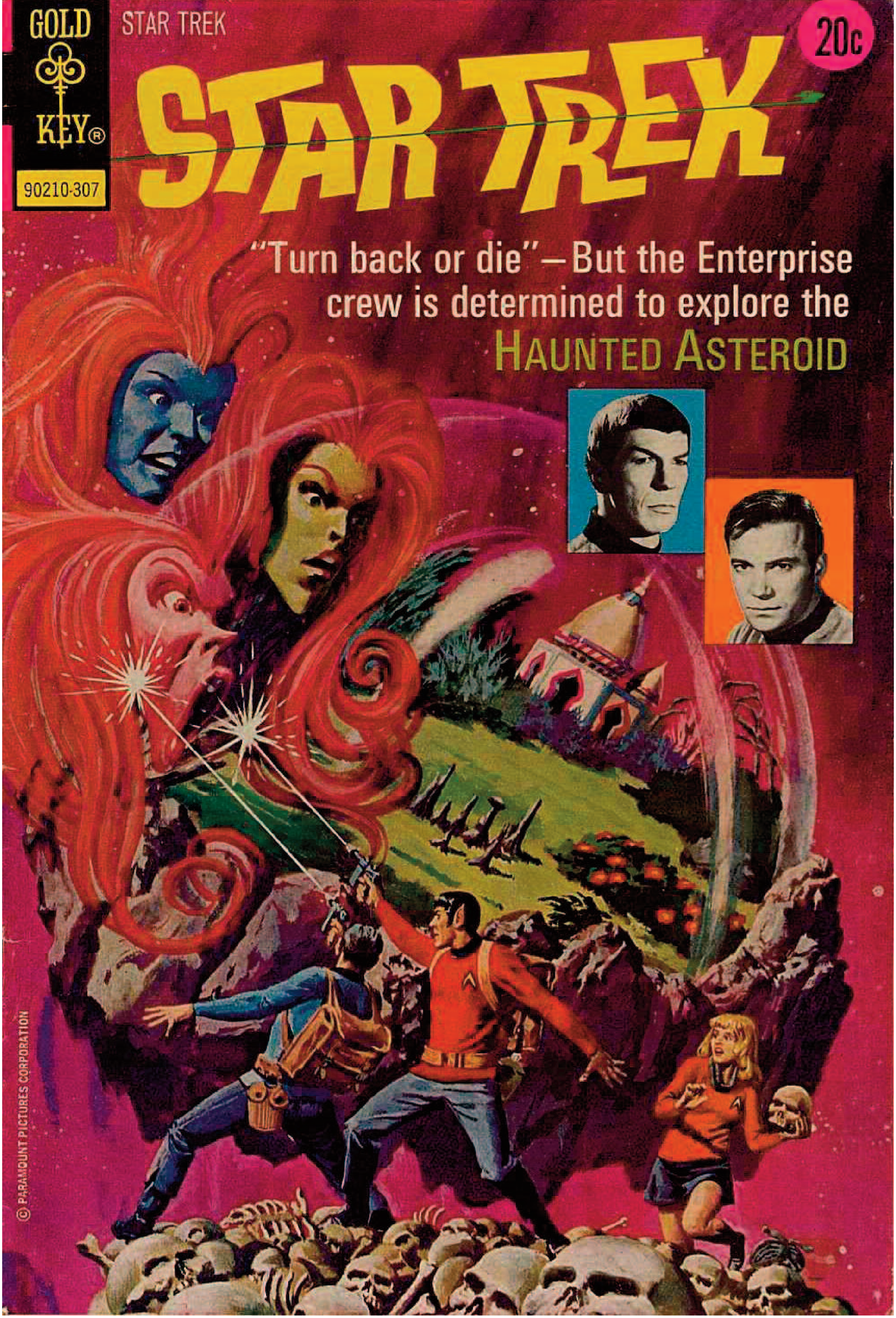

DON'T DO IT, SCOTTY! HE CAN'T HANDLE IT HIMSELF! IF WE DON'T COOPERATE --
SHUT UP! I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T! I MEAN IT!


IT'S OUR LIVES OR THEIR MONEY, CAP'N! I THINK YOU'LL AGREE WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT!


AYEEEE!
EASY, ANZAR! HE'S A REGULAR BEAST• WHEN HE'S BEEN LOCKED UP FOR A LONG WHILE!
RROWFFFFF! RROWFFFFF!


STOP HIM! GET HIM OFF ME! HE'LL KILL ME!
WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM SOONER? HE COULD HAVE TORN ME TO RIBBONS!
I DIDN'T KNOW LIFE WAS THAT IMPORTANT TO YOU, ANZAR! WEREN'T YOU THREATENING TO TAKE 600 MILLION OF THEM?
THIS WON'T STOP ME, YOU KNOW! I HAVE OTHER PLANS! SCHEMES FAR BEYOND THE GRASP OF YOUR LITTLE BRAINS! YOU'LL SEE!
PERHAPS! BUT FIRST YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SEE ME--I'M A DOCTOR! AND YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF US!
WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?
PSYCHO-PROFILES... CHEMO-THERAPY... REORIENTATION... IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE PRECISE CONDITION! BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY GET HIM BACK ONE DAY!
YOU KNEW ALL ALONG THAT I WAS SENT TO TRAP YOU! I NEVER HAD YOU INTERESTED IN ME FOR A MINUTE!
DON'T SHORT-SELL YOURSELF, ALLURA! YOU'RE AN UNCOMMONLY LOVELY WOMAN!


SHALL WE SAY--YOU MADE IT VERY EASY FOR ME TO PRETEND THAT I LOVED YOU?
I--I--I'LL SETTLE FOR THAT!
HOW DID YOU EVER THINK OF BRINGING THAT TAPE OF THE DOG WITH YOU?
I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE! I TAPED THE DOG EARLIER BECAUSE I KNEW HOW YOU FELT ABOUT--
WHAT'S THAT DOG DOING UP HERE? I KNOW HE'S A HERO--BUT THERE ARE NO PETS PERMITTED ABOARD! MUCH LESS IN THE CONTROL ROOM!
AS I WAS SAYING--I KNEW HOW YOU FELT ABOUT PETS ON BOARD SHIP! SO I THOUGHT I'D RECORD HIM AGAIN BEFORE YOU HAD HIM SHOT OR SOMETHING!
QUITE RIGHT, MR. SCOTT! ACTUALLY, I WAS THINKING OF HAVING HIM SERVED AT OFFICER'S MESS!
HA-HA-HA!
THE END


GOLD KEY®
90210-307
STAR TREK
STAR TREK
20c
"Turn back or die"—But the Enterprise crew is determined to explore the HAUNTED ASTEROID
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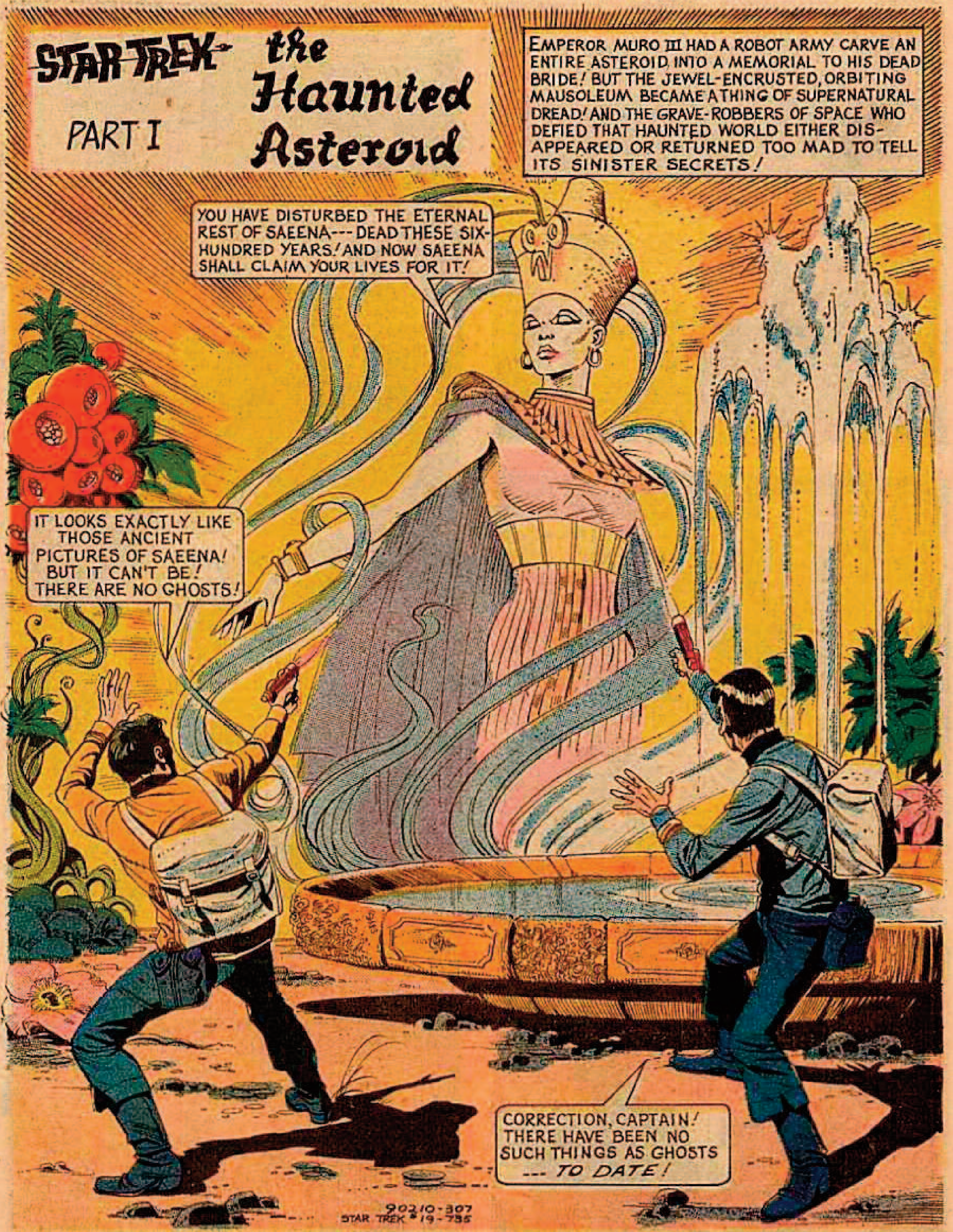
STAR TREK
PART I
the Haunted Asteroid
EMPEROR MURO III HAD A ROBOT ARMY CARVE AN ENTIRE ASTEROID INTO A MEMORIAL TO HIS DEAD BRIDE! BUT THE JEWEL-ENCRUSTED, ORBITING MAUSOLEUM BECAME A THING OF SUPERNATURAL DREAD! AND THE GRAVE-ROBBERS OF SPACE WHO DEFIED THAT HAUNTED WORLD EITHER DISAPPEARED OR RETURNED TOO MAD TO TELL ITS SINISTER SECRETS!
YOU HAVE DISTURBED THE ETERNAL REST OF SAEENA--- DEAD THESE SIX-HUNDRED YEARS! AND NOW SAEENA SHALL CLAIM YOUR LIVES FOR IT!
IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THOSE ANCIENT PICTURES OF SAEENA! BUT IT CAN'T BE! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS!
CORRECTION, CAPTAIN! THERE HAVE BEEN NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS --- TO DATE!
90210-307
STAR TREK #19-735

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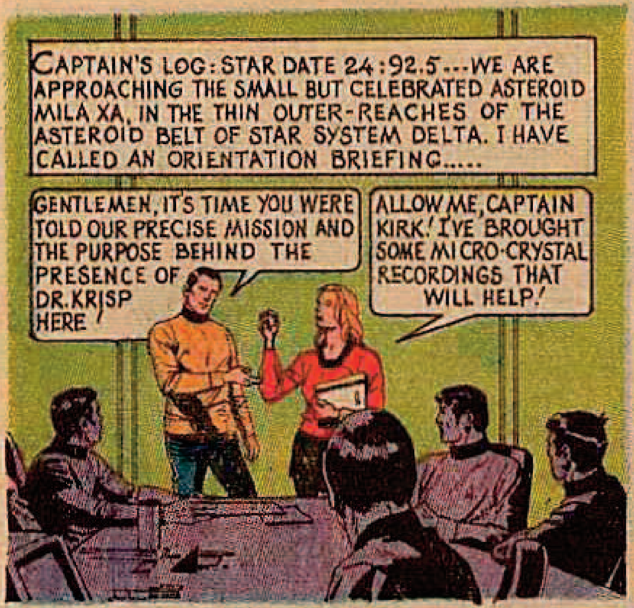
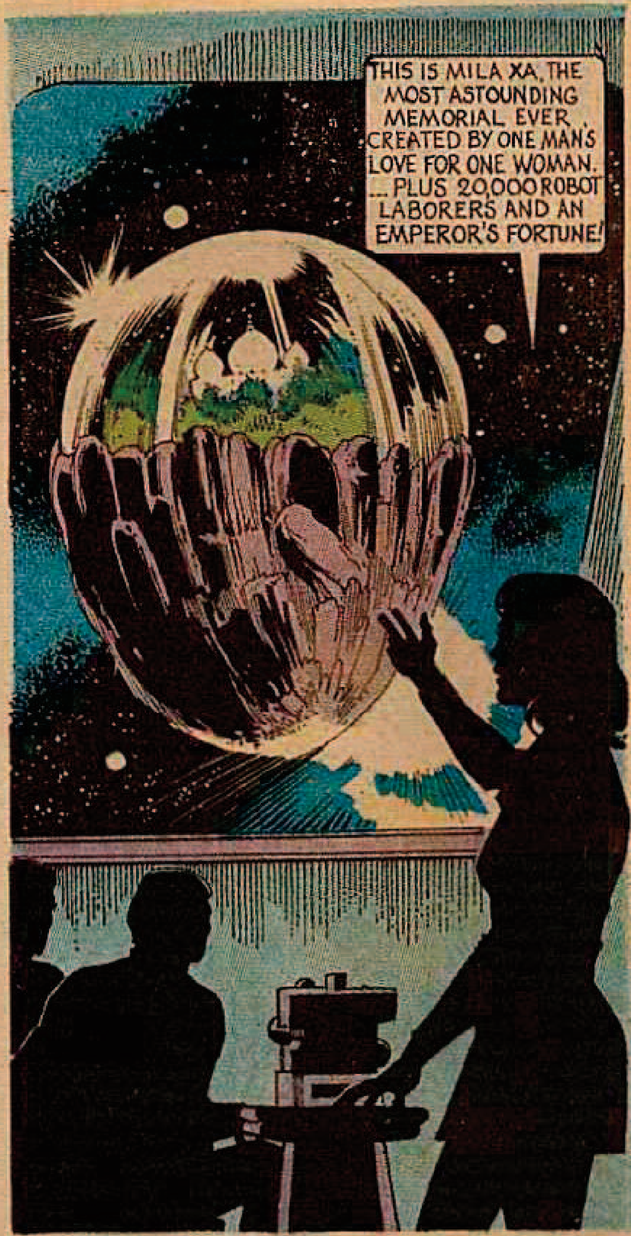
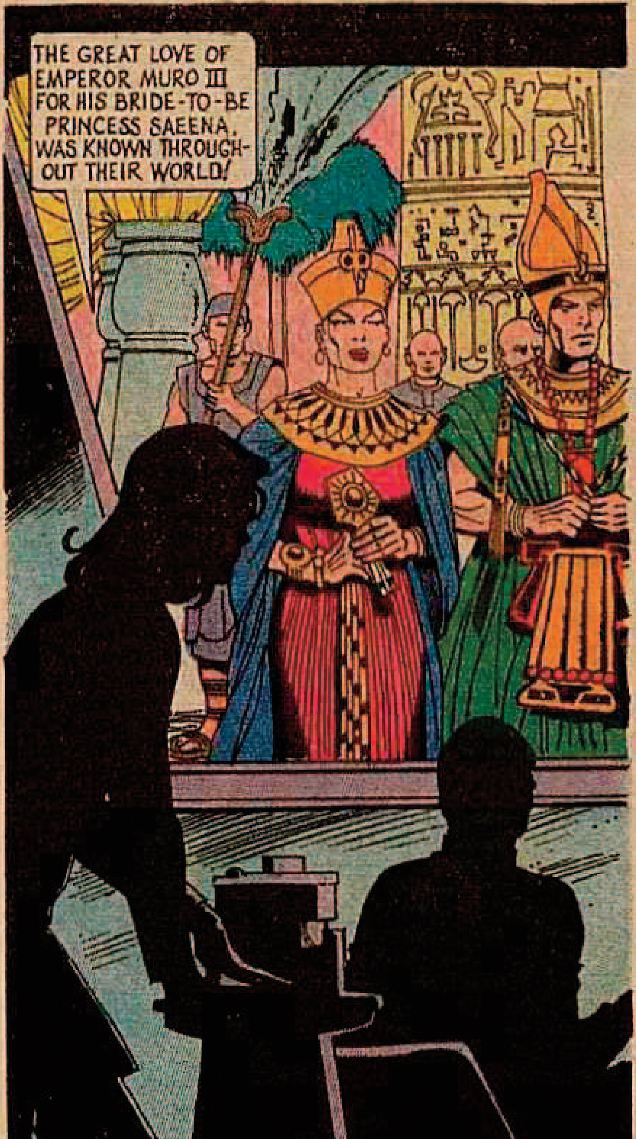
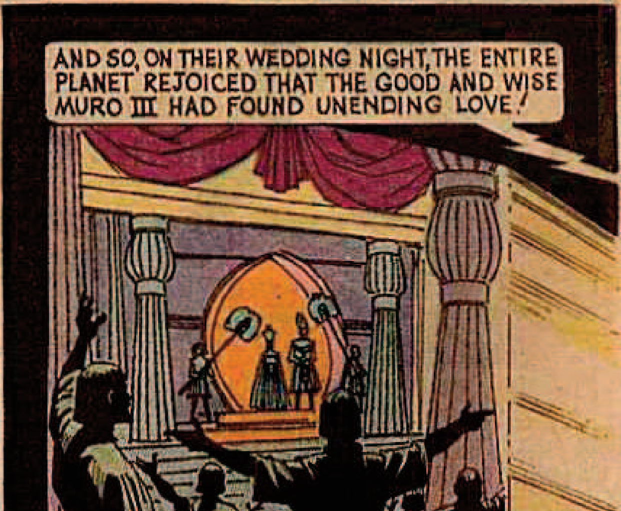
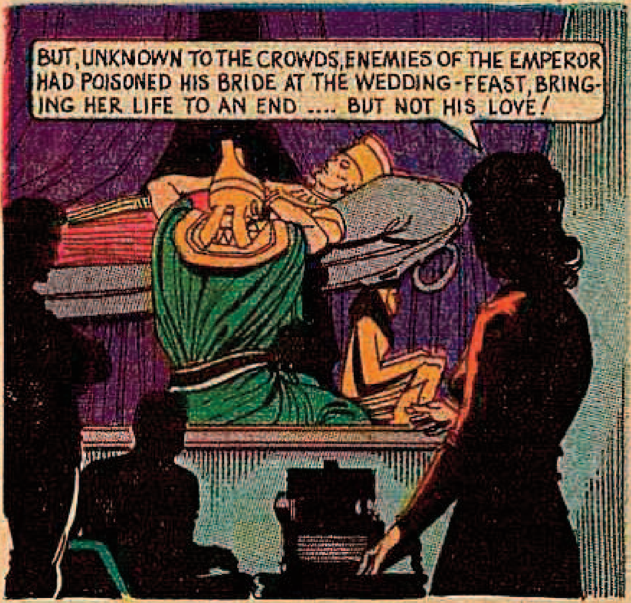
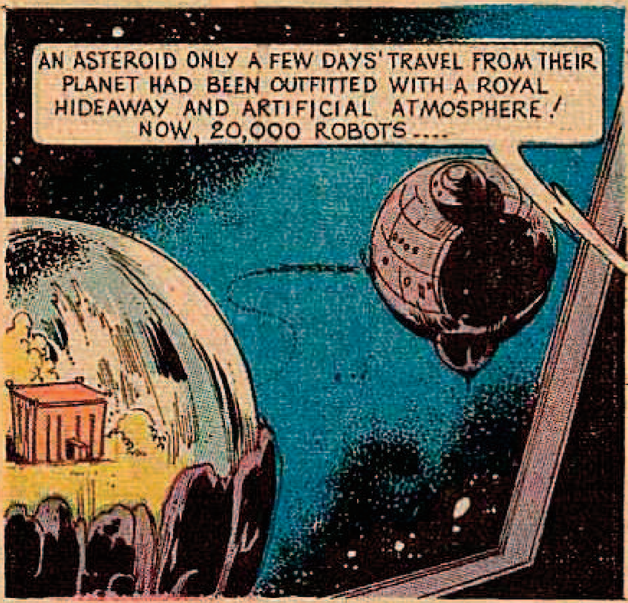

CAPTAIN'S LOG: STAR DATE 24:92.5...WE ARE APPROACHING THE SMALL BUT CELEBRATED ASTEROID MILA XA, IN THE THIN OUTER-REACHES OF THE ASTEROID BELT OF STAR SYSTEM DELTA. I HAVE CALLED AN ORIENTATION BRIEFING.....
GENTLEMEN, IT'S TIME YOU WERE TOLD OUR PRECISE MISSION AND THE PURPOSE BEHIND THE PRESENCE OF DR. KRISP HERE!
ALLOW ME, CAPTAIN KIRK! I'VE BROUGHT SOME MICRO-CRYSTAL RECORDINGS THAT WILL HELP!

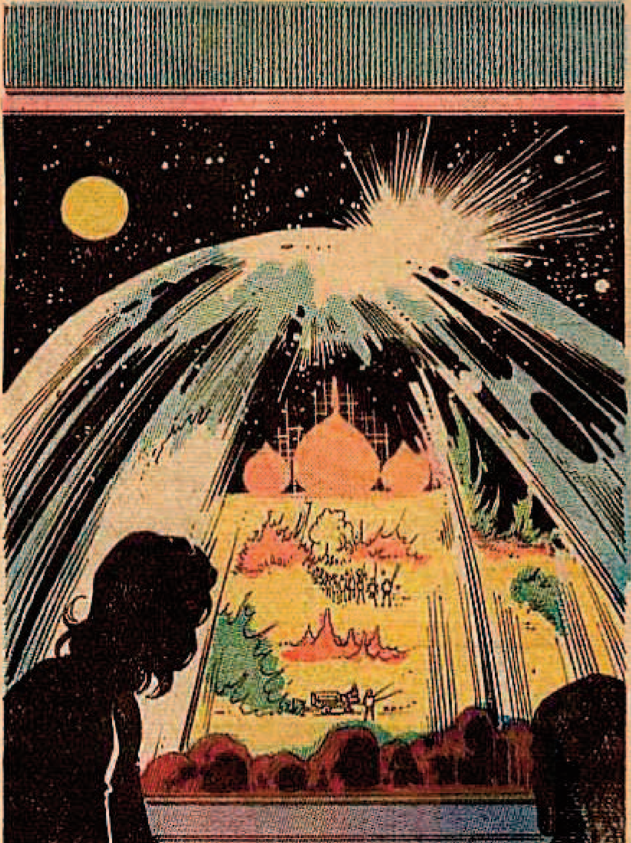

THIS IS MILA XA, THE MOST ASTOUNDING MEMORIAL EVER CREATED BY ONE MAN'S LOVE FOR ONE WOMAN. ...PLUS 20,000 ROBOT LABORERS AND AN EMPEROR'S FORTUNE!

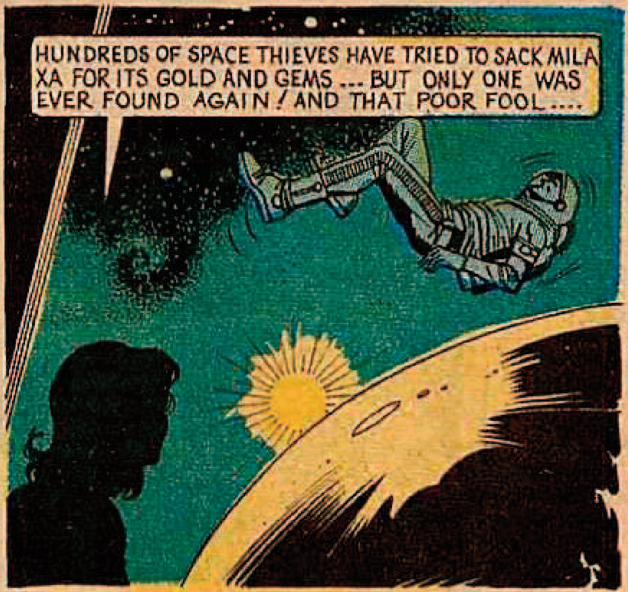

THE GREAT LOVE OF EMPEROR MURO III FOR HIS BRIDE-TO-BE PRINCESS SAEENA, WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THEIR WORLD!

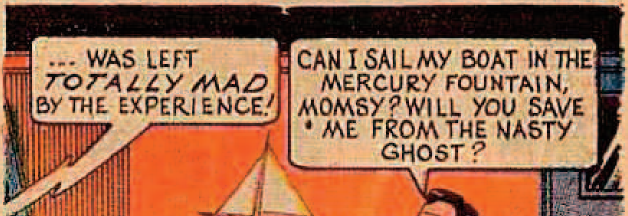

AND SO, ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT, THE ENTIRE PLANET REJOICED THAT THE GOOD AND WISE MURO III HAD FOUND UNENDING LOVE!

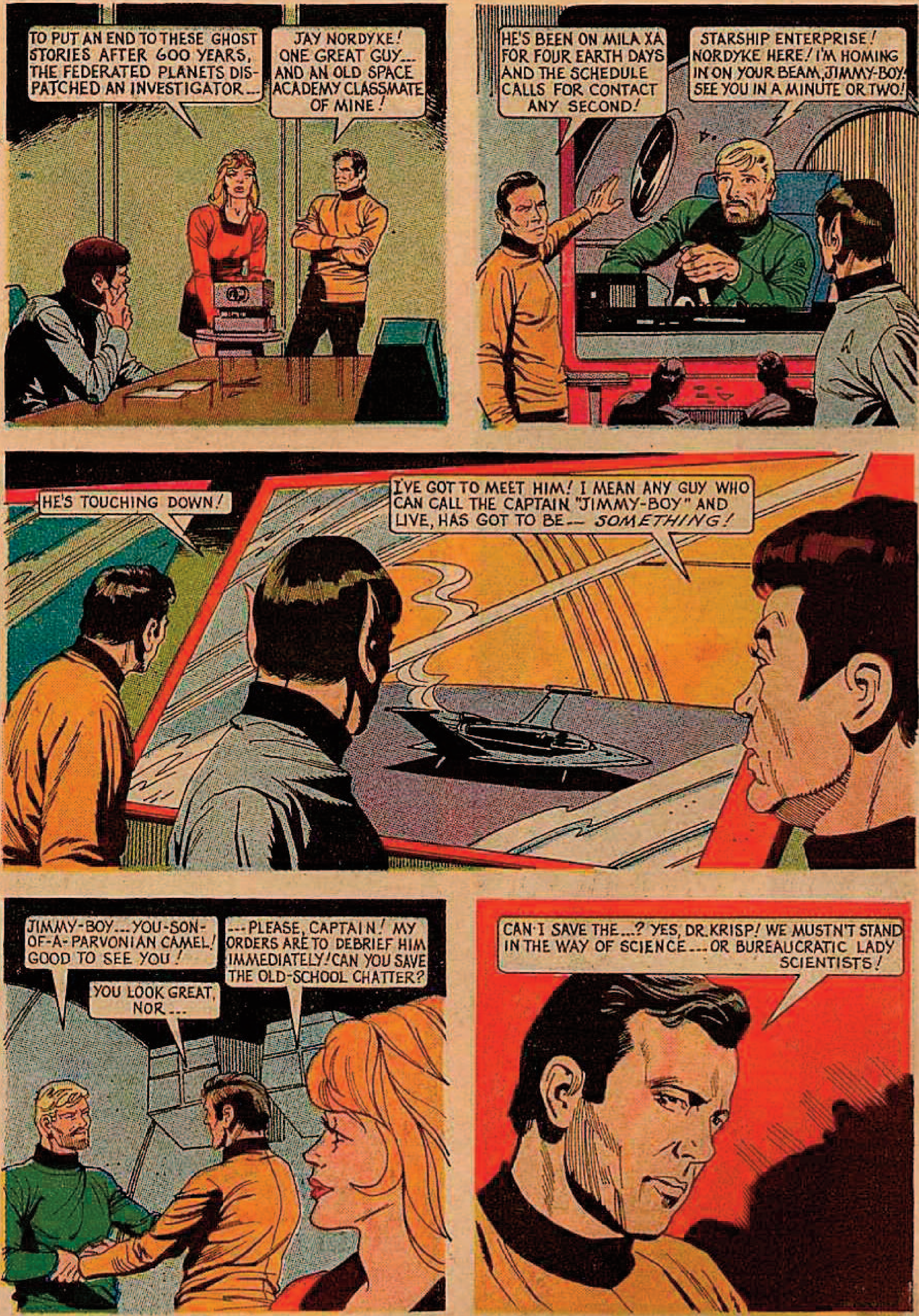

BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE CROWDS, ENEMIES OF THE EMPEROR HAD POISONED HIS BRIDE AT THE WEDDING-FEAST, BRINGING HER LIFE TO AN END .... BUT NOT HIS LOVE!

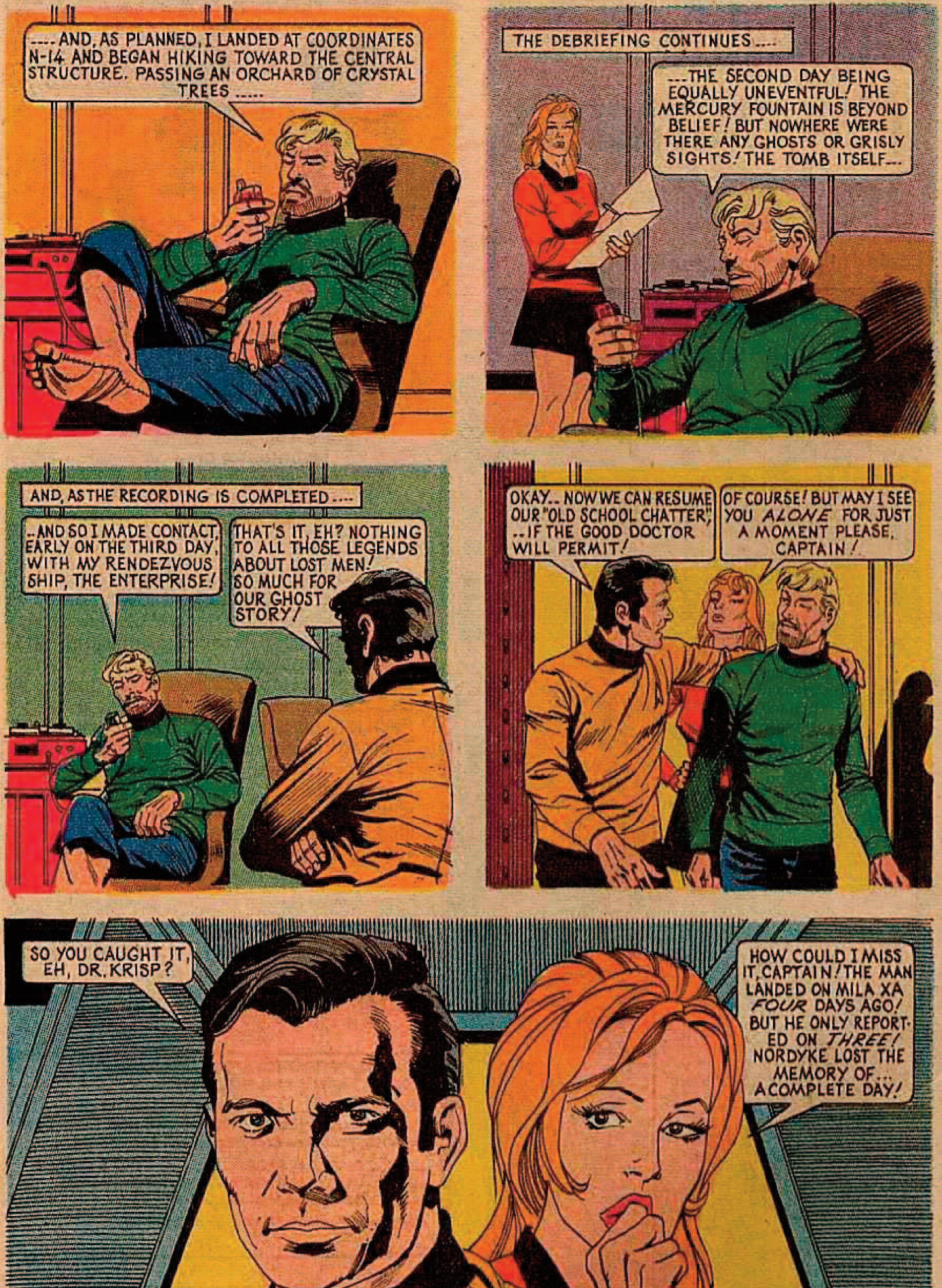

AN ASTEROID ONLY A FEW DAYS' TRAVEL FROM THEIR PLANET HAD BEEN OUTFITTED WITH A ROYAL HIDEAWAY AND ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE! NOW, 20,000 ROBOTS....

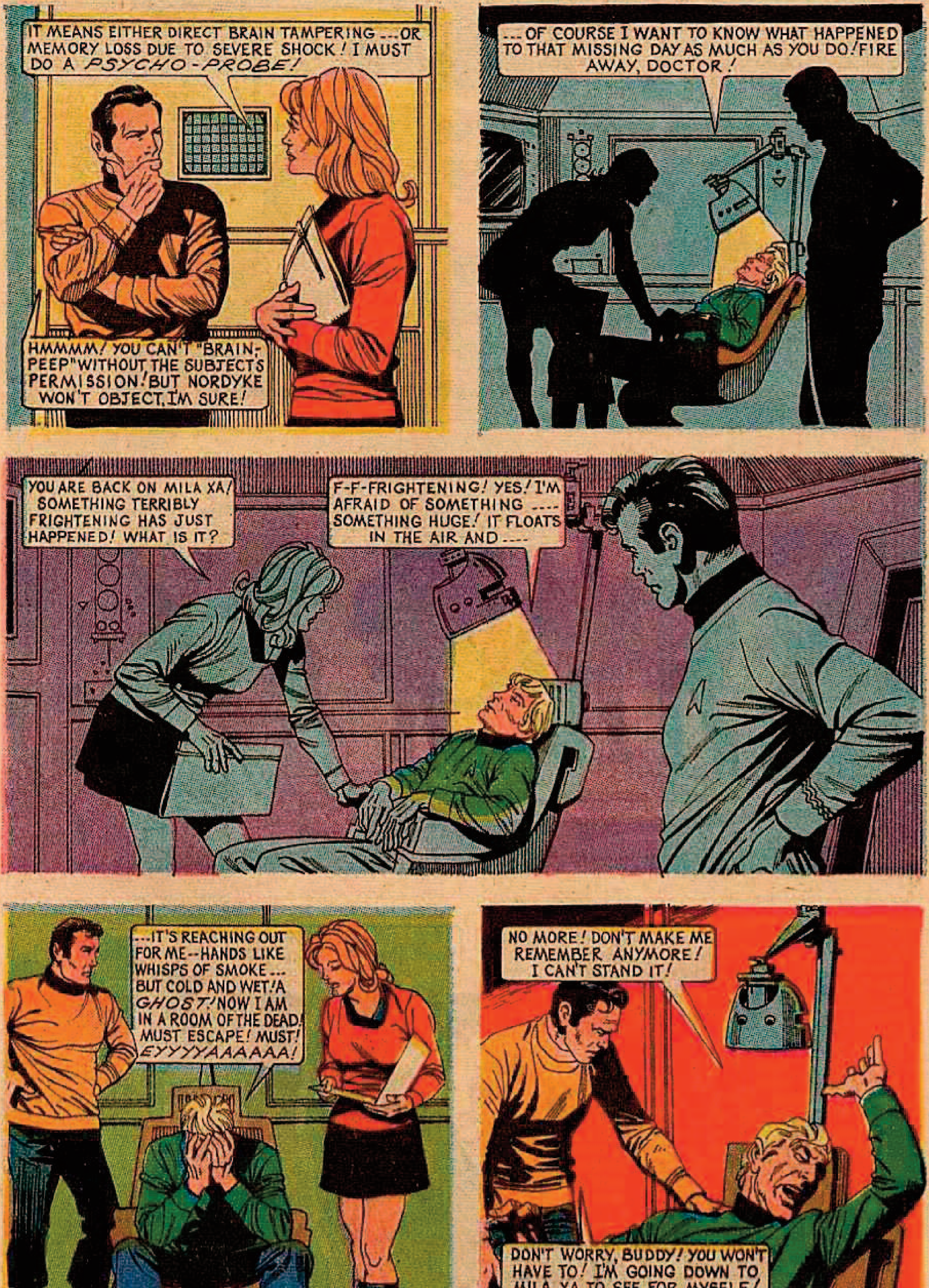

... TORE DOWN THE IMPERIAL "COTTAGE" AND BEGAN TO CARVE THAT SLAB OF SPACE ROCK INTO THE BREATHTAKING MAUSOLEUM IT IS TODAY!

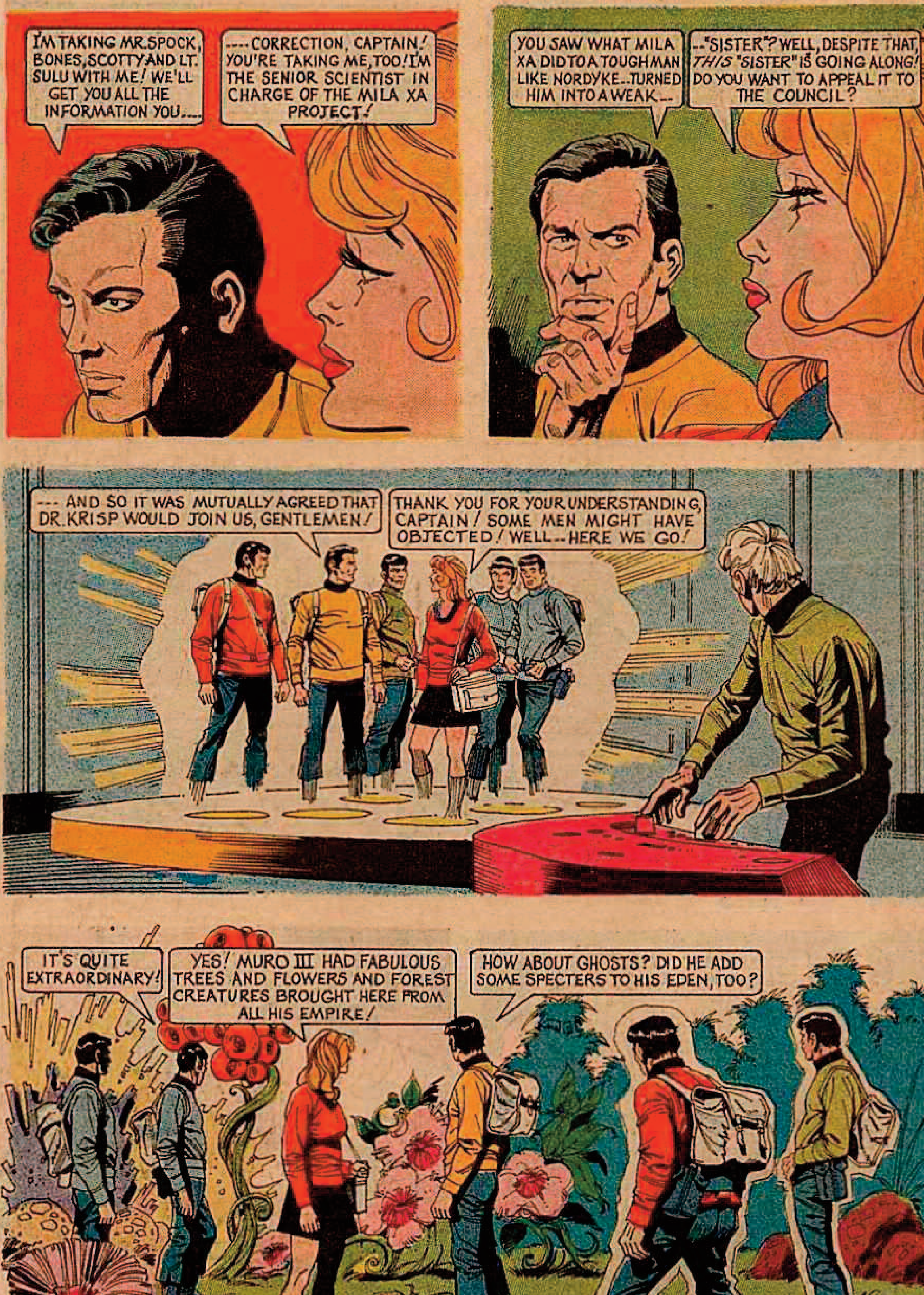

HUNDREDS OF SPACE THIEVES HAVE TRIED TO SACK MILA XA FOR ITS GOLD AND GEMS ... BUT ONLY ONE WAS EVER FOUND AGAIN! AND THAT POOR FOOL....

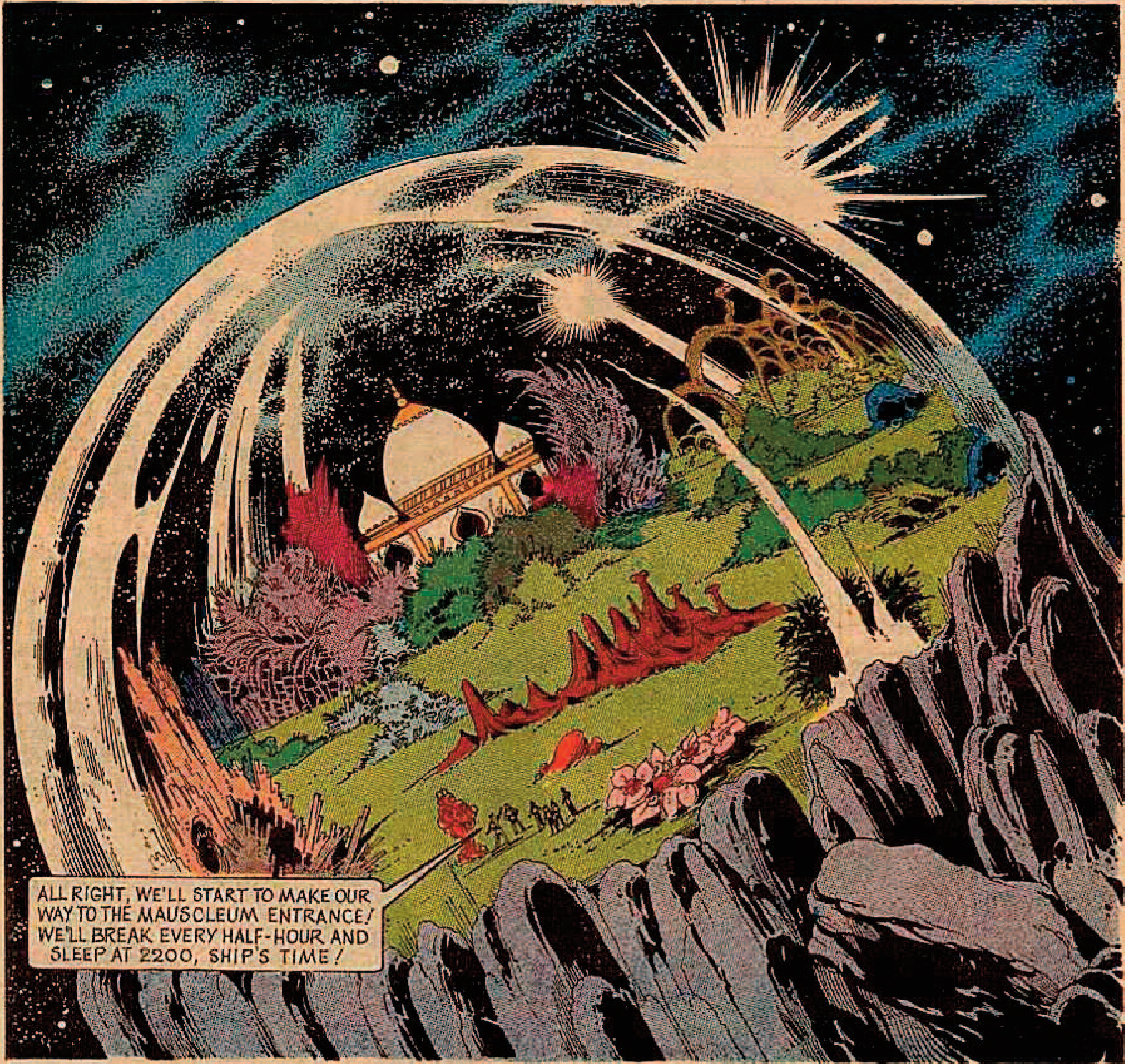

... WAS LEFT *TOTALLY MAD* BY THE EXPERIENCE!
CAN I SAIL MY BOAT IN THE MERCURY FOUNTAIN, MOMSY? WILL YOU SAVE ME FROM THE NASTY GHOST?

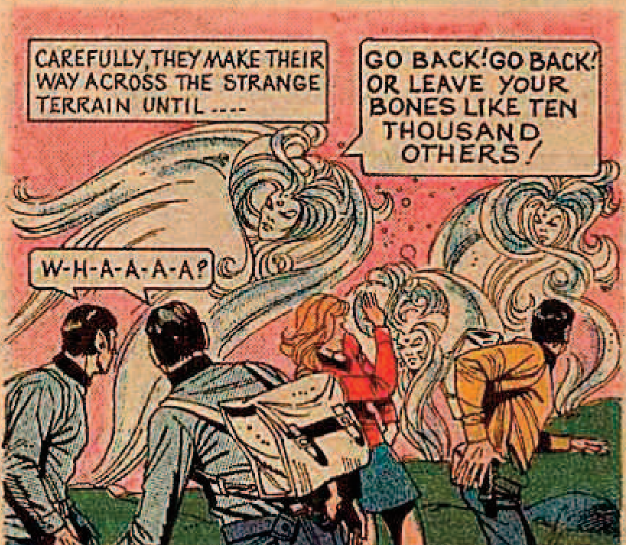

TO PUT AN END TO THESE GHOST STORIES AFTER 600 YEARS, THE FEDERATED PLANETS DISPATCHED AN INVESTIGATOR...
JAY NORDYKE! ONE GREAT GUY... AND AN OLD SPACE ACADEMY CLASSMATE OF MINE!
HE'S BEEN ON MILA XA FOR FOUR EARTH DAYS AND THE SCHEDULE CALLS FOR CONTACT ANY SECOND!
STARSHIP ENTERPRISE! NORDYKE HERE! I'M HOMING IN ON YOUR BEAM, JIMMY-BOY! SEE YOU IN A MINUTE OR TWO!
HE'S TOUCHING DOWN!
I'VE GOT TO MEET HIM! I MEAN ANY GUY WHO CAN CALL THE CAPTAIN "JIMMY-BOY" AND LIVE, HAS GOT TO BE-- *SOMETHING!*
JIMMY-BOY... YOU-SON-OF-A-PARVONIAN CAMEL! GOOD TO SEE YOU!
YOU LOOK GREAT, NOR...
...PLEASE, CAPTAIN! MY ORDERS ARE TO DEBRIEF HIM IMMEDIATELY! CAN YOU SAVE THE OLD-SCHOOL CHATTER?
CAN I SAVE THE...? YES, DR. KRISP! WE MUSTN'T STAND IN THE WAY OF SCIENCE... OR BUREAUCRATIC LADY SCIENTISTS!

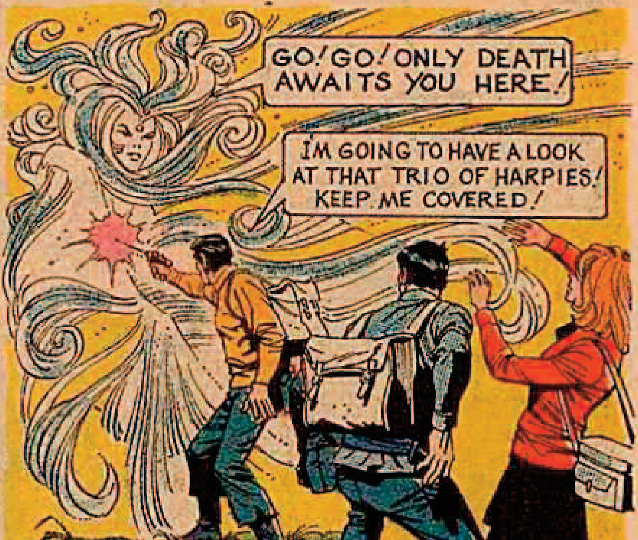

.... AND, AS PLANNED, I LANDED AT COORDINATES N-14 AND BEGAN HIKING TOWARD THE CENTRAL STRUCTURE. PASSING AN ORCHARD OF CRYSTAL TREES .....
THE DEBRIEFING CONTINUES ....
...THE SECOND DAY BEING EQUALLY UNEVENTFUL! THE MERCURY FOUNTAIN IS BEYOND BELIEF! BUT NOWHERE WERE THERE ANY GHOSTS OR GRISLY SIGHTS! THE TOMB ITSELF...
AND, AS THE RECORDING IS COMPLETED ....
..AND SO I MADE CONTACT, EARLY ON THE THIRD DAY, WITH MY RENDEZVOUS SHIP, THE ENTERPRISE!
THAT'S IT, EH? NOTHING TO ALL THOSE LEGENDS ABOUT LOST MEN! SO MUCH FOR OUR GHOST STORY!
OKAY.. NOW WE CAN RESUME OUR "OLD SCHOOL CHATTER", ..IF THE GOOD DOCTOR WILL PERMIT!
OF COURSE! BUT MAY I SEE YOU *ALONE* FOR JUST A MOMENT PLEASE, CAPTAIN!
SO YOU CAUGHT IT, EH, DR. KRISP?
HOW COULD I MISS IT, CAPTAIN! THE MAN LANDED ON MILA XA *FOUR* DAYS AGO! BUT HE ONLY REPORTED ON *THREE!* NORDYKE LOST THE MEMORY OF... A COMPLETE DAY!

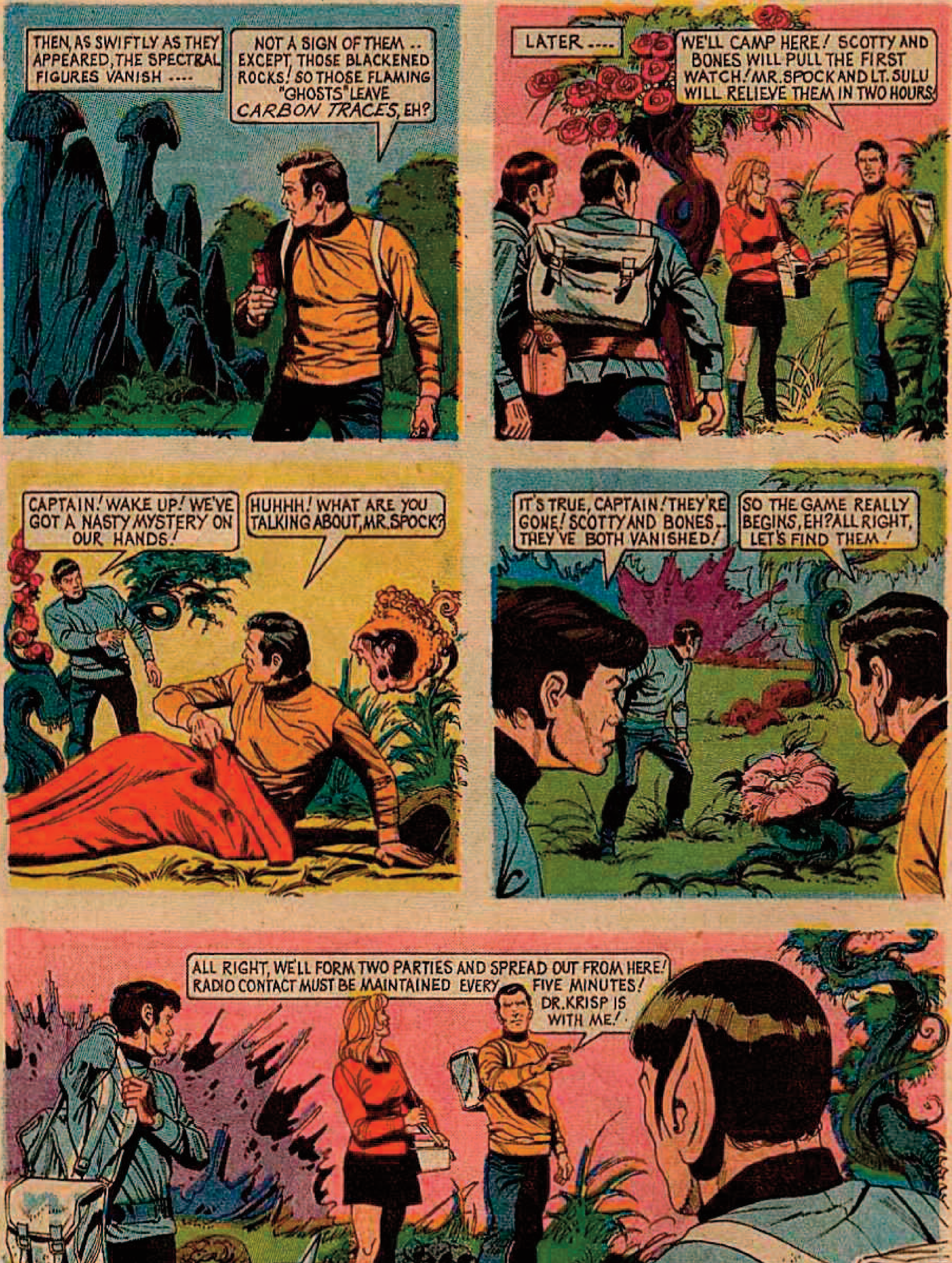

IT MEANS EITHER DIRECT BRAIN TAMPERING ...OR MEMORY LOSS DUE TO SEVERE SHOCK! I MUST DO A PSYCHO-PROBE!
HMMMM! YOU CAN'T "BRAIN-PEEP" WITHOUT THE SUBJECT'S PERMISSION! BUT NORDYKE WON'T OBJECT, I'M SURE!
...OF COURSE I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT MISSING DAY AS MUCH AS YOU DO! FIRE AWAY, DOCTOR!
YOU ARE BACK ON MILA XA! SOMETHING TERRIBLY FRIGHTENING HAS JUST HAPPENED! WHAT IS IT?
F-F-FRIGHTENING! YES! I'M AFRAID OF SOMETHING ---- SOMETHING HUGE! IT FLOATS IN THE AIR AND ----
...IT'S REACHING OUT FOR ME--HANDS LIKE WHISPS OF SMOKE... BUT COLD AND WET! A GHOST! NOW I AM IN A ROOM OF THE DEAD! MUST ESCAPE! MUST! EYYYYAAAAAA!
NO MORE! DON'T MAKE ME REMEMBER ANYMORE! I CAN'T STAND IT!
DON'T WORRY, BUDDY! YOU WON'T HAVE TO! I'M GOING DOWN TO MILA XA TO SEE FOR MYSELF!

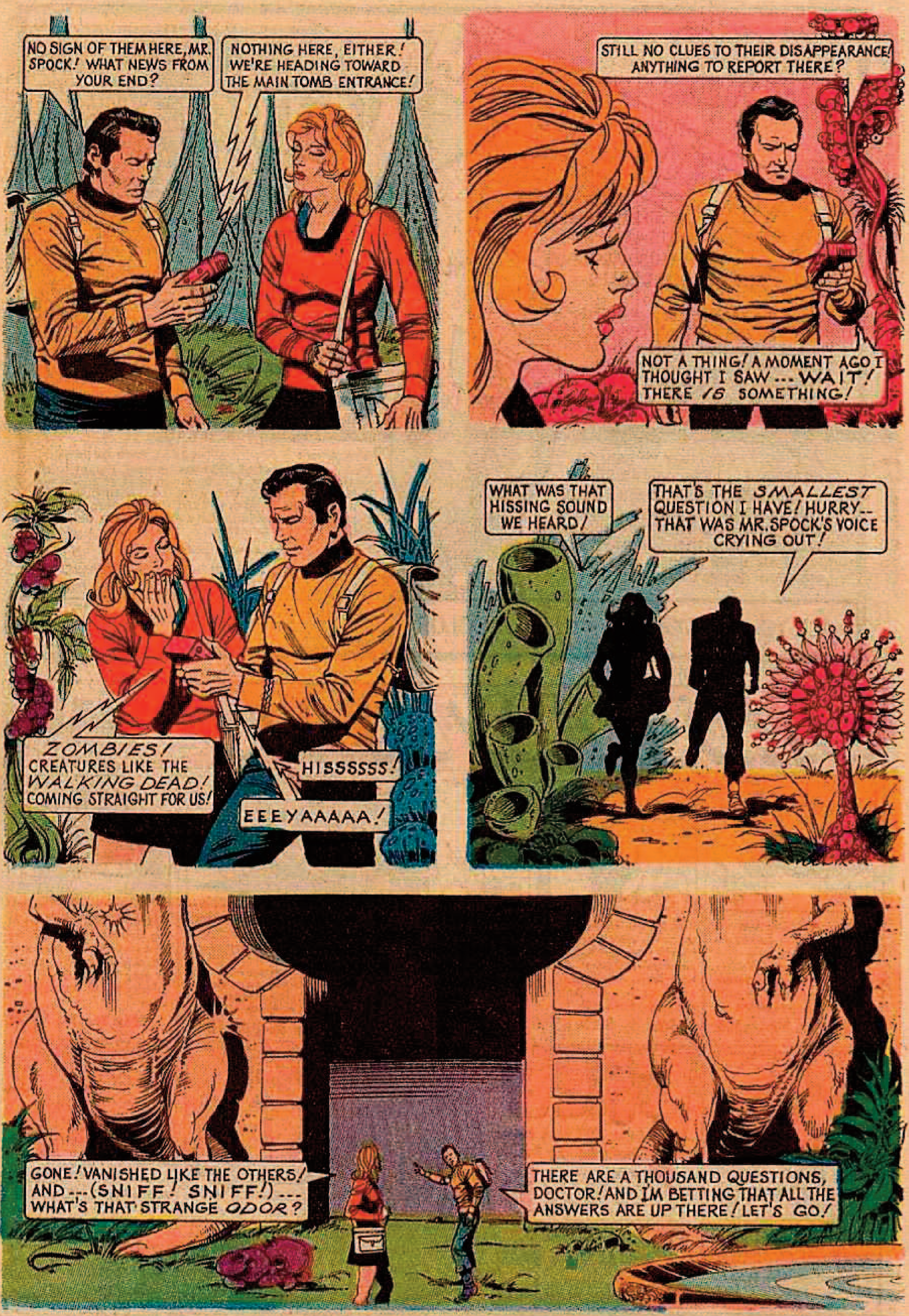

I'M TAKING MR. SPOCK, BONES, SCOTTY AND LT. SULU WITH ME! WE'LL GET YOU ALL THE INFORMATION YOU....
---- CORRECTION, CAPTAIN! YOU'RE TAKING ME, TOO! I'M THE SENIOR SCIENTIST IN CHARGE OF THE MILA XA PROJECT!
YOU SAW WHAT MILA XA DID TO A TOUGH MAN LIKE NORDYKE.. TURNED HIM INTO A WEAK...
--"SISTER"? WELL, DESPITE THAT, *THIS* "SISTER" IS GOING ALONG! DO YOU WANT TO APPEAL IT TO THE COUNCIL?
--- AND SO IT WAS MUTUALLY AGREED THAT DR. KRISP WOULD JOIN US, GENTLEMEN!
THANK YOU FOR YOUR UNDERSTANDING, CAPTAIN! SOME MEN MIGHT HAVE OBJECTED! WELL -- HERE WE GO!
IT'S QUITE EXTRAORDINARY!
YES! MURO III HAD FABULOUS TREES AND FLOWERS AND FOREST CREATURES BROUGHT HERE FROM ALL HIS EMPIRE!
HOW ABOUT GHOSTS? DID HE ADD SOME SPECTERS TO HIS EDEN, TOO?

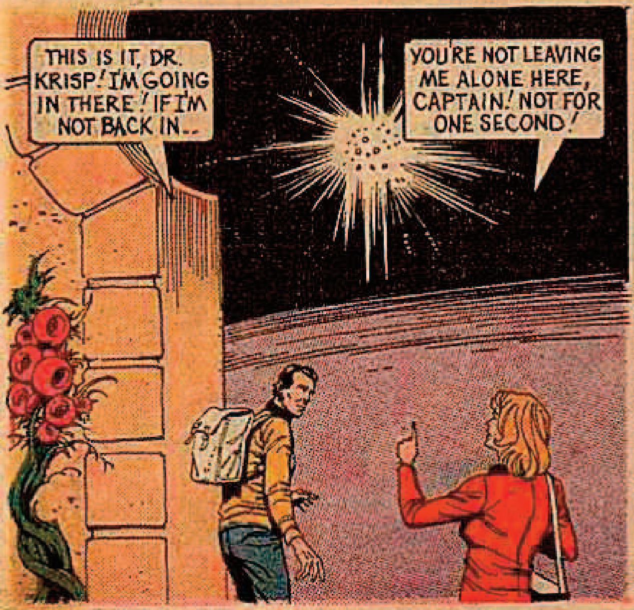

ALL RIGHT, WE'LL START TO MAKE OUR WAY TO THE MAUSOLEUM ENTRANCE! WE'LL BREAK EVERY HALF-HOUR AND SLEEP AT 2200, SHIP'S TIME!

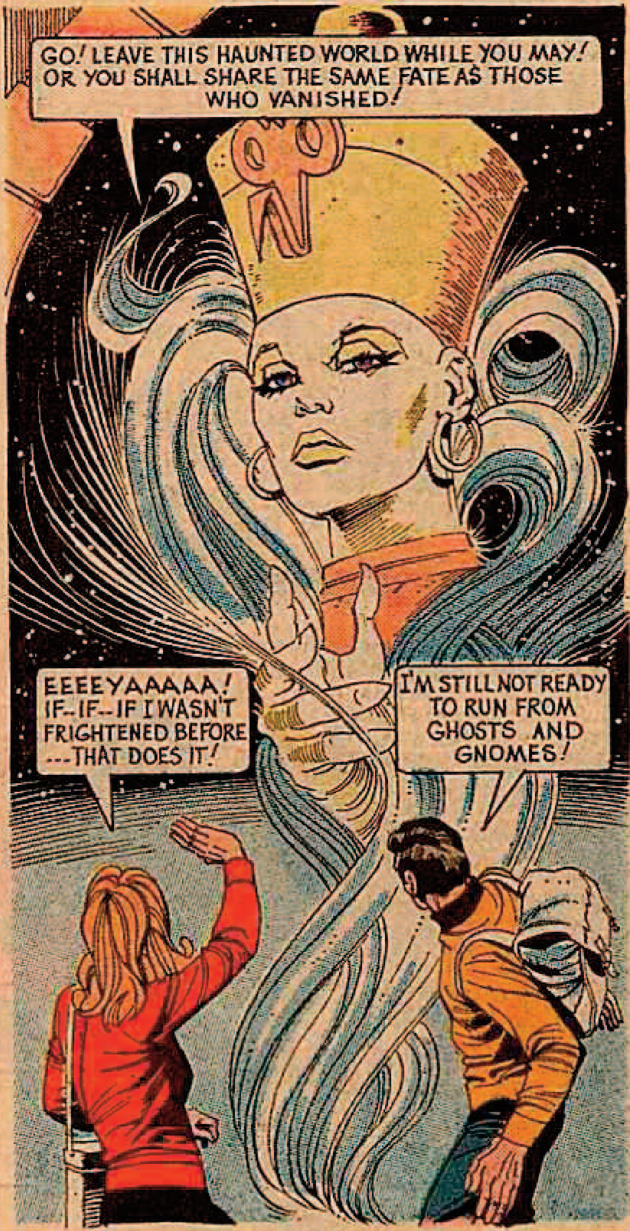

CAREFULLY, THEY MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE STRANGE TERRAIN UNTIL ----
GO BACK! GO BACK! OR LEAVE YOUR BONES LIKE TEN THOUSAND OTHERS!
W-H-A-A-A-A?

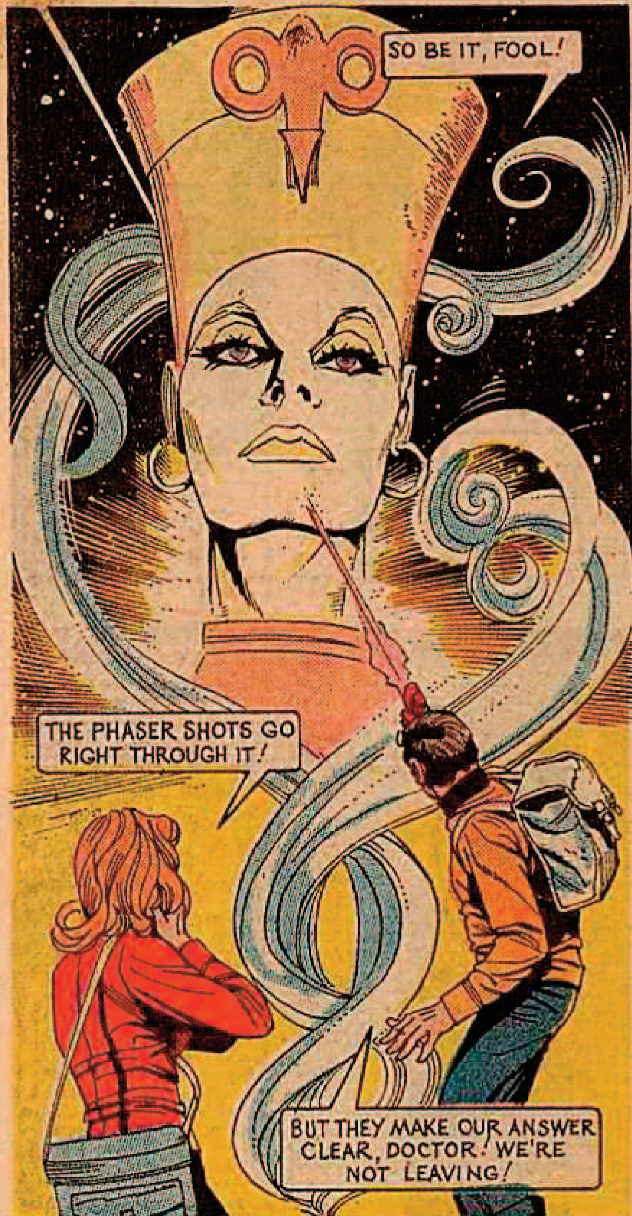

GO! GO! ONLY DEATH AWAITS YOU HERE!
I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT TRIO OF HARPIES! KEEP ME COVERED!

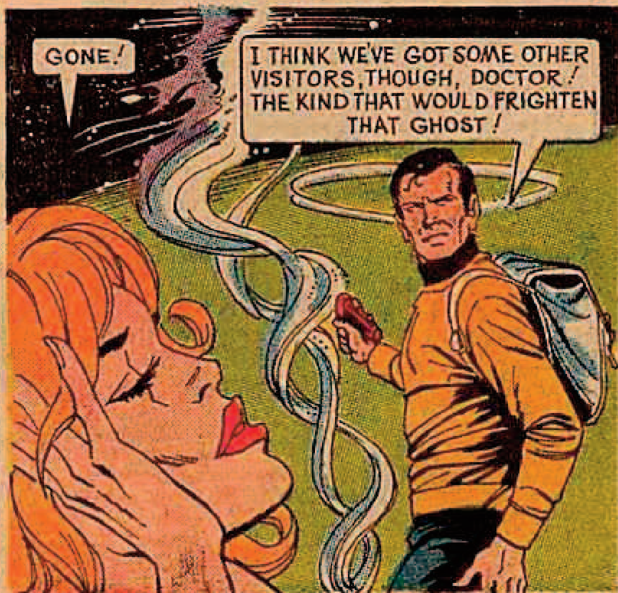

THEN, AS SWIFTLY AS THEY APPEARED, THE SPECTRAL FIGURES VANISH ----
NOT A SIGN OF THEM .. EXCEPT, THOSE BLACKENED ROCKS! SO THOSE FLAMING "GHOSTS" LEAVE CARBON TRACES, EH?
LATER ----
WE'LL CAMP HERE! SCOTTY AND BONES WILL PULL THE FIRST WATCH! MR. SPOCK AND LT. SULU WILL RELIEVE THEM IN TWO HOURS!
CAPTAIN! WAKE UP! WE'VE GOT A NASTY MYSTERY ON OUR HANDS!
HUHHH! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MR. SPOCK?
IT'S TRUE, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE GONE! SCOTTY AND BONES.. THEY'VE BOTH VANISHED!
SO THE GAME REALLY BEGINS, EH? ALL RIGHT, LET'S FIND THEM!
ALL RIGHT, WE'LL FORM TWO PARTIES AND SPREAD OUT FROM HERE! RADIO CONTACT MUST BE MAINTAINED EVERY FIVE MINUTES! DR. KRISP IS WITH ME!
WHY, I DIDN'T THINK YOU CARED, CAPTAIN!

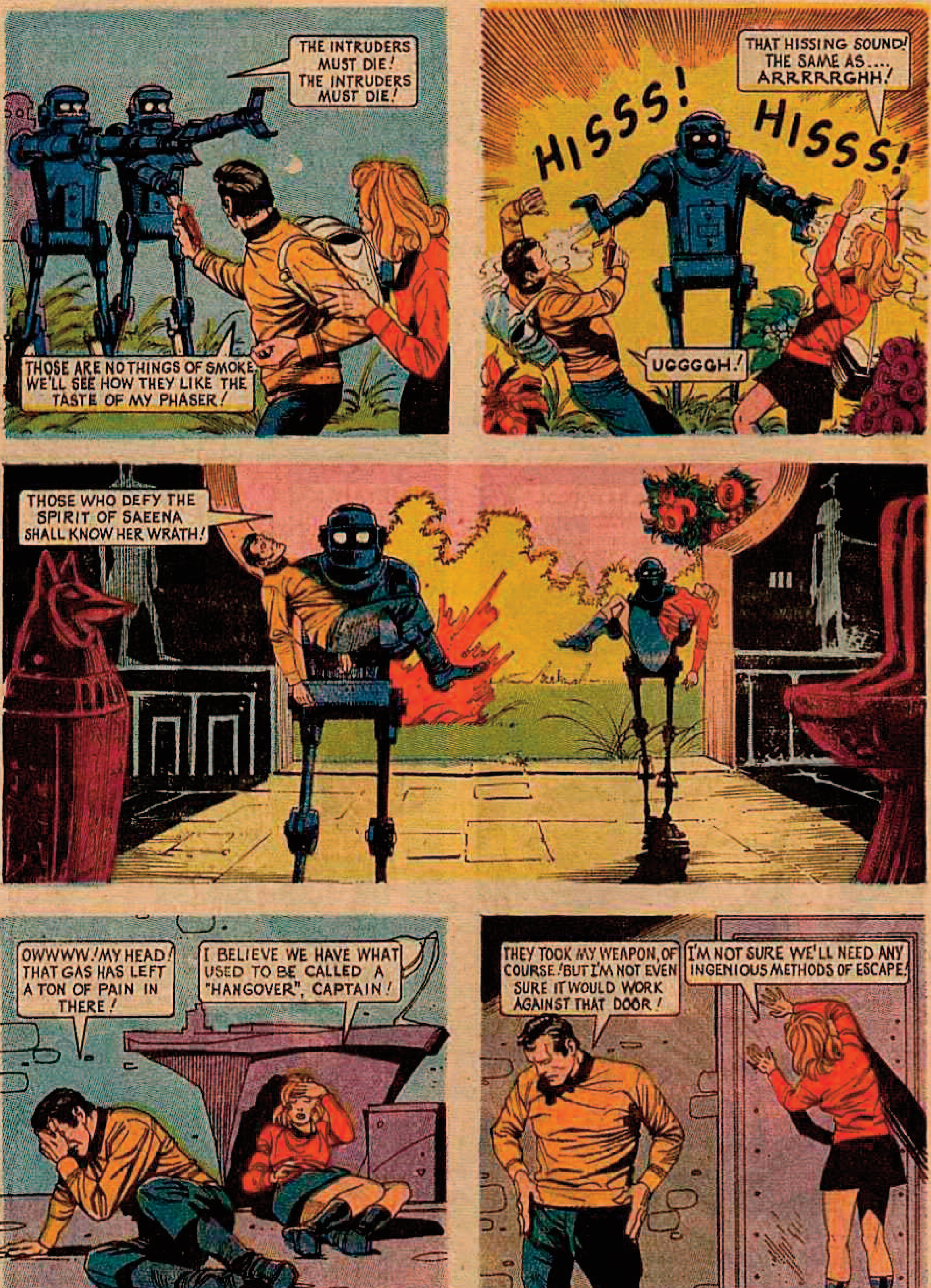

NO SIGN OF THEM HERE, MR. SPOCK! WHAT NEWS FROM YOUR END?
NOTHING HERE, EITHER! WE'RE HEADING TOWARD THE MAIN TOMB ENTRANCE!
STILL NO CLUES TO THEIR DISAPPEARANCE! ANYTHING TO REPORT THERE?
NOT A THING! A MOMENT AGO I THOUGHT I SAW --- WAIT! THERE *IS* SOMETHING!
ZOMBIES! CREATURES LIKE THE *WALKING DEAD!* COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!
HISSSSSS!
EEEYAAAAA!
WHAT WAS THAT HISSING SOUND WE HEARD!
THAT'S THE *SMALLEST* QUESTION I HAVE! HURRY-- THAT WAS MR. SPOCK'S VOICE CRYING OUT!
GONE! VANISHED LIKE THE OTHERS! AND --- (SNIFF! SNIFF!) --- WHAT'S THAT STRANGE *ODOR*?
THERE ARE A THOUSAND QUESTIONS, DOCTOR! AND I'M BETTING THAT ALL THE ANSWERS ARE UP THERE! LET'S GO!

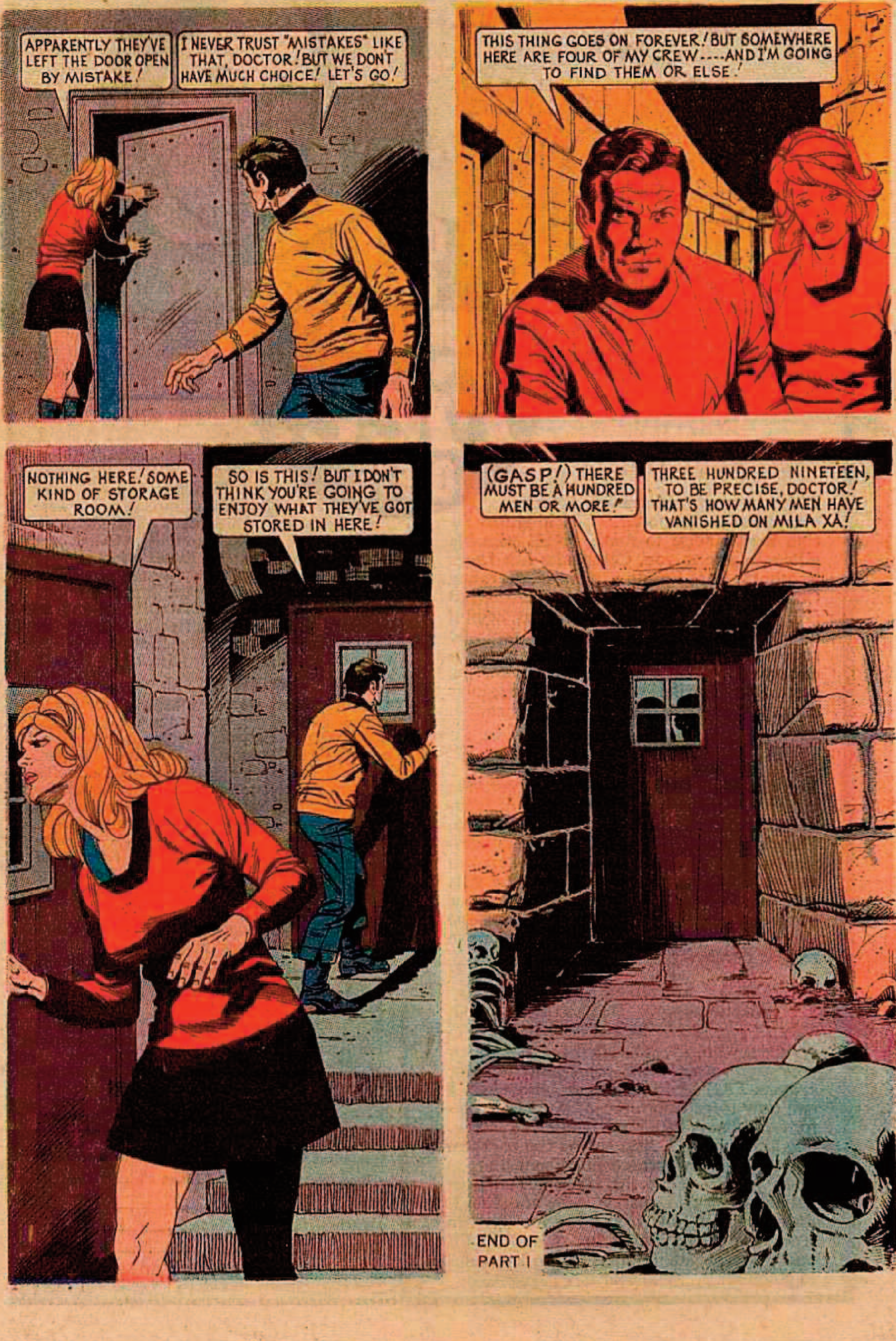

THIS IS IT, DR. KRISP! I'M GOING IN THERE! IF I'M NOT BACK IN..
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME ALONE HERE, CAPTAIN! NOT FOR ONE SECOND!

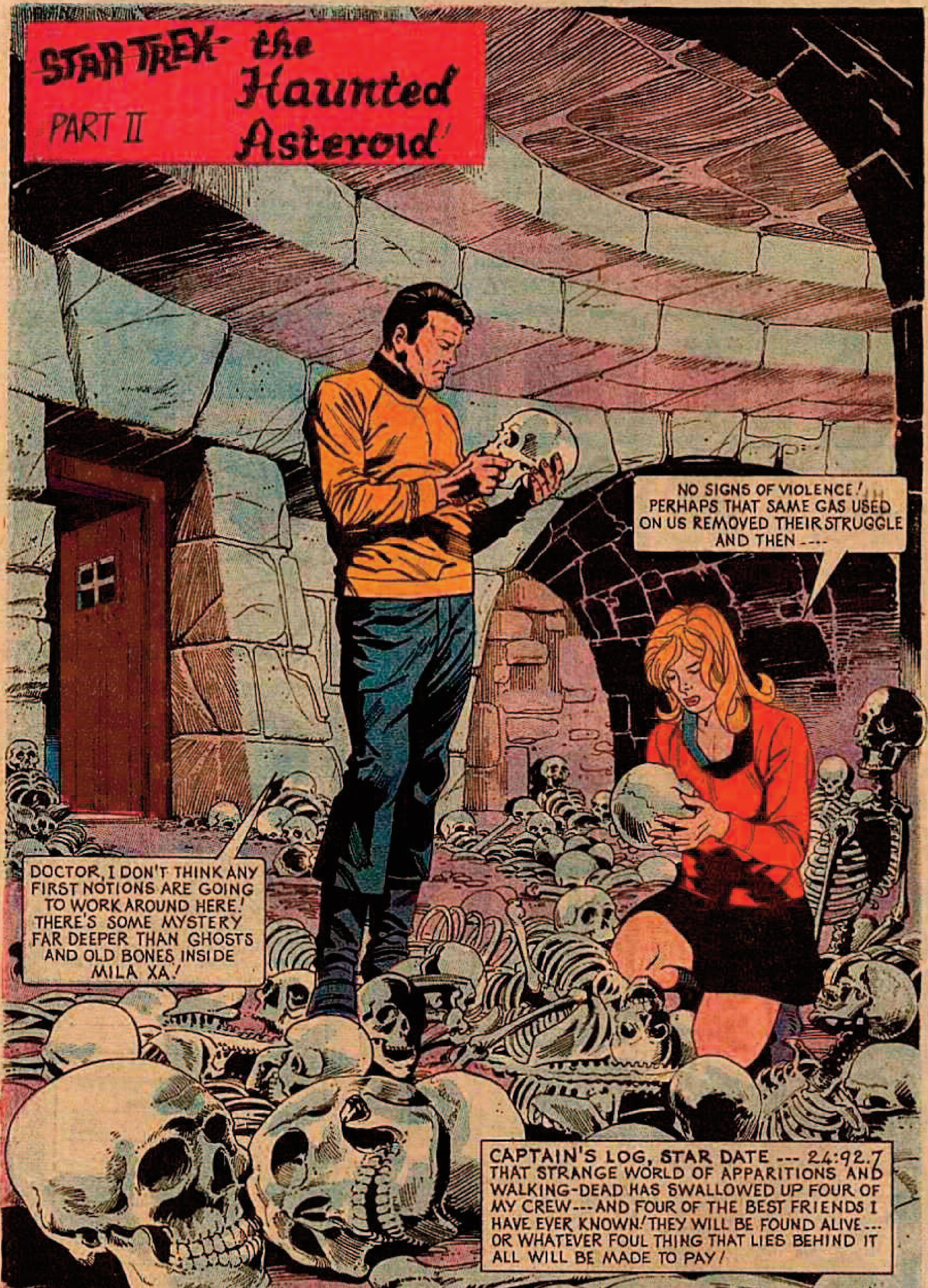

GO! LEAVE THIS HAUNTED WORLD WHILE YOU MAY! OR YOU SHALL SHARE THE SAME FATE AS THOSE WHO VANISHED!
EEEEYAAAAA! IF--IF--IF I WASN'T FRIGHTENED BEFORE ---THAT DOES IT!
I'M STILL NOT READY TO RUN FROM GHOSTS AND GNOMES!

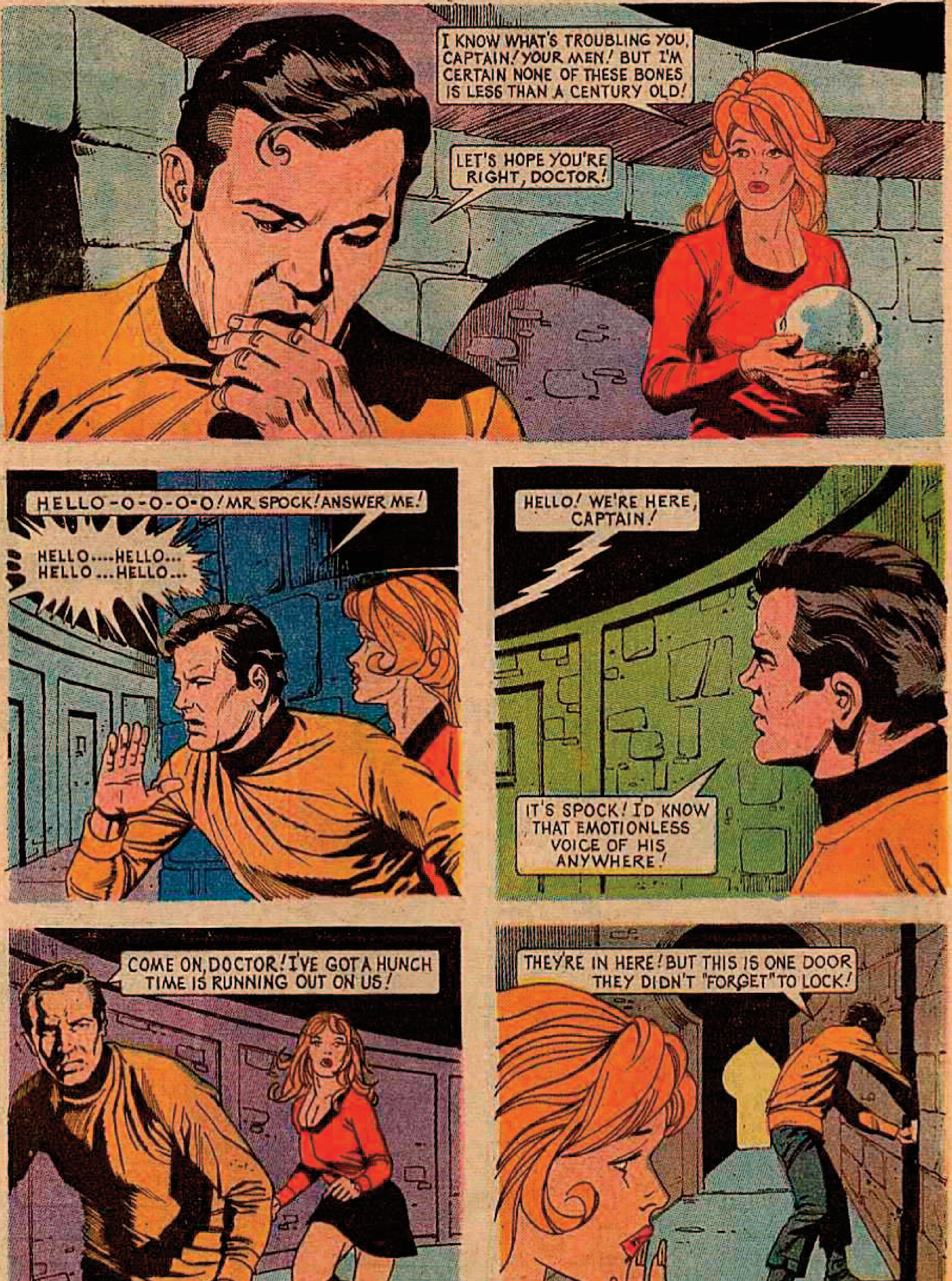

SO BE IT, FOOL!
THE PHASER SHOTS GO RIGHT THROUGH IT!
BUT THEY MAKE OUR ANSWER CLEAR, DOCTOR! WE'RE NOT LEAVING!

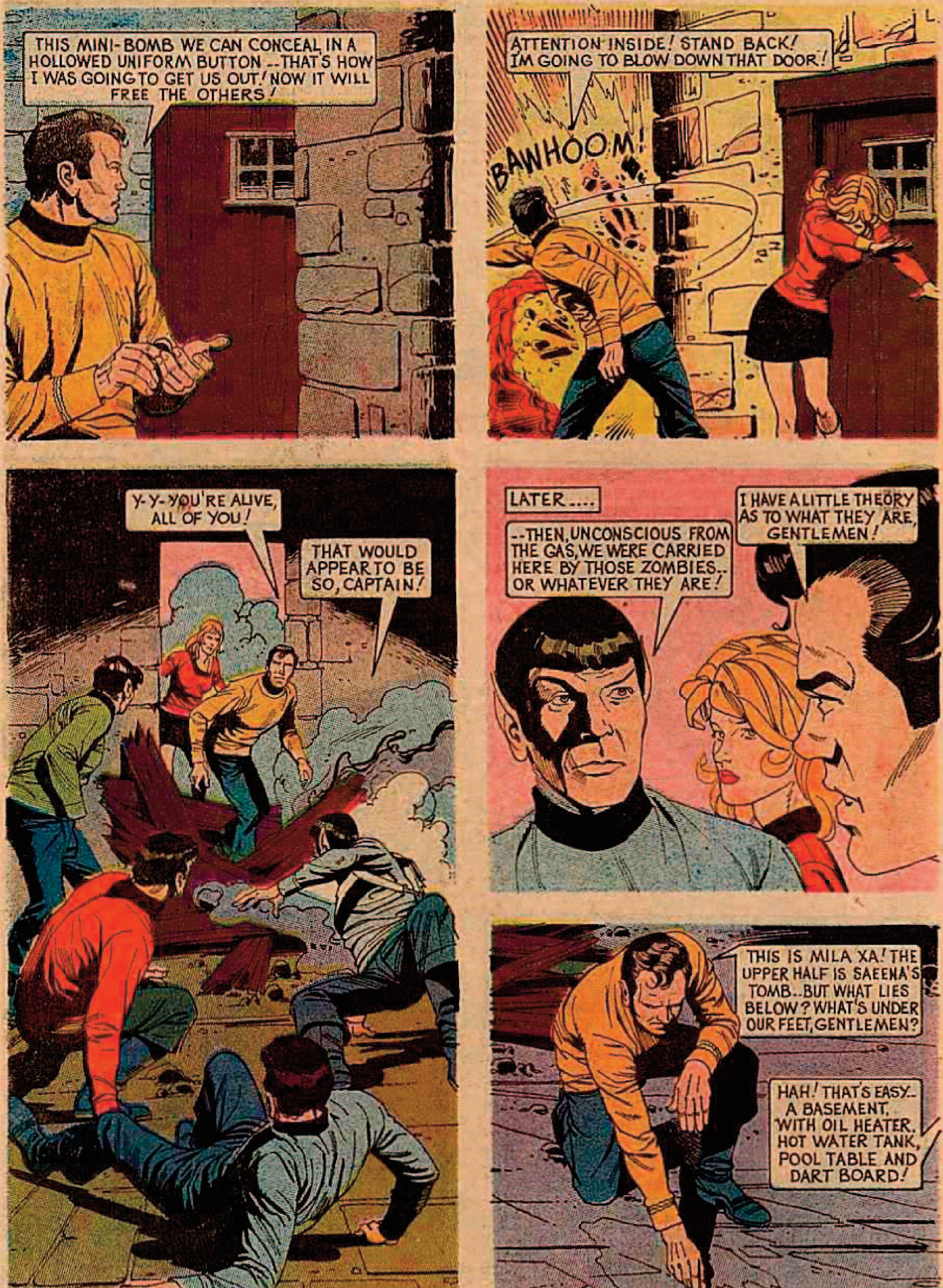

GONE!
I THINK WE'VE GOT SOME OTHER VISITORS, THOUGH, DOCTOR! THE KIND THAT WOULD FRIGHTEN THAT GHOST!

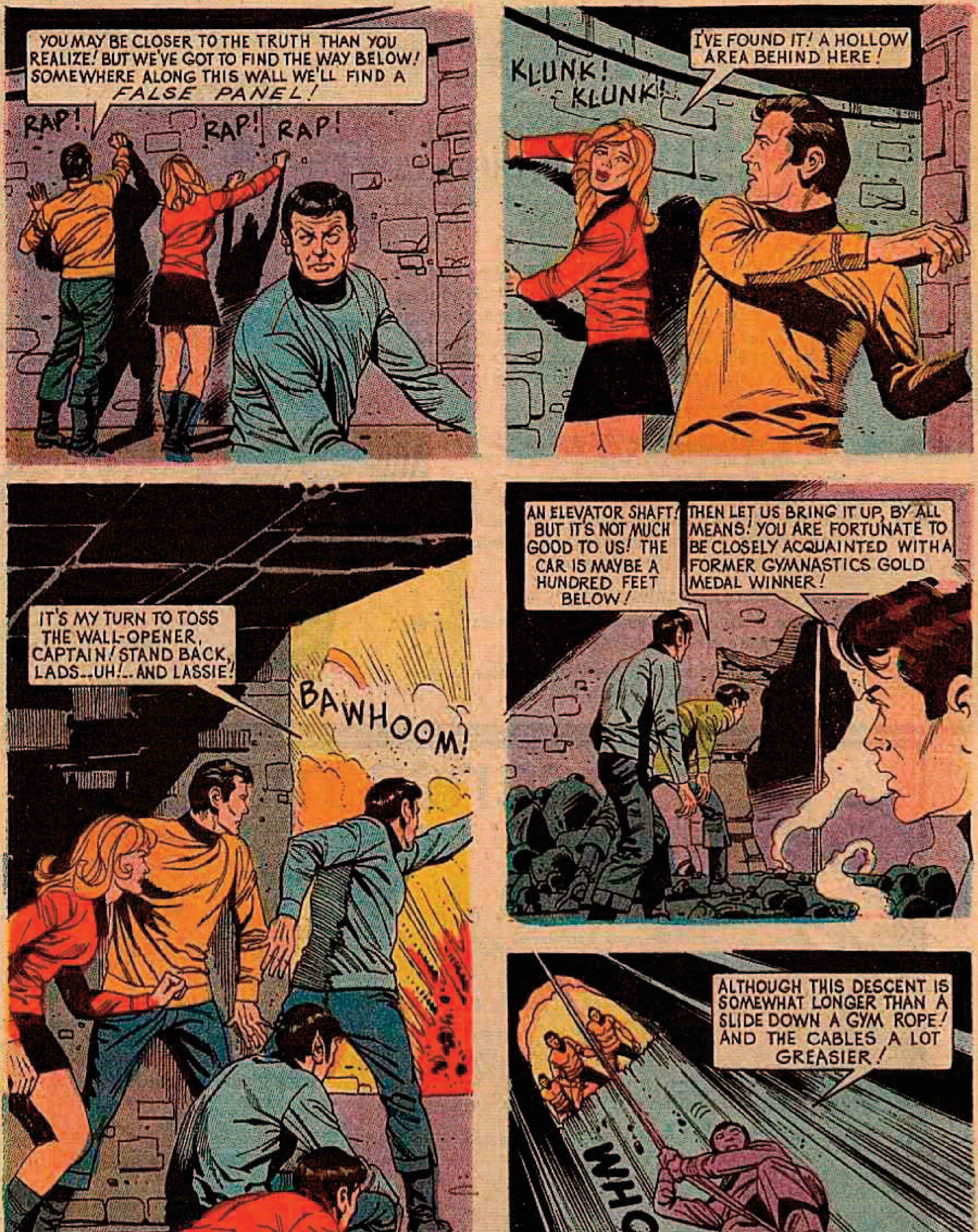

THE INTRUDERS MUST DIE! THE INTRUDERS MUST DIE!
THOSE ARE NO THINGS OF SMOKE. WE'LL SEE HOW THEY LIKE THE TASTE OF MY PHASER!
THAT HISSING SOUND! THE SAME AS.... ARRRRRGHH!
HISSS!
HISSS!
UGGGGH!
THOSE WHO DEFY THE SPIRIT OF SAEENA SHALL KNOW HER WRATH!
OWWWW! MY HEAD! THAT GAS HAS LEFT A TON OF PAIN IN THERE!
I BELIEVE WE HAVE WHAT USED TO BE CALLED A "HANGOVER", CAPTAIN!
THEY TOOK MY WEAPON, OF COURSE! BUT I'M NOT EVEN SURE IT WOULD WORK AGAINST THAT DOOR!
I'M NOT SURE WE'LL NEED ANY INGENIOUS METHODS OF ESCAPE!

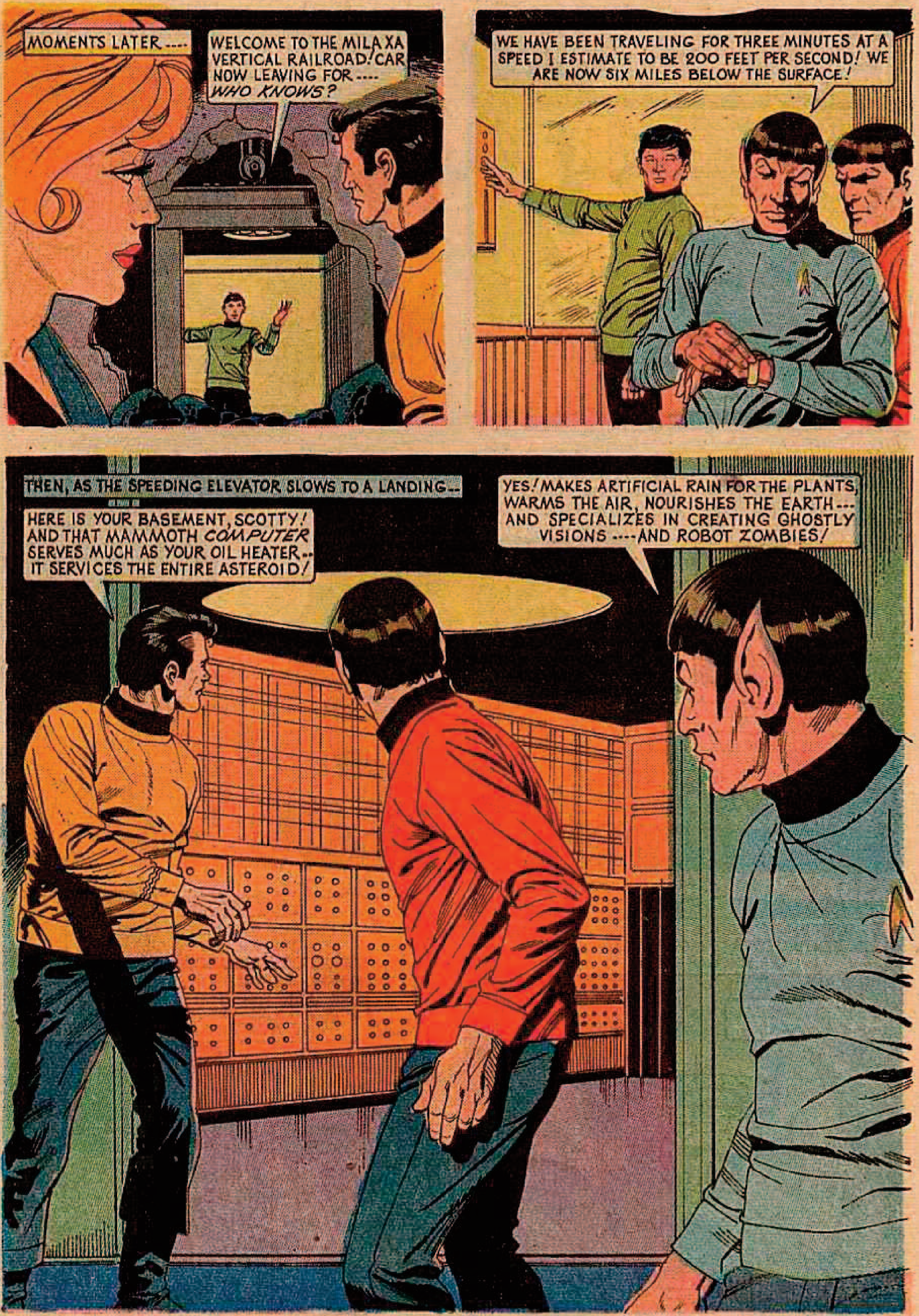

APPARENTLY THEY'VE LEFT THE DOOR OPEN BY MISTAKE!
I NEVER TRUST "MISTAKES" LIKE THAT, DOCTOR! BUT WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE! LET'S GO!
THIS THING GOES ON FOREVER! BUT SOMEWHERE HERE ARE FOUR OF MY CREW----AND I'M GOING TO FIND THEM OR ELSE!
NOTHING HERE! SOME KIND OF STORAGE ROOM!
SO IS THIS! BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY WHAT THEY'VE GOT STORED IN HERE!
(GASP!) THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED MEN OR MORE!
THREE HUNDRED NINETEEN, TO BE PRECISE, DOCTOR! THAT'S HOW MANY MEN HAVE VANISHED ON MILA XA!
END OF PART I

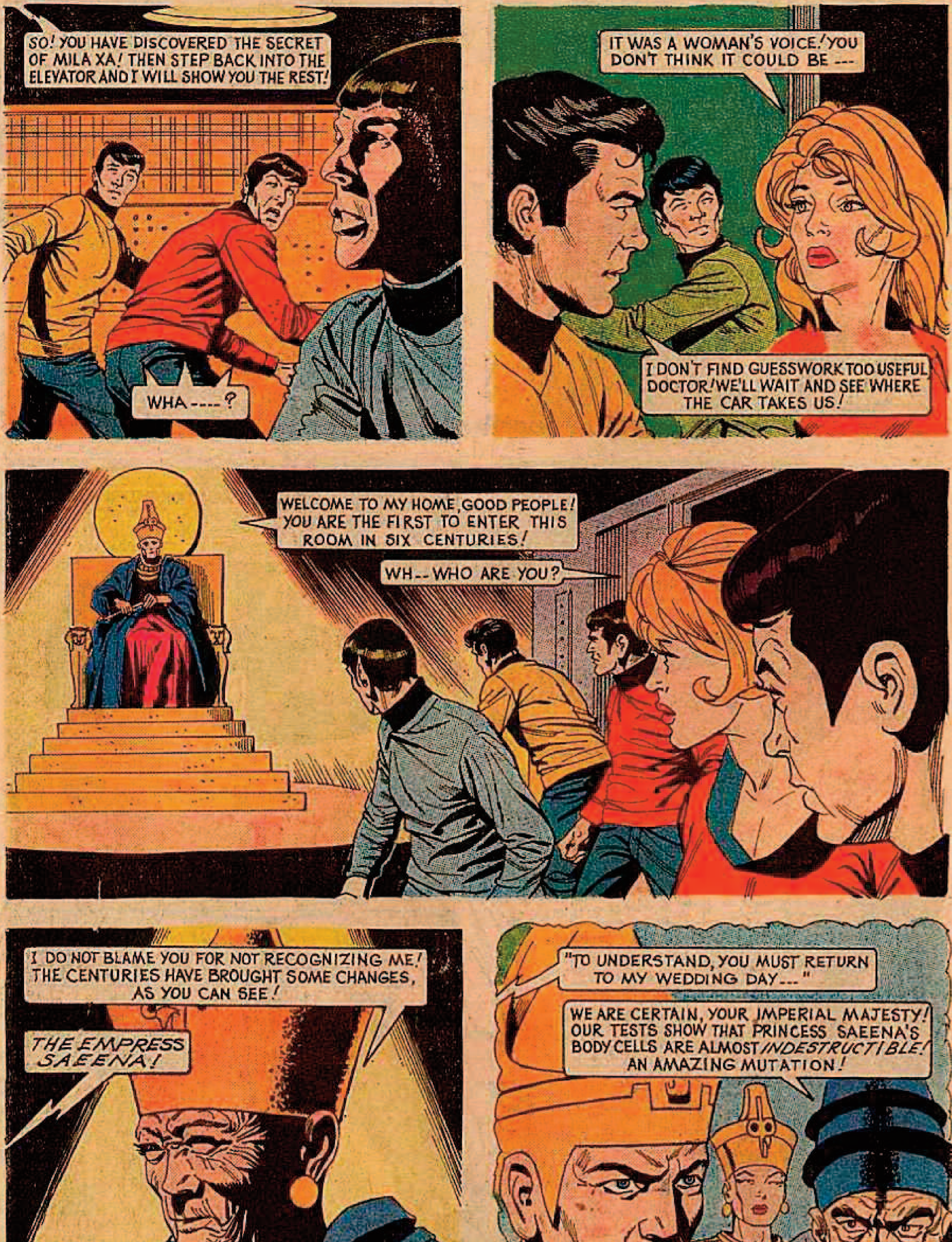

STAR TREK - the Haunted Asteroid
PART II
NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE! PERHAPS THAT SAME GAS USED ON US REMOVED THEIR STRUGGLE AND THEN ----
DOCTOR, I DON'T THINK ANY FIRST NOTIONS ARE GOING TO WORK AROUND HERE! THERE'S SOME MYSTERY FAR DEEPER THAN GHOSTS AND OLD BONES INSIDE MILA XA!
CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE --- 24:92.7 THAT STRANGE WORLD OF APPARITIONS AND WALKING-DEAD HAS SWALLOWED UP FOUR OF MY CREW---AND FOUR OF THE BEST FRIENDS I HAVE EVER KNOWN! THEY WILL BE FOUND ALIVE--- OR WHATEVER FOUL THING THAT LIES BEHIND IT ALL WILL BE MADE TO PAY!

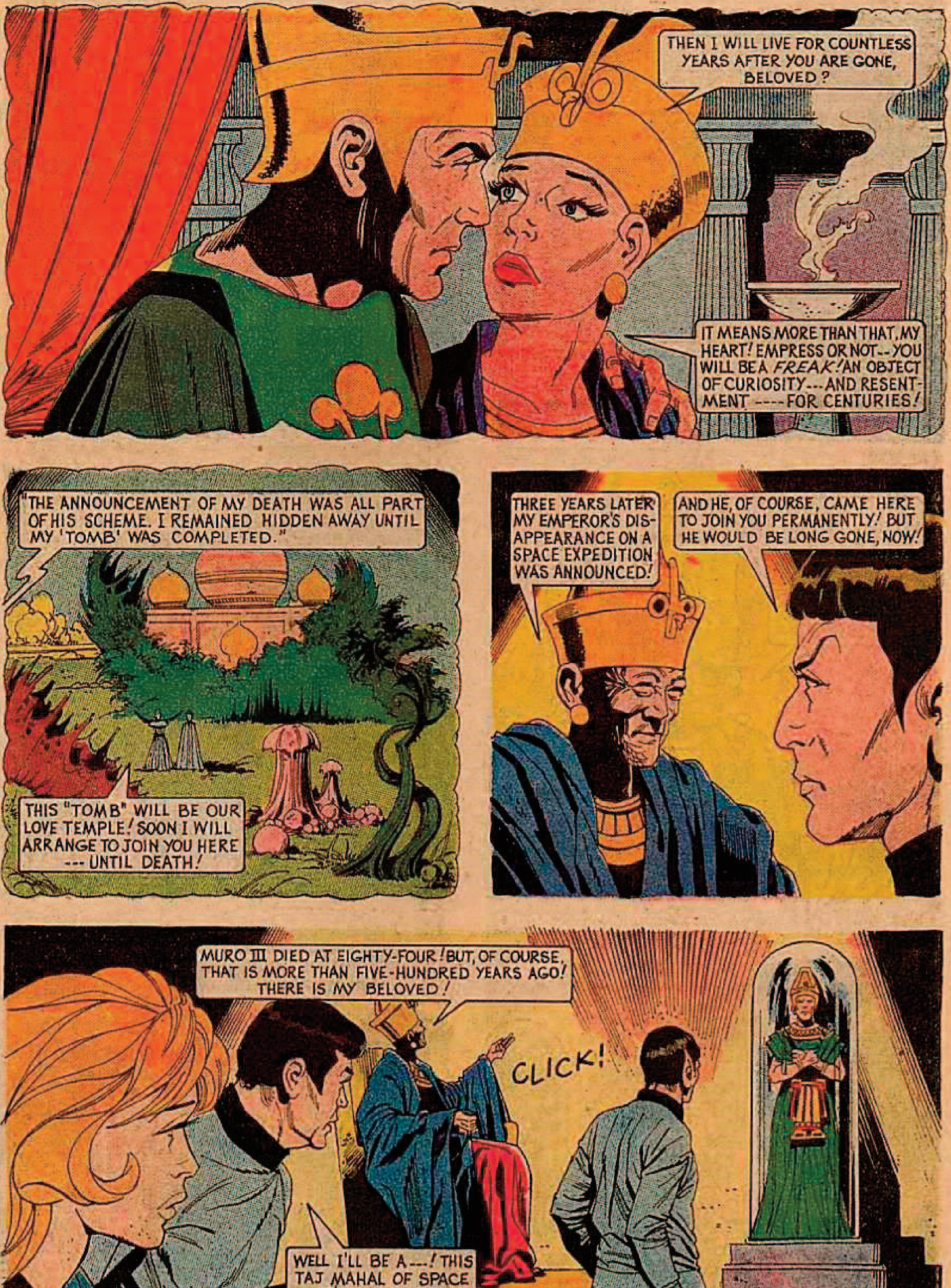

I KNOW WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, CAPTAIN! YOUR MEN! BUT I'M CERTAIN NONE OF THESE BONES IS LESS THAN A CENTURY OLD!
LET'S HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR!
HELLO-O-O-O-O! MR SPOCK! ANSWER ME!
HELLO....HELLO... HELLO...HELLO...
HELLO! WE'RE HERE, CAPTAIN!
IT'S SPOCK! I'D KNOW THAT EMOTIONLESS VOICE OF HIS ANYWHERE!
COME ON, DOCTOR! I'VE GOT A HUNCH TIME IS RUNNING OUT ON US!
THEY'RE IN HERE! BUT THIS IS ONE DOOR THEY DIDN'T "FORGET" TO LOCK!

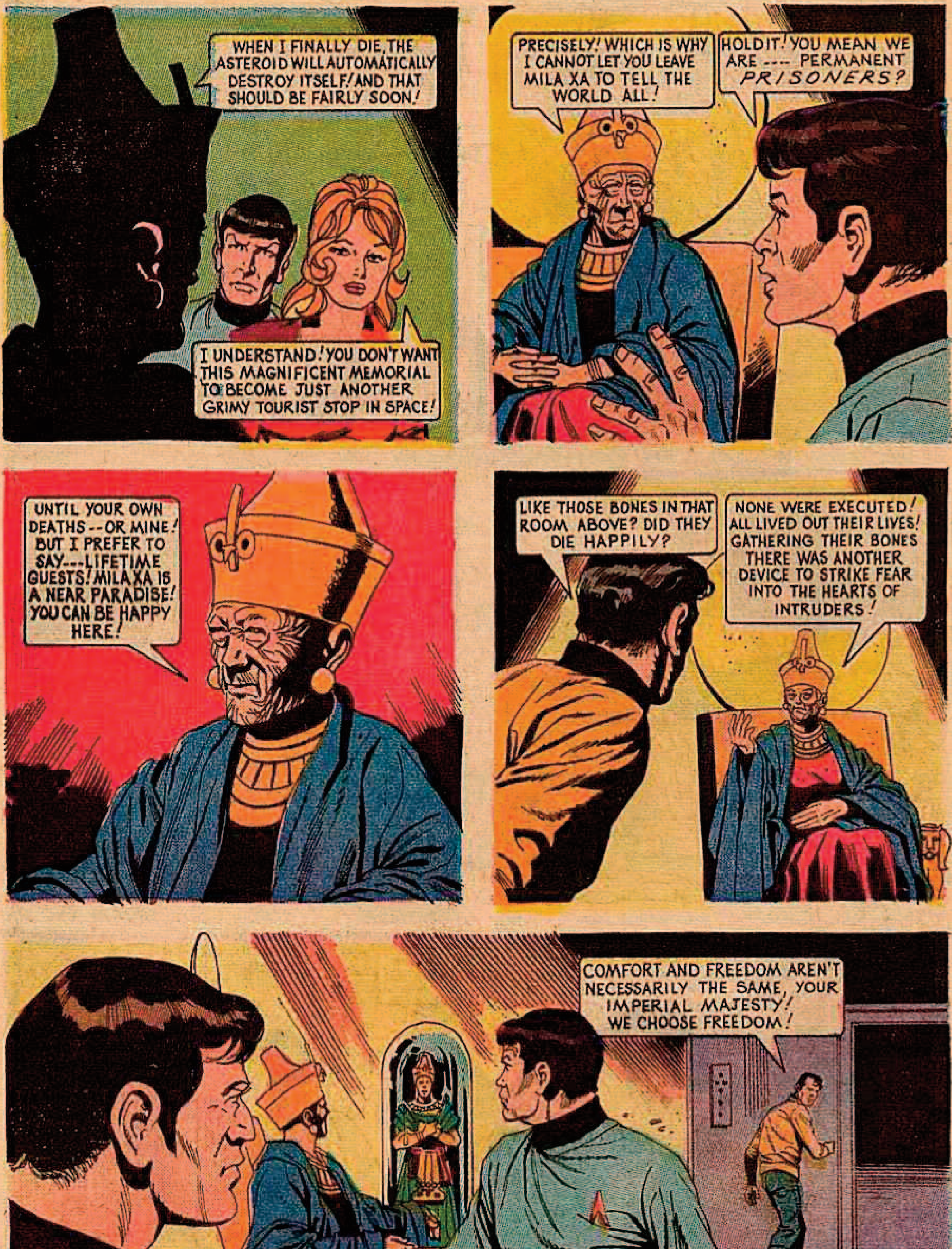

THIS MINI-BOMB WE CAN CONCEAL IN A HOLLOWED UNIFORM BUTTON --THAT'S HOW I WAS GOING TO GET US OUT! NOW IT WILL FREE THE OTHERS!
ATTENTION INSIDE! STAND BACK! IM GOING TO BLOW DOWN THAT DOOR!
BAWHOOM!
Y-Y-YOU'RE ALIVE, ALL OF YOU!
THAT WOULD APPEAR TO BE SO, CAPTAIN!
LATER....
--THEN, UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE GAS, WE WERE CARRIED HERE BY THOSE ZOMBIES.. OR WHATEVER THEY ARE!
I HAVE A LITTLE THEORY AS TO WHAT THEY ARE, GENTLEMEN!
THIS IS MILA XA! THE UPPER HALF IS SAEENA'S TOMB..BUT WHAT LIES BELOW? WHAT'S UNDER OUR FEET, GENTLEMEN?
HAH! THAT'S EASY.. A BASEMENT, WITH OIL HEATER, HOT WATER TANK, POOL TABLE AND DART BOARD!

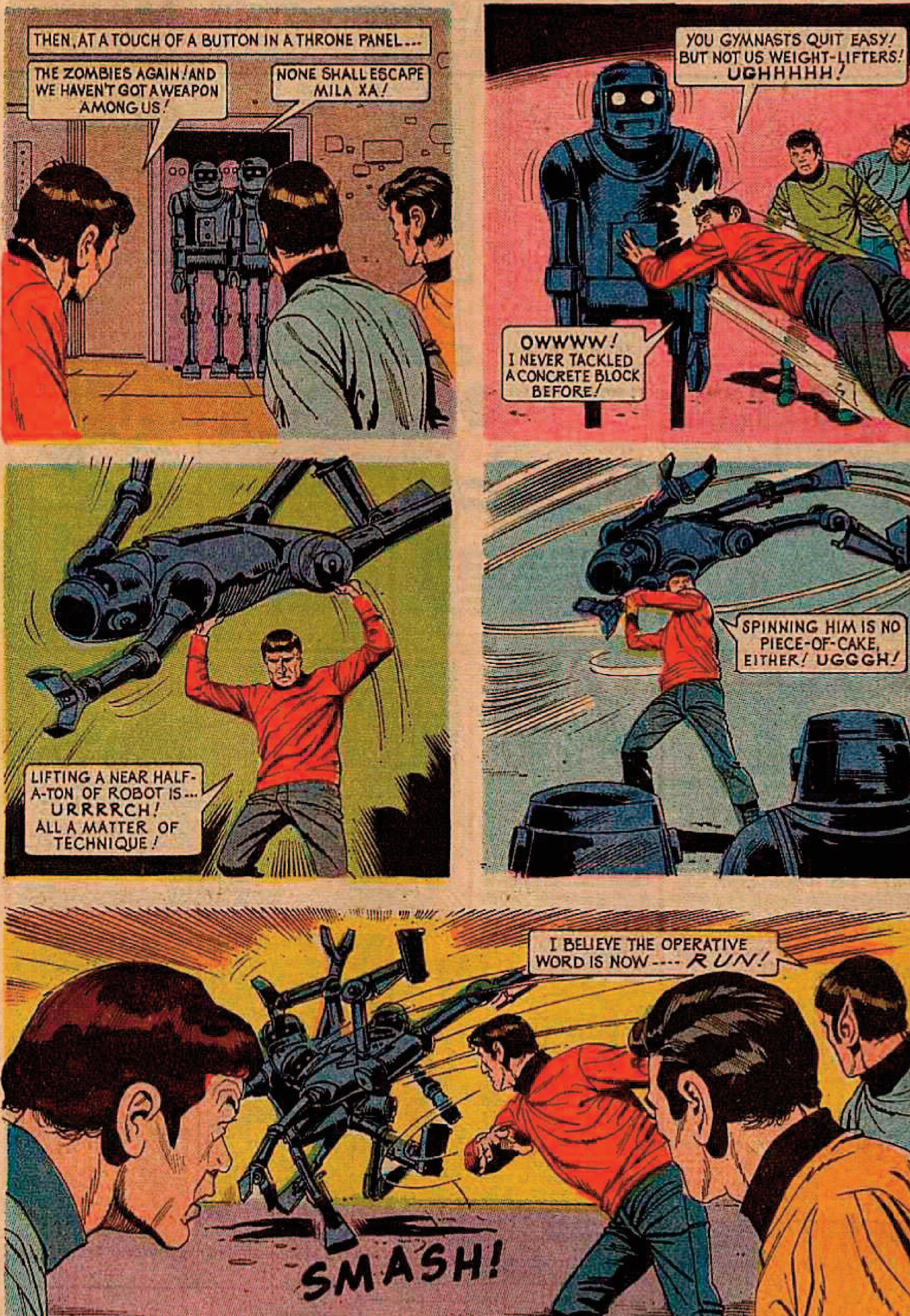

YOU MAY BE CLOSER TO THE TRUTH THAN YOU REALIZE! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE WAY BELOW! SOMEWHERE ALONG THIS WALL WE'LL FIND A *FALSE PANEL!*
RAP! RAP! RAP!
KLUNK! KLUNK!
I'VE FOUND IT! A HOLLOW AREA BEHIND HERE!
IT'S MY TURN TO TOSS THE WALL-OPENER, CAPTAIN! STAND BACK, LADS...UH!...AND LASSIE!
BAWHOOM!
AN ELEVATOR SHAFT! BUT IT'S NOT MUCH GOOD TO US! THE CAR IS MAYBE A HUNDRED FEET BELOW!
THEN LET US BRING IT UP, BY ALL MEANS! YOU ARE FORTUNATE TO BE CLOSELY ACQUAINTED WITH A FORMER GYMNASTICS GOLD MEDAL WINNER!
ALTHOUGH THIS DESCENT IS SOMEWHAT LONGER THAN A SLIDE DOWN A GYM ROPE! AND THE CABLES A LOT GREASIER!
WHOOSH!

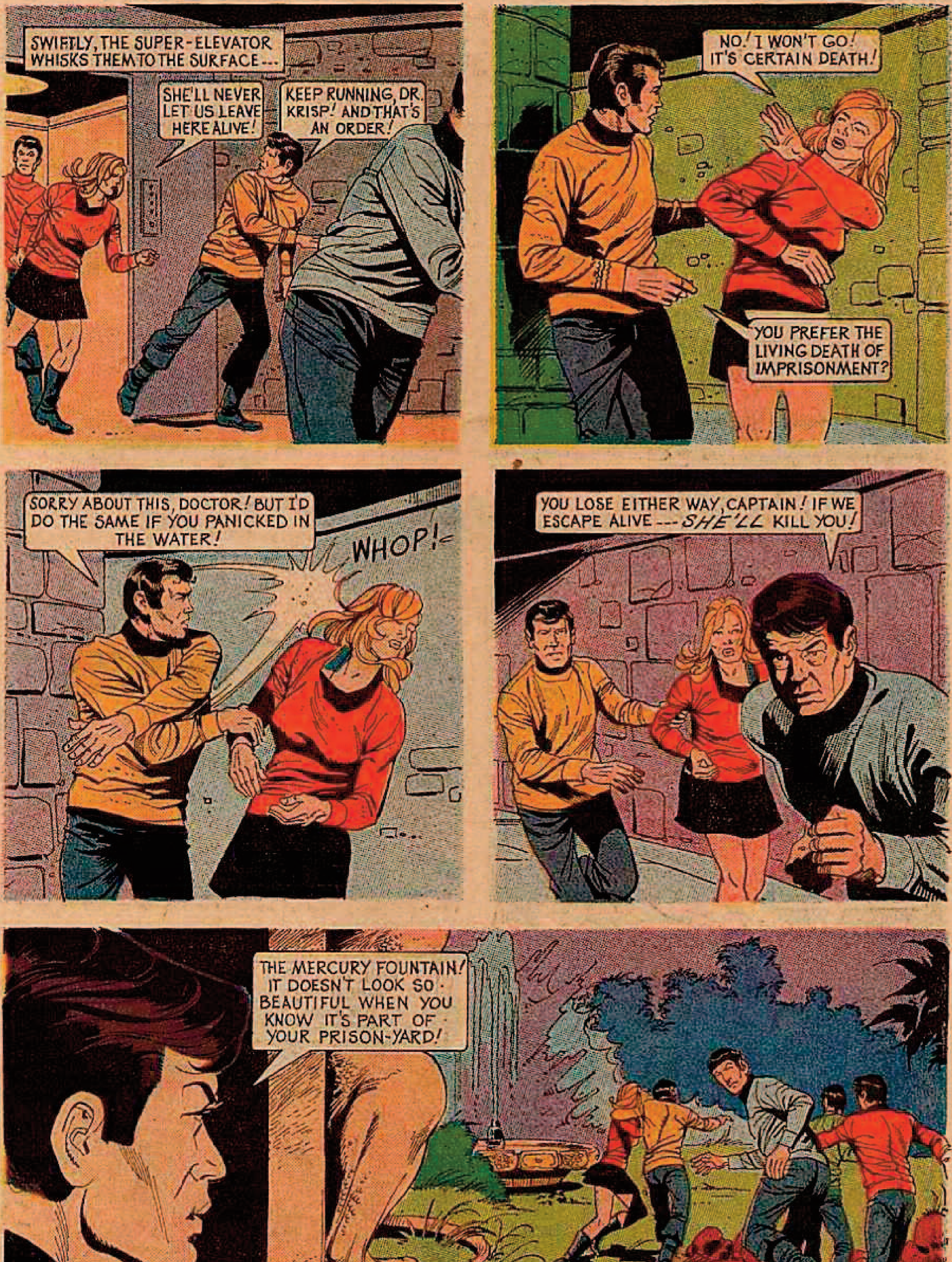

MOMENTS LATER ----
WELCOME TO THE MILAXA VERTICAL RAILROAD! CAR NOW LEAVING FOR ---- *WHO KNOWS?*
WE HAVE BEEN TRAVELING FOR THREE MINUTES AT A SPEED I ESTIMATE TO BE 200 FEET PER SECOND! WE ARE NOW SIX MILES BELOW THE SURFACE!
THEN, AS THE SPEEDING ELEVATOR SLOWS TO A LANDING...
HERE IS YOUR BASEMENT, SCOTTY! AND THAT MAMMOTH *COMPUTER* SERVES MUCH AS YOUR OIL HEATER -- IT SERVICES THE ENTIRE ASTEROID!
YES! MAKES ARTIFICIAL RAIN FOR THE PLANTS, WARMS THE AIR, NOURISHES THE EARTH --- AND SPECIALIZES IN CREATING GHOSTLY VISIONS ---- AND ROBOT ZOMBIES!

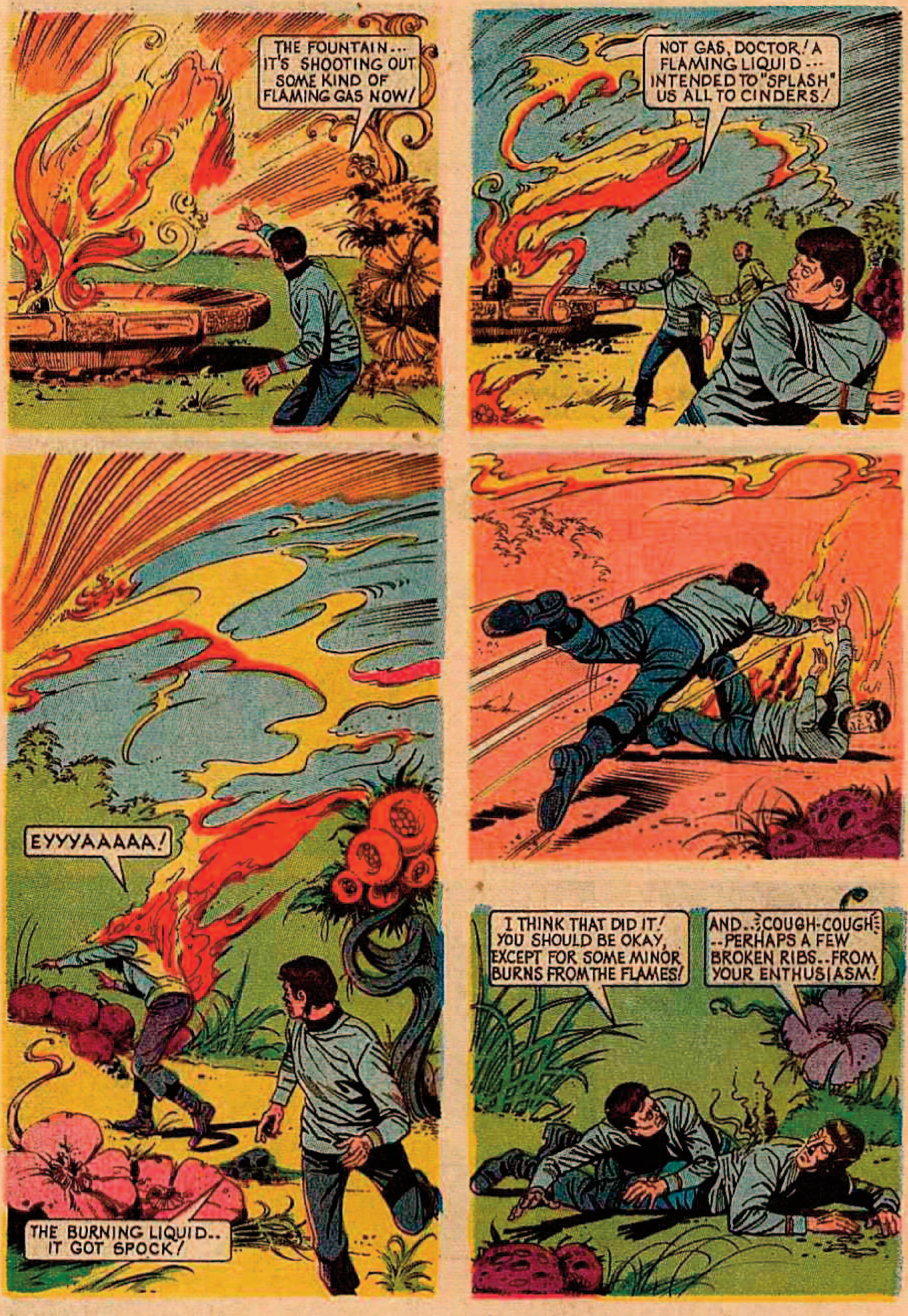

SO! YOU HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF MILA XA! THEN STEP BACK INTO THE ELEVATOR AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE REST!
WHA----?
IT WAS A WOMAN'S VOICE! YOU DON'T THINK IT COULD BE ---
I DON'T FIND GUESSWORK TOO USEFUL, DOCTOR! WE'LL WAIT AND SEE WHERE THE CAR TAKES US!
WELCOME TO MY HOME, GOOD PEOPLE! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO ENTER THIS ROOM IN SIX CENTURIES!
WH--WHO ARE YOU?
I DO NOT BLAME YOU FOR NOT RECOGNIZING ME! THE CENTURIES HAVE BROUGHT SOME CHANGES, AS YOU CAN SEE!
THE EMPRESS SAEENA!
"TO UNDERSTAND, YOU MUST RETURN TO MY WEDDING DAY---"
WE ARE CERTAIN, YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY! OUR TESTS SHOW THAT PRINCESS SAEENA'S BODY CELLS ARE ALMOST INDESTRUCTIBLE! AN AMAZING MUTATION!

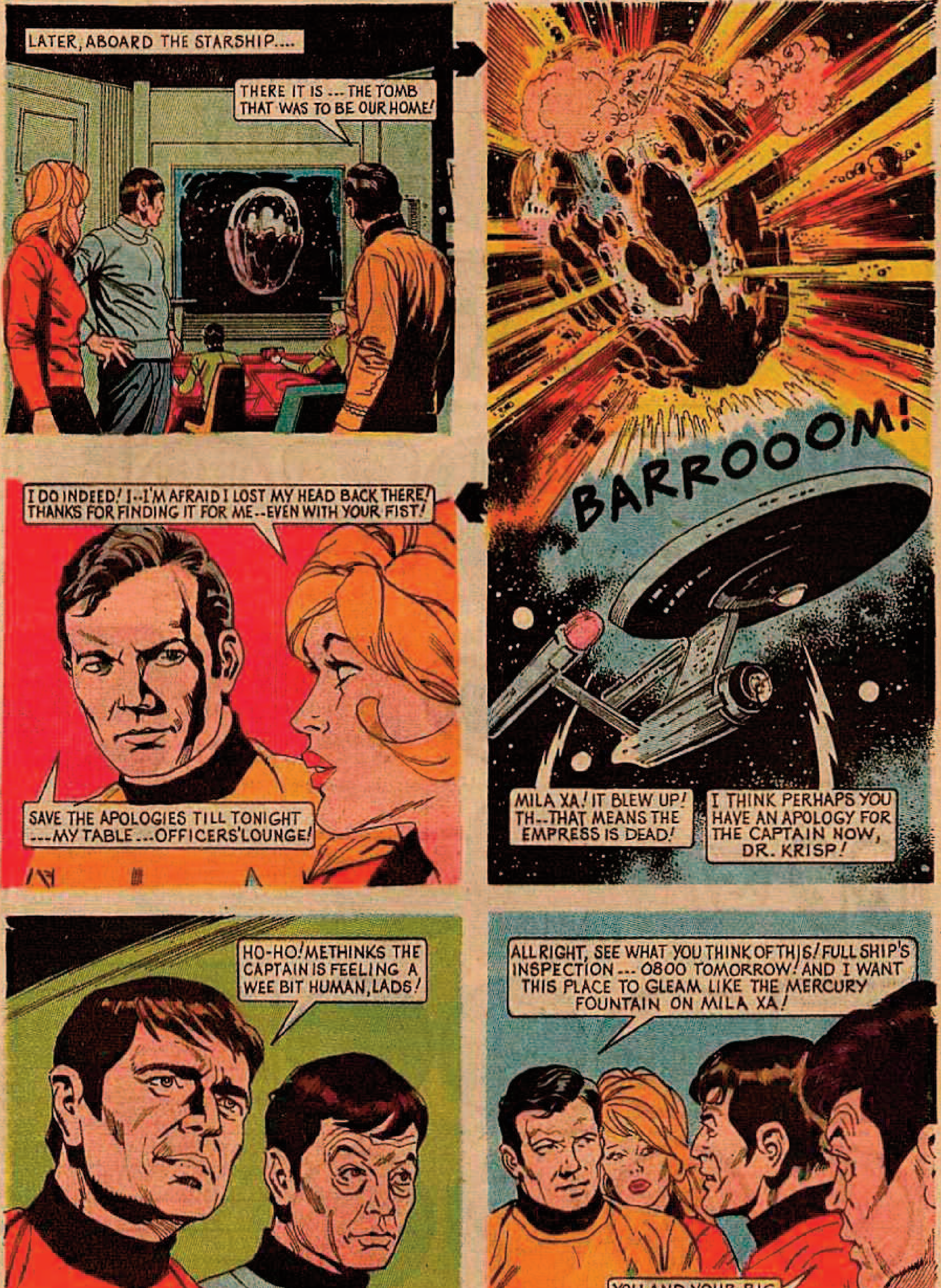

THEN I WILL LIVE FOR COUNTLESS YEARS AFTER YOU ARE GONE, BELOVED?
IT MEANS MORE THAN THAT, MY HEART! EMPRESS OR NOT--YOU WILL BE A *FREAK!* AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY---AND RESENTMENT----FOR CENTURIES!
"THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF MY DEATH WAS ALL PART OF HIS SCHEME. I REMAINED HIDDEN AWAY UNTIL MY 'TOMB' WAS COMPLETED."
THIS "TOMB" WILL BE OUR LOVE TEMPLE! SOON I WILL ARRANGE TO JOIN YOU HERE ---UNTIL DEATH!
THREE YEARS LATER MY EMPEROR'S DISAPPEARANCE ON A SPACE EXPEDITION WAS ANNOUNCED!
AND HE, OF COURSE, CAME HERE TO JOIN YOU PERMANENTLY! BUT HE WOULD BE LONG GONE, NOW!
MURO III DIED AT EIGHTY-FOUR! BUT, OF COURSE, THAT IS MORE THAN FIVE-HUNDRED YEARS AGO! THERE IS MY BELOVED!
CLICK!
WELL I'LL BE A---! THIS TAJ MAHAL OF SPACE ---IT'S A MEMORIAL TO *HIM*, NOT *HER*!

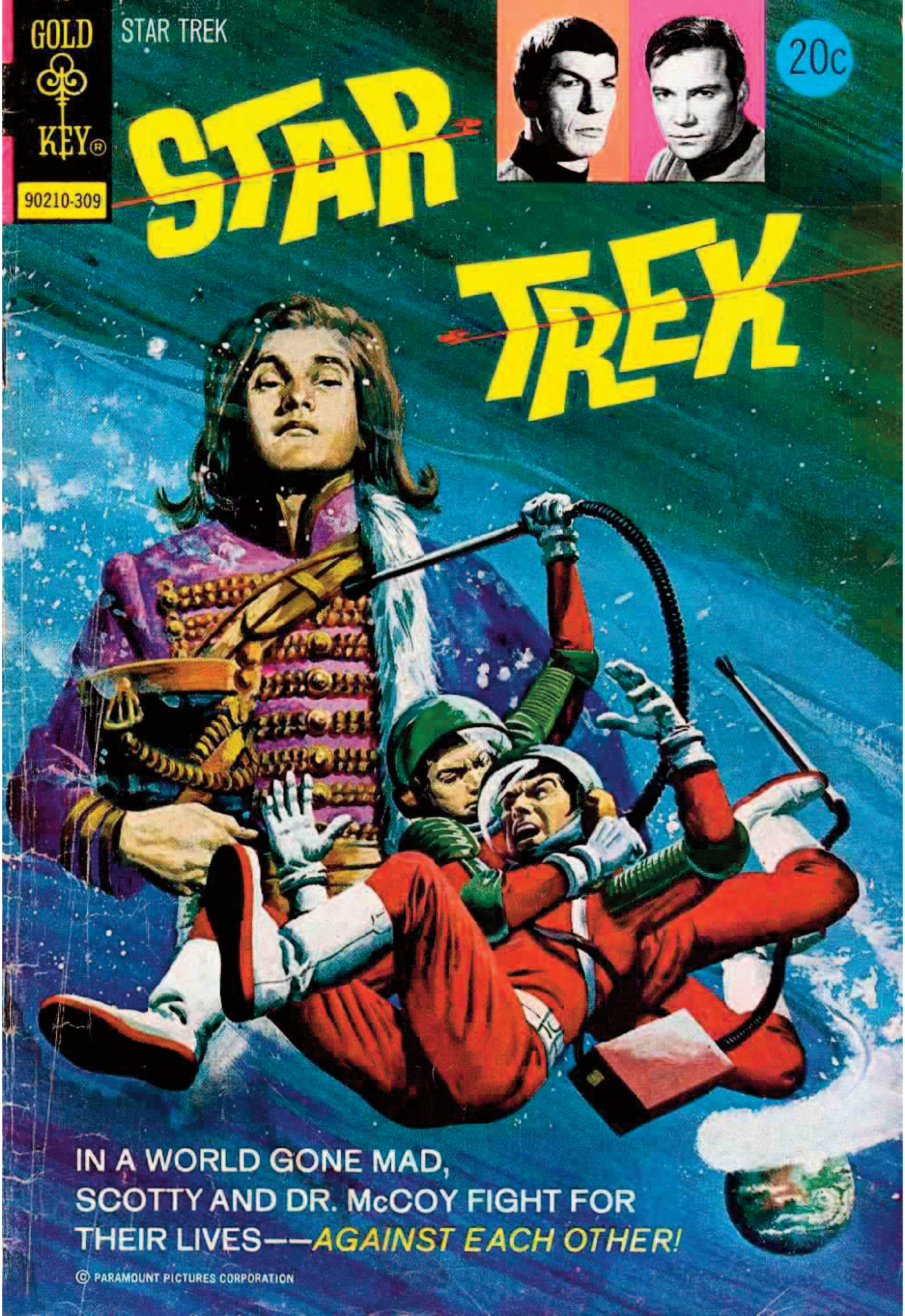

WHEN I FINALLY DIE, THE ASTEROID WILL AUTOMATICALLY DESTROY ITSELF! AND THAT SHOULD BE FAIRLY SOON!
I UNDERSTAND! YOU DON'T WANT THIS MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL TO BECOME JUST ANOTHER GRIMY TOURIST STOP IN SPACE!
PRECISELY! WHICH IS WHY I CANNOT LET YOU LEAVE MILA XA TO TELL THE WORLD ALL!
HOLD IT! YOU MEAN WE ARE ---- PERMANENT *PRISONERS?*
UNTIL YOUR OWN DEATHS--OR MINE! BUT I PREFER TO SAY---LIFETIME GUESTS! MILA XA IS A NEAR PARADISE! YOU CAN BE HAPPY HERE!
LIKE THOSE BONES IN THAT ROOM ABOVE? DID THEY DIE HAPPILY?
NONE WERE EXECUTED! ALL LIVED OUT THEIR LIVES! GATHERING THEIR BONES THERE WAS ANOTHER DEVICE TO STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF INTRUDERS!
COMFORT AND FREEDOM AREN'T NECESSARILY THE SAME, YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY! WE CHOOSE FREEDOM!


THEN, AT A TOUCH OF A BUTTON IN A THRONE PANEL...
THE ZOMBIES AGAIN! AND WE HAVEN'T GOT A WEAPON AMONG US!
NONE SHALL ESCAPE MILA XA!
YOU GYMNASTS QUIT EASY! BUT NOT US WEIGHT-LIFTERS! UGHHHHH!
OWWWW! I NEVER TACKLED A CONCRETE BLOCK BEFORE!
LIFTING A NEAR HALF-A-TON OF ROBOT IS... URRRRCH! ALL A MATTER OF TECHNIQUE!
SPINNING HIM IS NO PIECE-OF-CAKE, EITHER! UGGGH!
I BELIEVE THE OPERATIVE WORD IS NOW ---- RUN!
SMASH!


SWIFTLY, THE SUPER-ELEVATOR WHISKS THEM TO THE SURFACE---
SHE'LL NEVER LET US LEAVE HERE ALIVE!
KEEP RUNNING, DR. KRISP! AND THAT'S AN ORDER!
NO! I WON'T GO! IT'S CERTAIN DEATH!
YOU PREFER THE LIVING DEATH OF IMPRISONMENT?
SORRY ABOUT THIS, DOCTOR! BUT I'D DO THE SAME IF YOU PANICKED IN THE WATER!
WHOP!
YOU LOSE EITHER WAY, CAPTAIN! IF WE ESCAPE ALIVE --- *SHE'LL* KILL YOU!
THE MERCURY FOUNTAIN! IT DOESN'T LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL WHEN YOU KNOW IT'S PART OF YOUR PRISON-YARD!


THE FOUNTAIN... IT'S SHOOTING OUT SOME KIND OF FLAMING GAS NOW!
NOT GAS, DOCTOR! A FLAMING LIQUID--- INTENDED TO "SPLASH" US ALL TO CINDERS!
EYYYAAAAA!
THE BURNING LIQUID.. IT GOT SPOCK!
I THINK THAT DID IT! YOU SHOULD BE OKAY, EXCEPT FOR SOME MINOR BURNS FROM THE FLAMES!
AND..COUGH-COUGH --PERHAPS A FEW BROKEN RIBS..FROM YOUR ENTHUSIASM!


LATER, ABOARD THE STARSHIP....
THERE IT IS --- THE TOMB THAT WAS TO BE OUR HOME!
BARROOOM!
MILA XA! IT BLEW UP! TH--THAT MEANS THE EMPRESS IS DEAD!
I THINK PERHAPS YOU HAVE AN APOLOGY FOR THE CAPTAIN NOW, DR. KRISP!
I DO INDEED! I--I'M AFRAID I LOST MY HEAD BACK THERE! THANKS FOR FINDING IT FOR ME--EVEN WITH YOUR FIST!
SAVE THE APOLOGIES TILL TONIGHT ---MY TABLE...OFFICERS' LOUNGE!
HO-HO! METHINKS THE CAPTAIN IS FEELING A WEE BIT HUMAN, LADS!
ALL RIGHT, SEE WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS! FULL SHIP'S INSPECTION --- 0800 TOMORROW! AND I WANT THIS PLACE TO GLEAM LIKE THE MERCURY FOUNTAIN ON MILA XA!
YOU AND YOUR BIG SCOTTISH MOUTH!
THE END


GOLD KEY
90210-309
STAR TREK
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STAR TREK
IN A WORLD GONE MAD, SCOTTY AND DR. McCOY FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES---AGAINST EACH OTHER!
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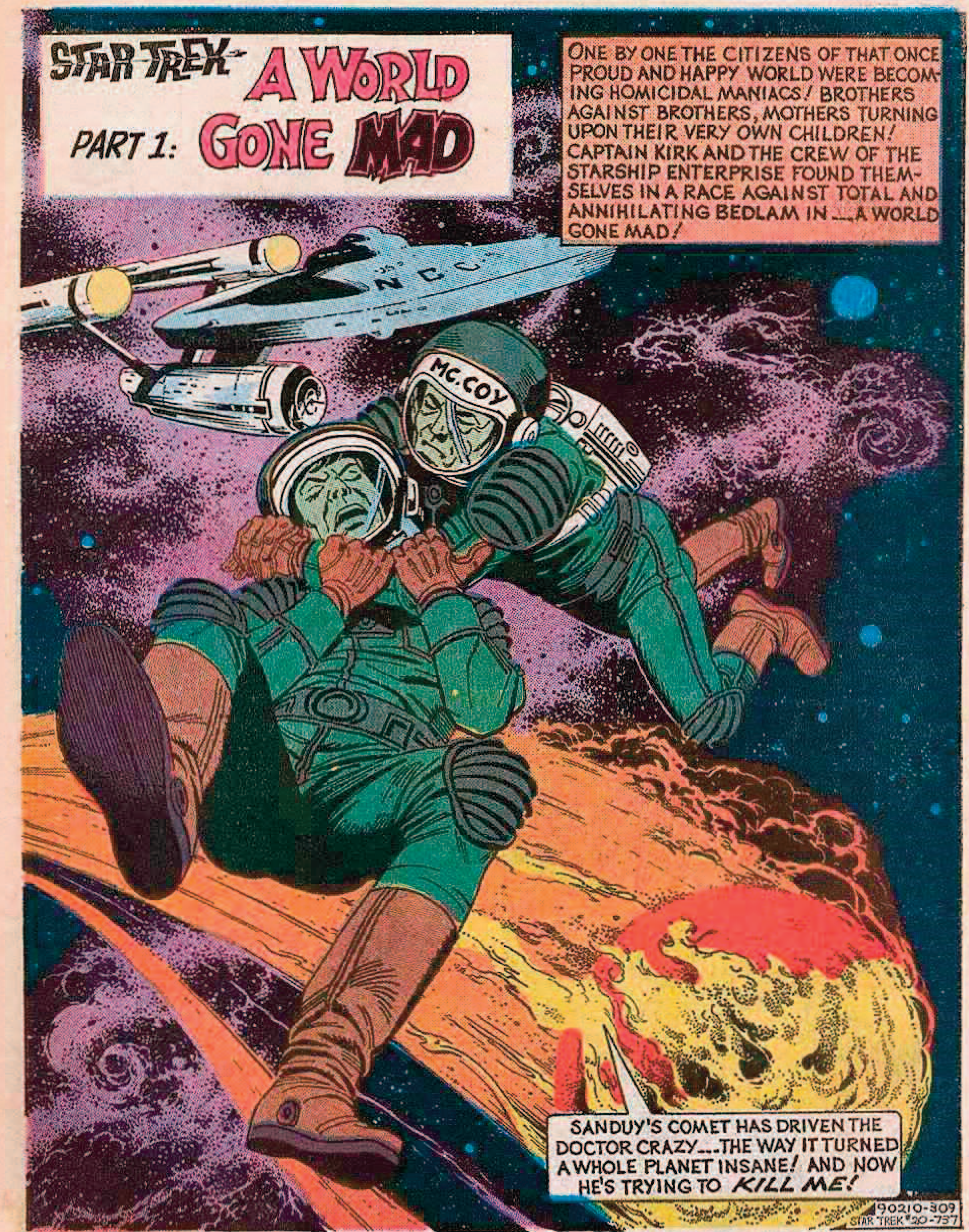
STAR TREK
A WORLD GONE MAD
PART 1:
ONE BY ONE THE CITIZENS OF THAT ONCE PROUD AND HAPPY WORLD WERE BECOMING HOMICIDAL MANIACS! BROTHERS AGAINST BROTHERS, MOTHERS TURNING UPON THEIR VERY OWN CHILDREN! CAPTAIN KIRK AND THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE FOUND THEMSELVES IN A RACE AGAINST TOTAL AND ANNIHILATING BEDLAM IN ... A WORLD GONE MAD!
NCC
MC COY
SANDUY'S COMET HAS DRIVEN THE DOCTOR CRAZY ... THE WAY IT TURNED A WHOLE PLANET INSANE! AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!
90210-309
STAR TREK #20-737

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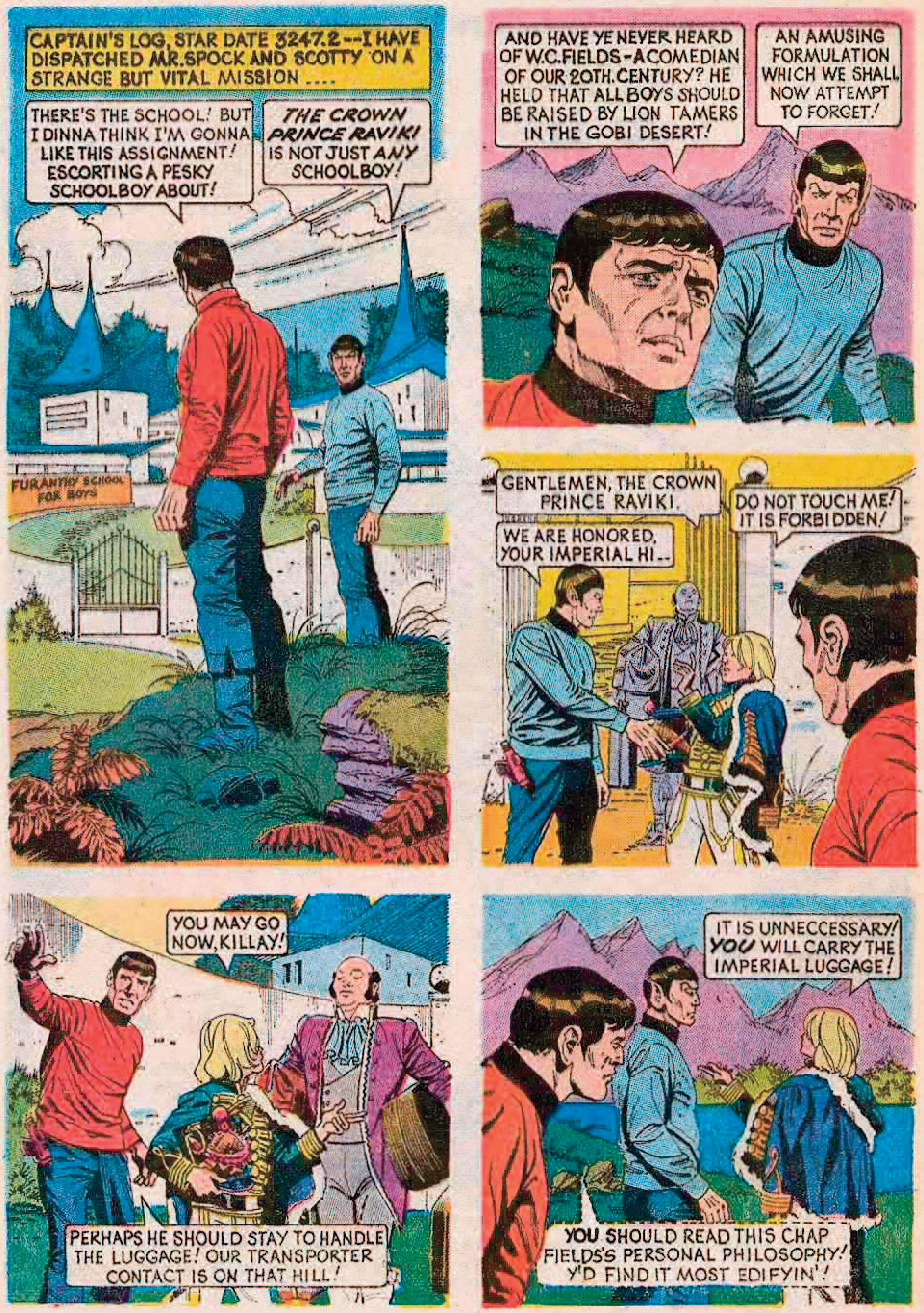
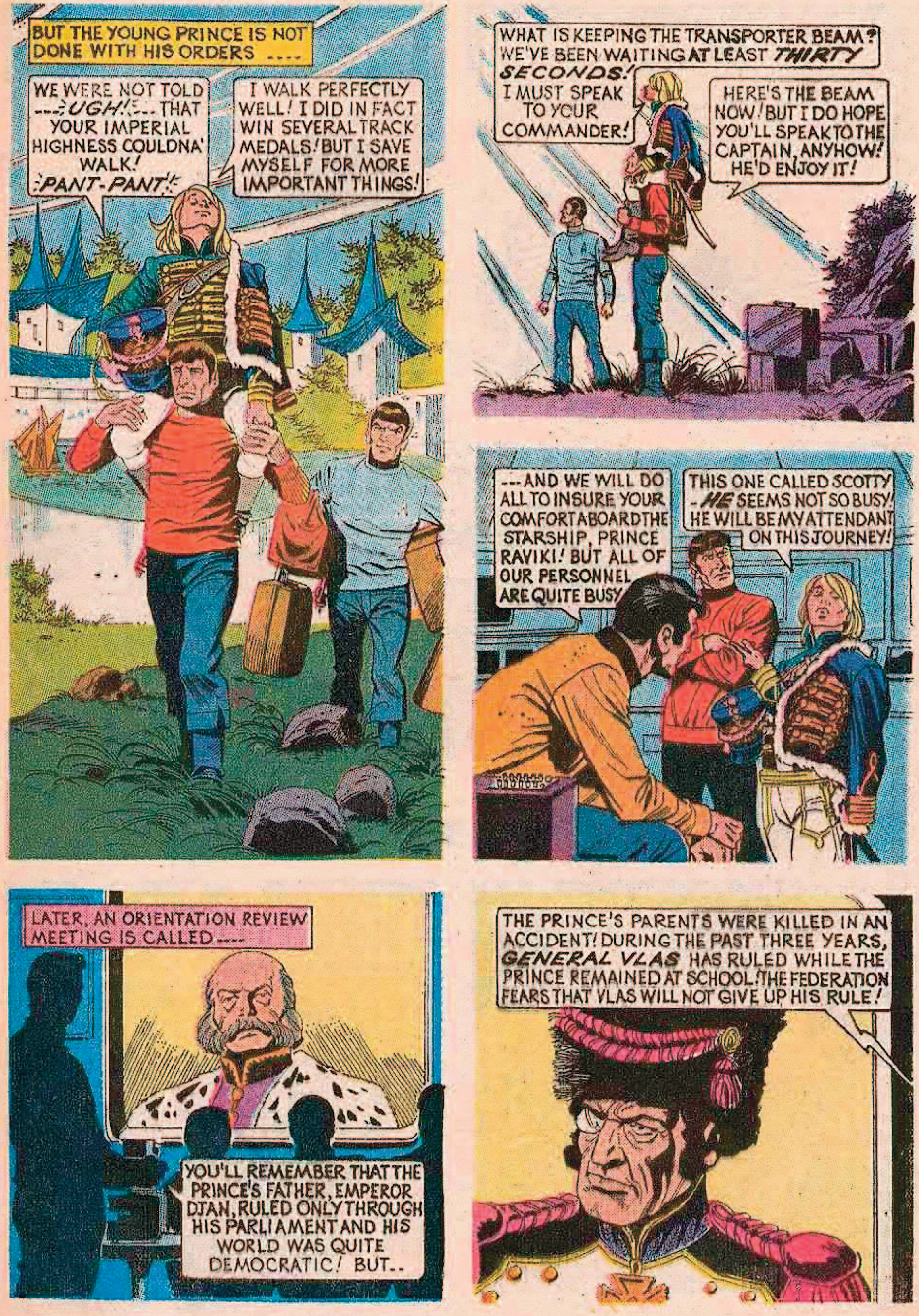
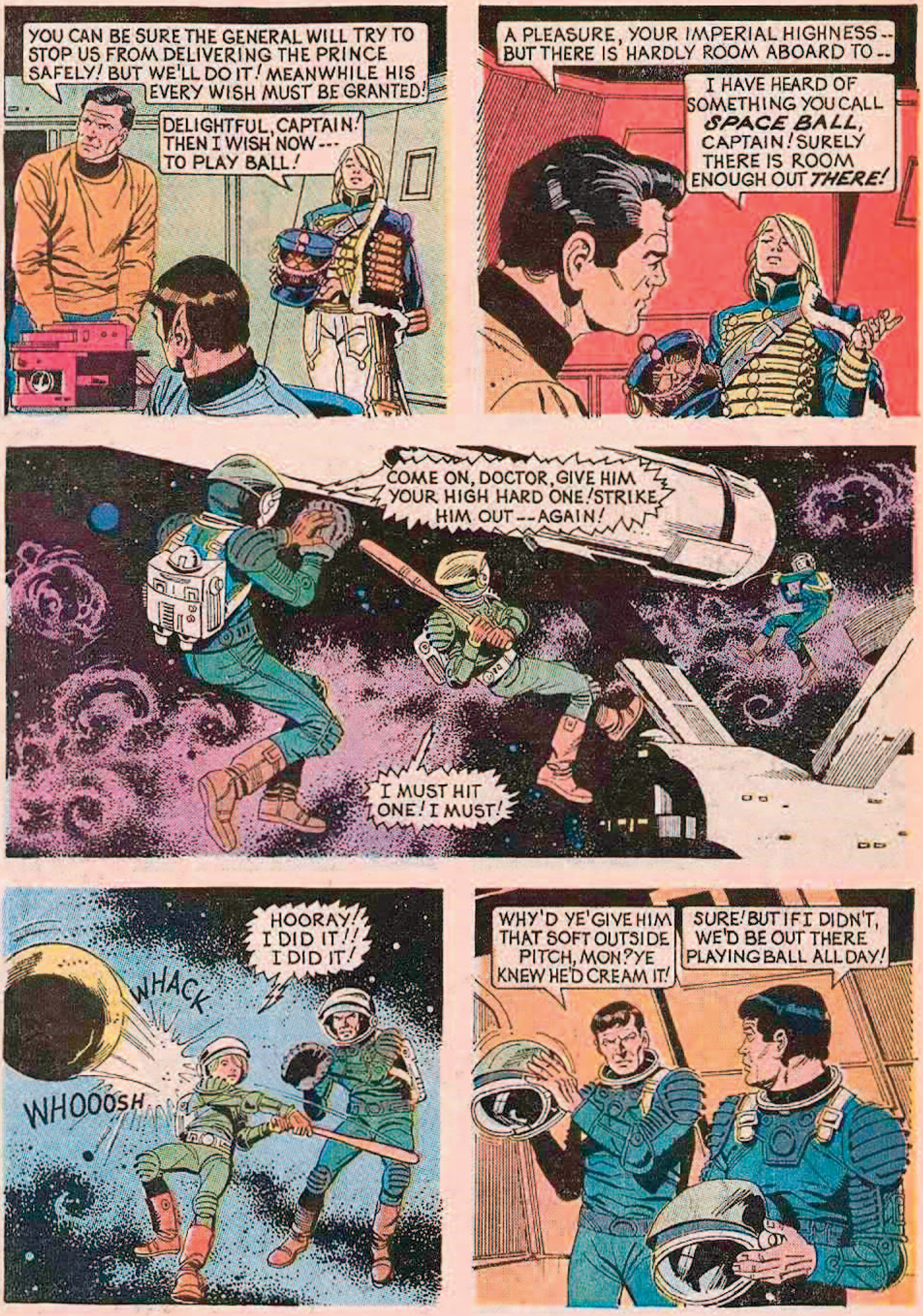
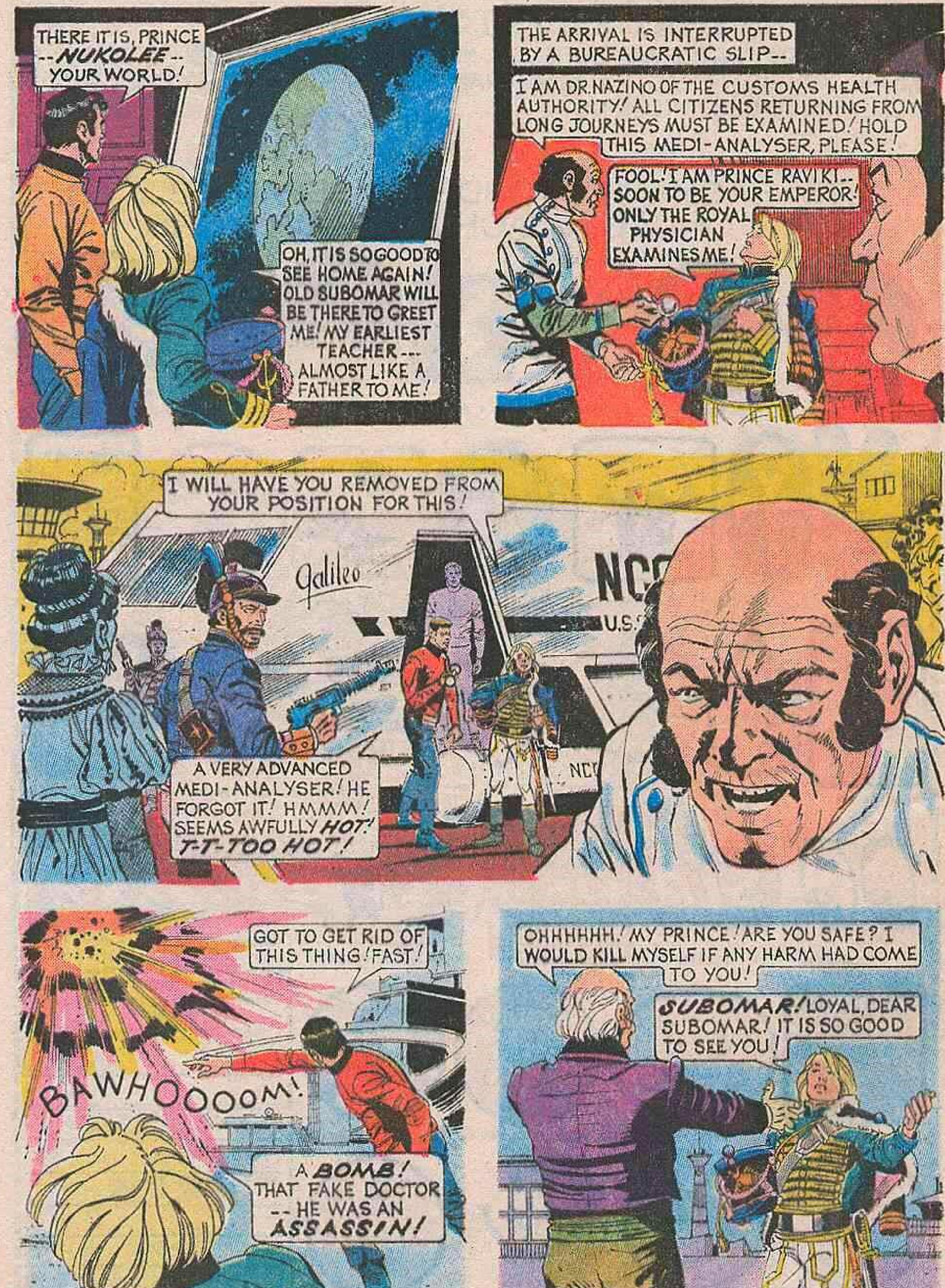
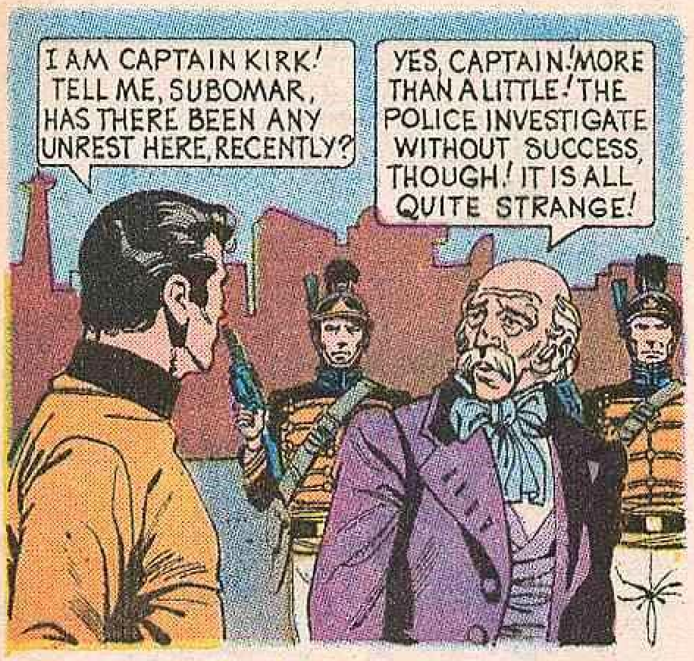
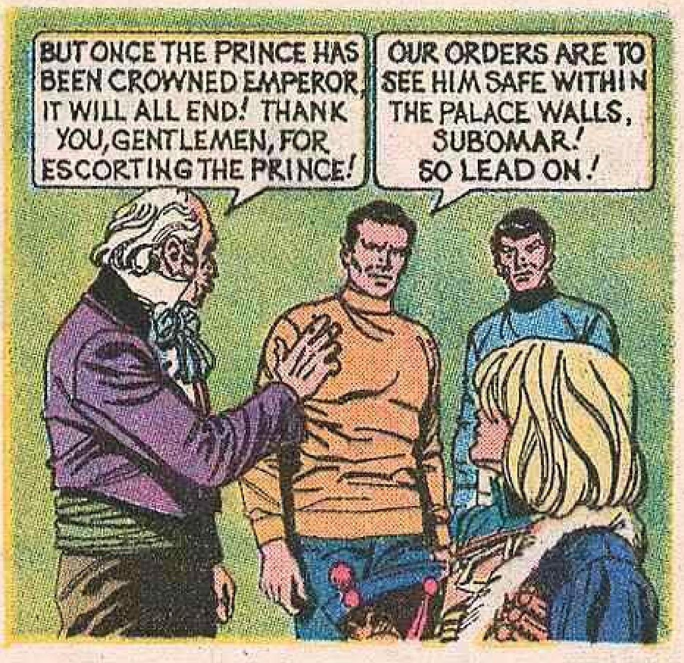

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 3247.2--I HAVE DISPATCHED MR. SPOCK AND SCOTTY ON A STRANGE BUT VITAL MISSION ....
THERE'S THE SCHOOL! BUT I DINNA THINK I'M GONNA LIKE THIS ASSIGNMENT! ESCORTING A PESKY SCHOOLBOY ABOUT!
THE CROWN PRINCE RAVIKI IS NOT JUST *ANY* SCHOOLBOY!
FURANTHY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
AND HAVE YE NEVER HEARD OF W.C. FIELDS - A COMEDIAN OF OUR 20TH. CENTURY? HE HELD THAT ALL BOYS SHOULD BE RAISED BY LION TAMERS IN THE GOBI DESERT!
AN AMUSING FORMULATION WHICH WE SHALL NOW ATTEMPT TO FORGET!
GENTLEMEN, THE CROWN PRINCE RAVIKI.
WE ARE HONORED, YOUR IMPERIAL HI--
DO NOT TOUCH ME! IT IS FORBIDDEN!
YOU MAY GO NOW, KILLAY!
PERHAPS HE SHOULD STAY TO HANDLE THE LUGGAGE! OUR TRANSPORTER CONTACT IS ON THAT HILL!
IT IS UNNECCESSARY! *YOU* WILL CARRY THE IMPERIAL LUGGAGE!
YOU SHOULD READ THIS CHAP FIELDS'S PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY! Y'D FIND IT MOST EDIFYIN'!

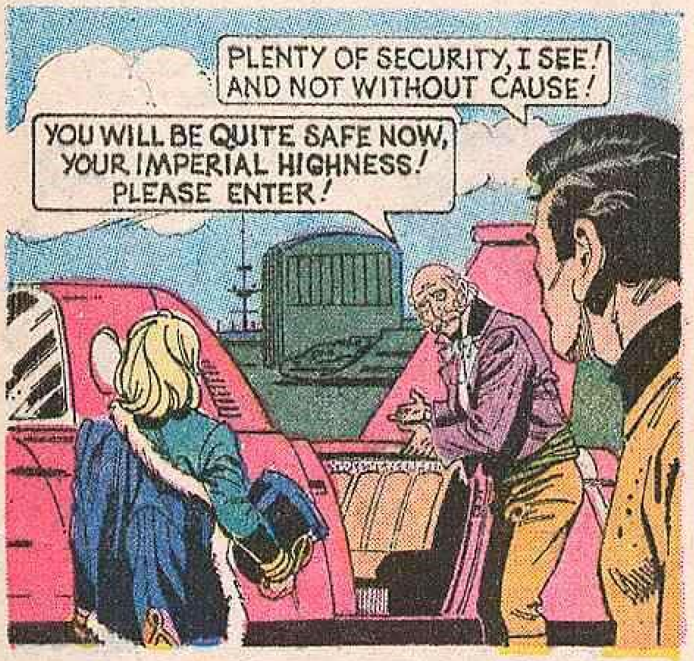

BUT THE YOUNG PRINCE IS NOT DONE WITH HIS ORDERS ----
WE WERE NOT TOLD --- *UGH!* --- THAT YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS COULDNA' WALK! *PANT-PANT*
I WALK PERFECTLY WELL! I DID IN FACT WIN SEVERAL TRACK MEDALS! BUT I SAVE MYSELF FOR MORE IMPORTANT THINGS!
WHAT IS KEEPING THE TRANSPORTER BEAM? WE'VE BEEN WAITING AT LEAST *THIRTY SECONDS!* I MUST SPEAK TO YOUR COMMANDER!
HERE'S THE BEAM NOW! BUT I DO HOPE YOU'LL SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN, ANYHOW! HE'D ENJOY IT!
---AND WE WILL DO ALL TO INSURE YOUR COMFORT ABOARD THE STARSHIP, PRINCE RAVIKI! BUT ALL OF OUR PERSONNEL ARE QUITE BUSY
THIS ONE CALLED SCOTTY - *HE* SEEMS NOT SO BUSY! HE WILL BE MY ATTENDANT ON THIS JOURNEY!
LATER, AN ORIENTATION REVIEW MEETING IS CALLED----
YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT THE PRINCE'S FATHER, EMPEROR DJAN, RULED ONLY THROUGH HIS PARLIAMENT AND HIS WORLD WAS QUITE DEMOCRATIC! BUT..
THE PRINCE'S PARENTS WERE KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT! DURING THE PAST THREE YEARS, *GENERAL VLAS* HAS RULED WHILE THE PRINCE REMAINED AT SCHOOL! THE FEDERATION FEARS THAT VLAS WILL NOT GIVE UP HIS RULE!

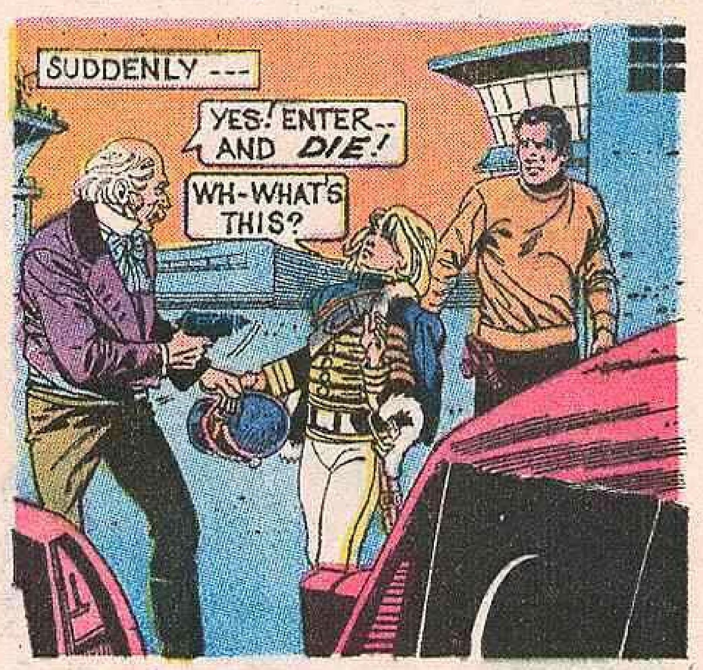

YOU CAN BE SURE THE GENERAL WILL TRY TO STOP US FROM DELIVERING THE PRINCE SAFELY! BUT WE'LL DO IT! MEANWHILE HIS EVERY WISH MUST BE GRANTED!
DELIGHTFUL, CAPTAIN! THEN I WISH NOW--- TO PLAY BALL!
A PLEASURE, YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS-- BUT THERE IS HARDLY ROOM ABOARD TO--
I HAVE HEARD OF SOMETHING YOU CALL *SPACE BALL*, CAPTAIN! SURELY THERE IS ROOM ENOUGH OUT *THERE!*
COME ON, DOCTOR, GIVE HIM YOUR HIGH HARD ONE! STRIKE HIM OUT--AGAIN!
I MUST HIT ONE! I MUST!
HOORAY! I DID IT!! I DID IT!
WHACK
WHOOOSH
WHY'D YE GIVE HIM THAT SOFT OUTSIDE PITCH, MON? YE KNEW HE'D CREAM IT!
SURE! BUT IF I DIDN'T, WE'D BE OUT THERE PLAYING BALL ALL DAY!

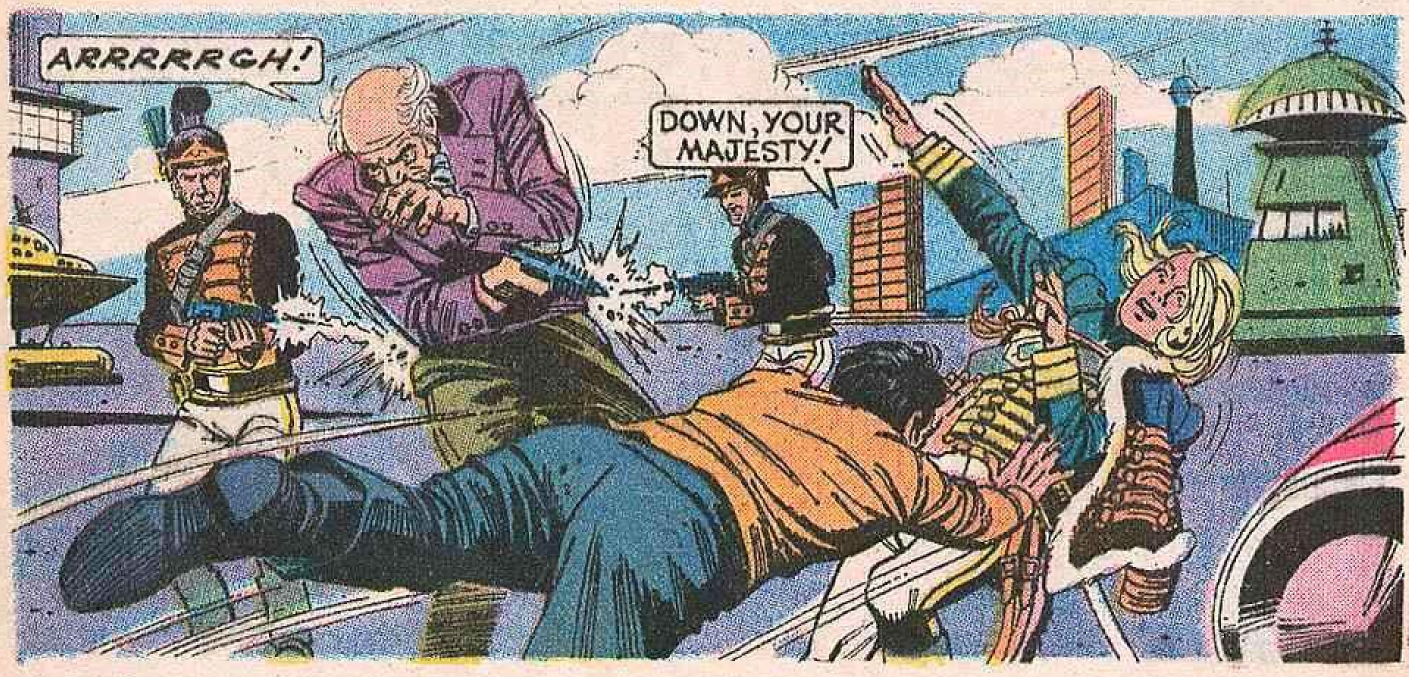

THERE IT IS, PRINCE --NUKOLEE-- YOUR WORLD!
OH, IT IS SO GOOD TO SEE HOME AGAIN! OLD SUBOMAR WILL BE THERE TO GREET ME! MY EARLIEST TEACHER --- ALMOST LIKE A FATHER TO ME!
THE ARRIVAL IS INTERRUPTED BY A BUREAUCRATIC SLIP--
I AM DR. NAZINO OF THE CUSTOMS HEALTH AUTHORITY! ALL CITIZENS RETURNING FROM LONG JOURNEYS MUST BE EXAMINED! HOLD THIS MEDI-ANALYSER, PLEASE!
FOOL! I AM PRINCE RAVIKI.. SOON TO BE YOUR EMPEROR! ONLY THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN EXAMINES ME!
I WILL HAVE YOU REMOVED FROM YOUR POSITION FOR THIS!
Galileo
NC
U.S.
NC
A VERY ADVANCED MEDI-ANALYSER! HE FORGOT IT! HMMM! SEEMS AWFULLY HOT! T-T-TOO HOT!
GOT TO GET RID OF THIS THING! FAST!
BAWHOOOOM!
A BOMB! THAT FAKE DOCTOR -- HE WAS AN ASSASSIN!
OHHHHHH! MY PRINCE! ARE YOU SAFE? I WOULD KILL MYSELF IF ANY HARM HAD COME TO YOU!
SUBOMAR! LOYAL, DEAR SUBOMAR! IT IS SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!

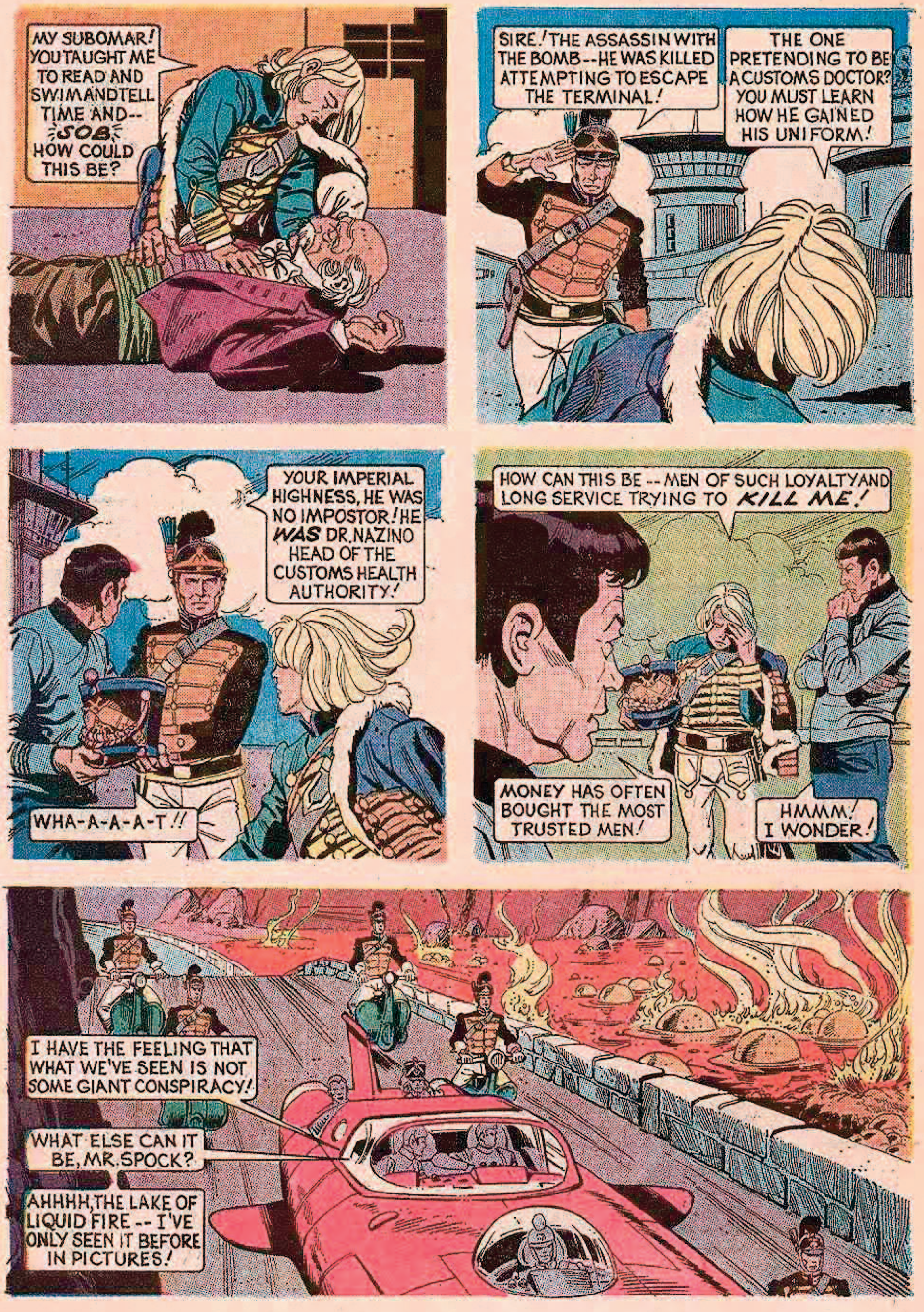

I AM CAPTAIN KIRK! TELL ME, SUBOMAR, HAS THERE BEEN ANY UNREST HERE, RECENTLY?
YES, CAPTAIN! MORE THAN A LITTLE! THE POLICE INVESTIGATE WITHOUT SUCCESS, THOUGH! IT IS ALL QUITE STRANGE!

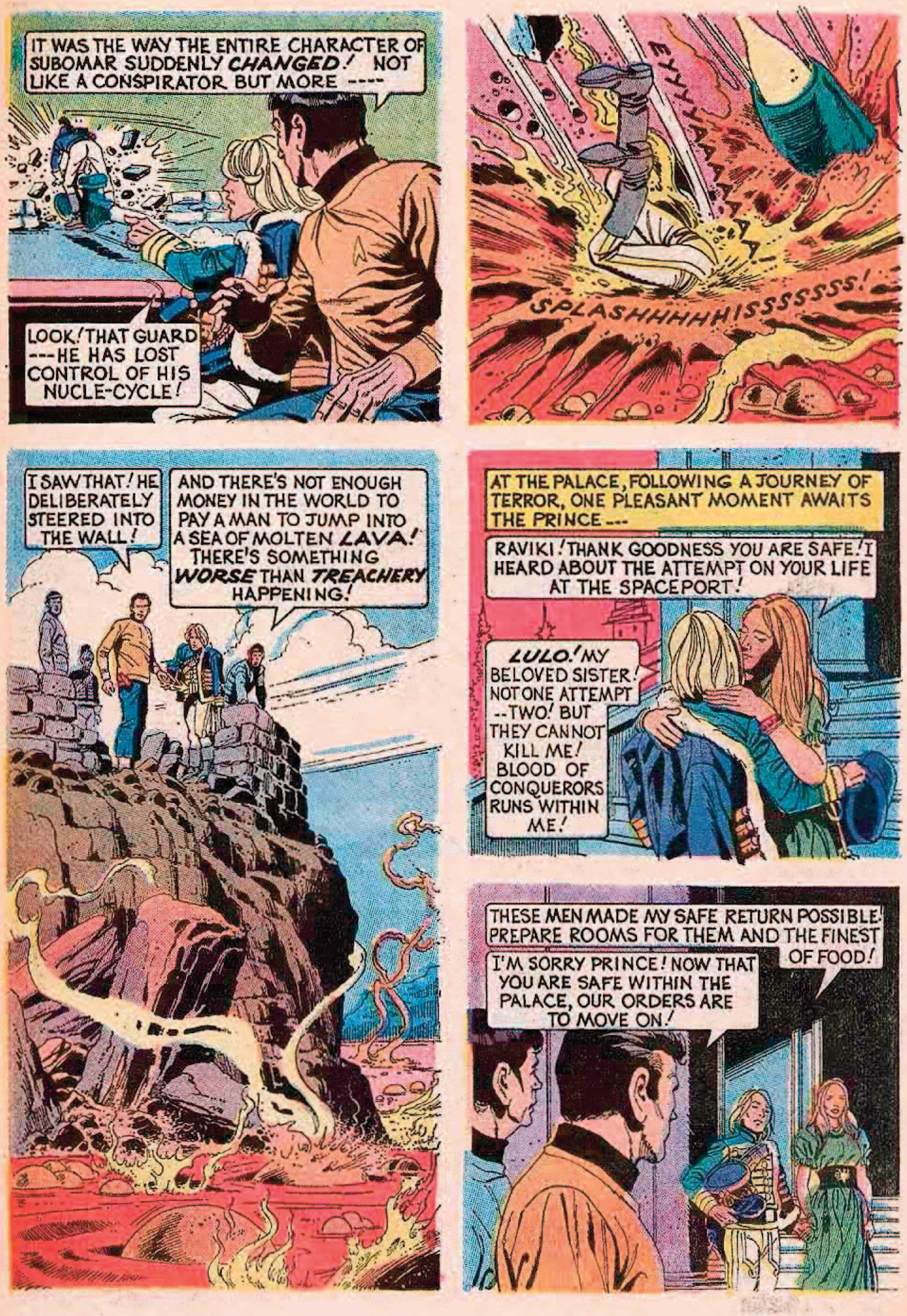

BUT ONCE THE PRINCE HAS BEEN CROWNED EMPEROR, IT WILL ALL END! THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN, FOR ESCORTING THE PRINCE!
OUR ORDERS ARE TO SEE HIM SAFE WITHIN THE PALACE WALLS, SUBOMAR! SO LEAD ON!

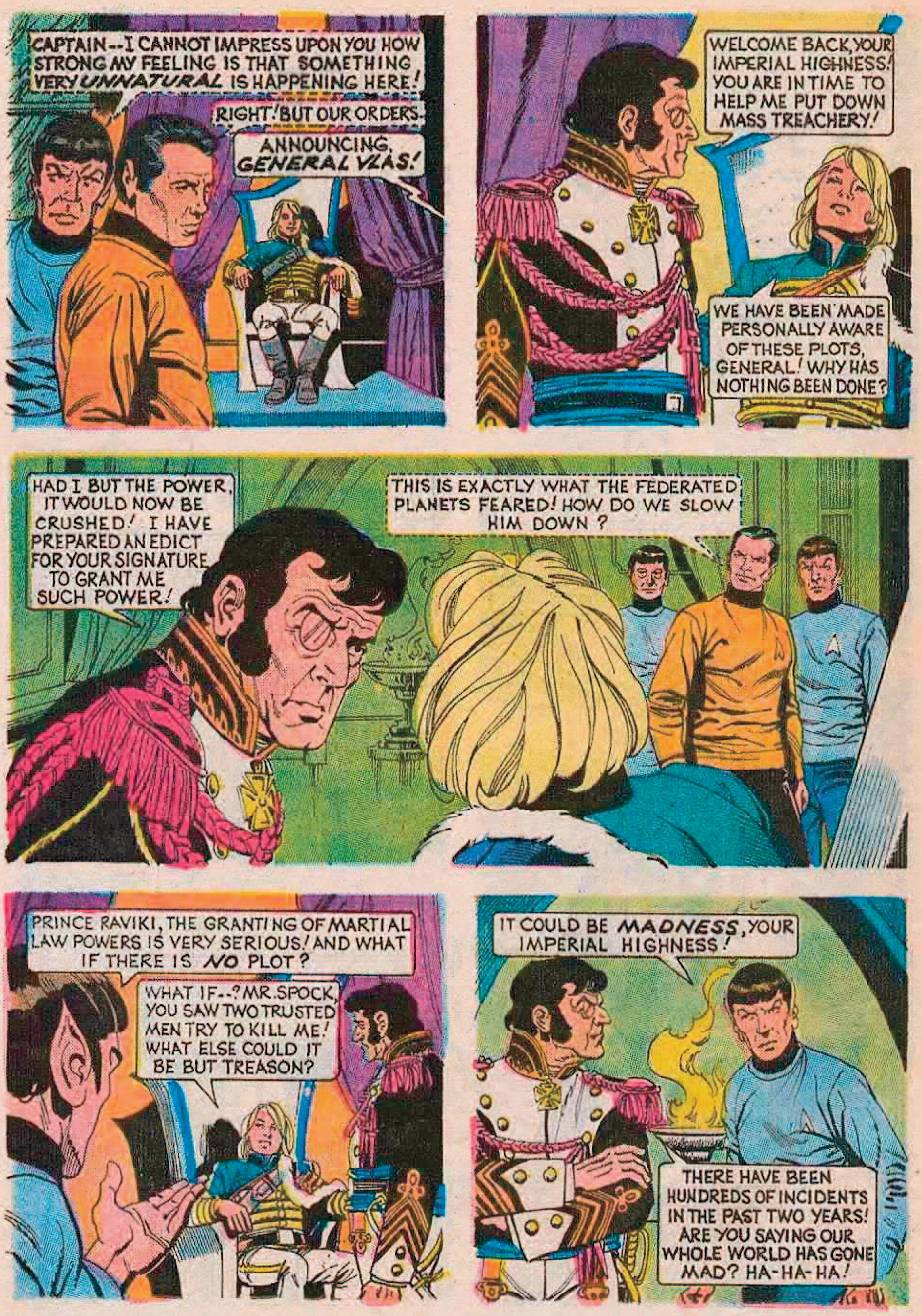

PLENTY OF SECURITY, I SEE! AND NOT WITHOUT CAUSE!
YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE NOW, YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS! PLEASE ENTER!

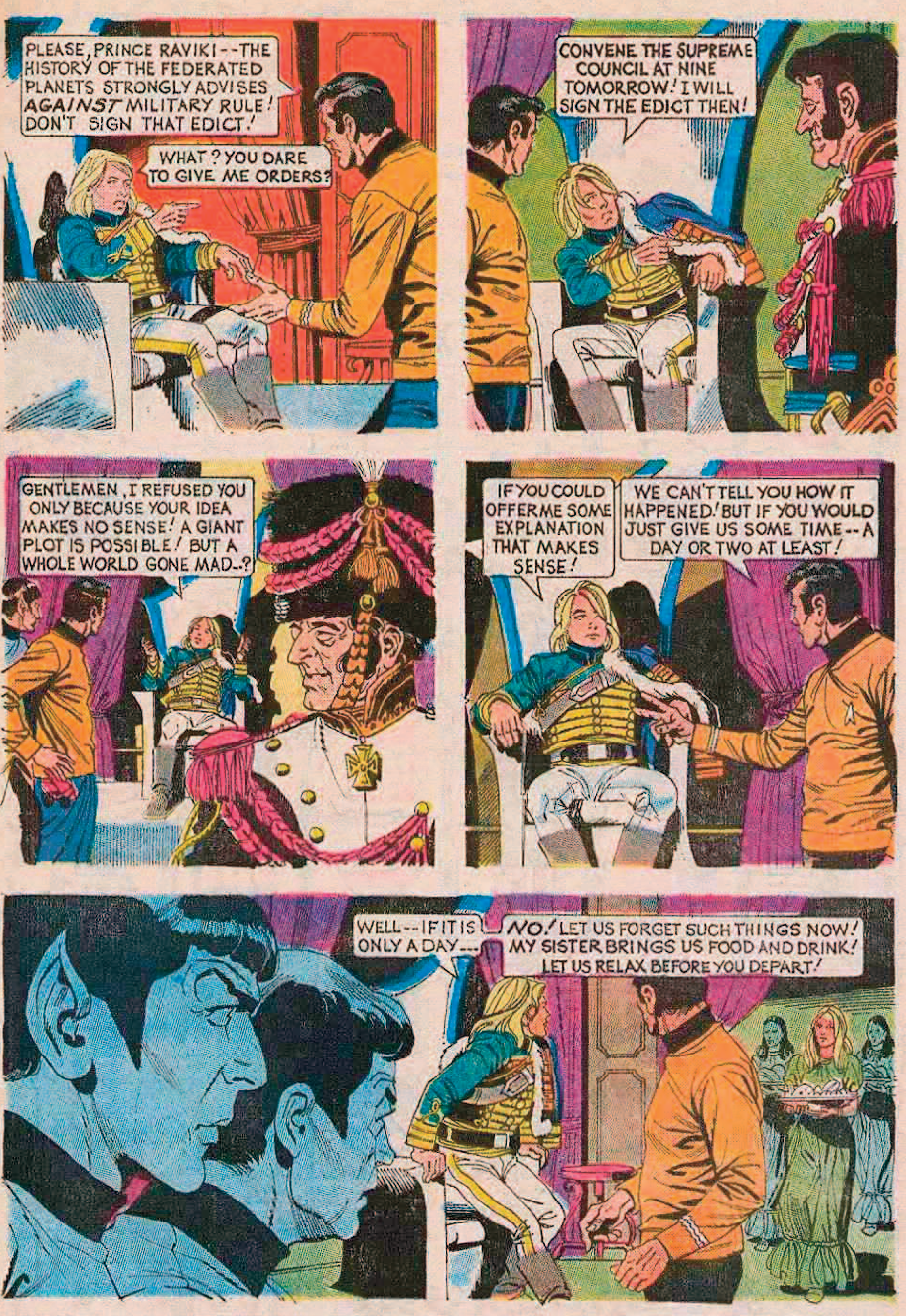

SUDDENLY ---
YES! ENTER -- AND *DIE!*
WH-WHAT'S THIS?

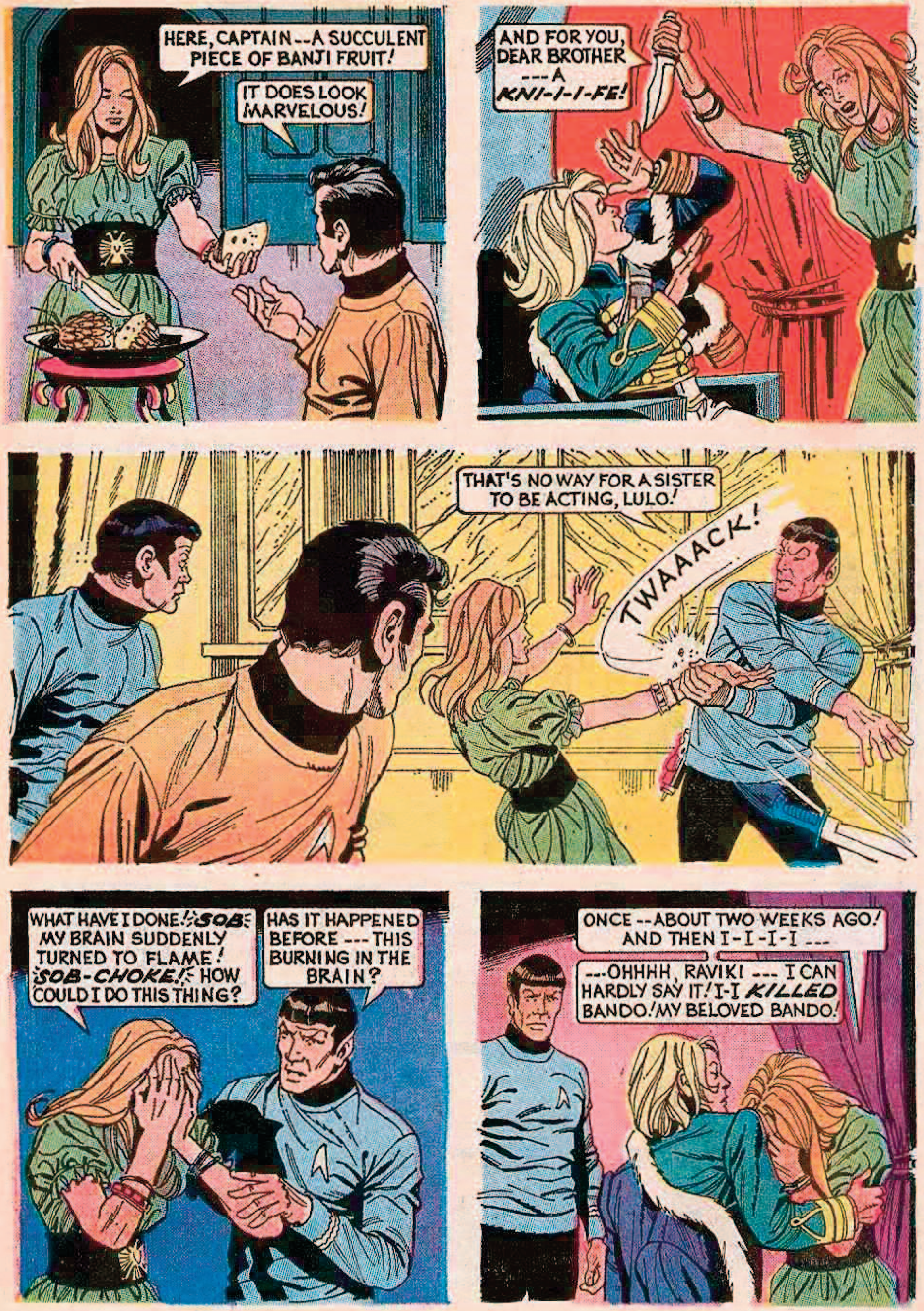

ARRRRRGH!
DOWN, YOUR MAJESTY!

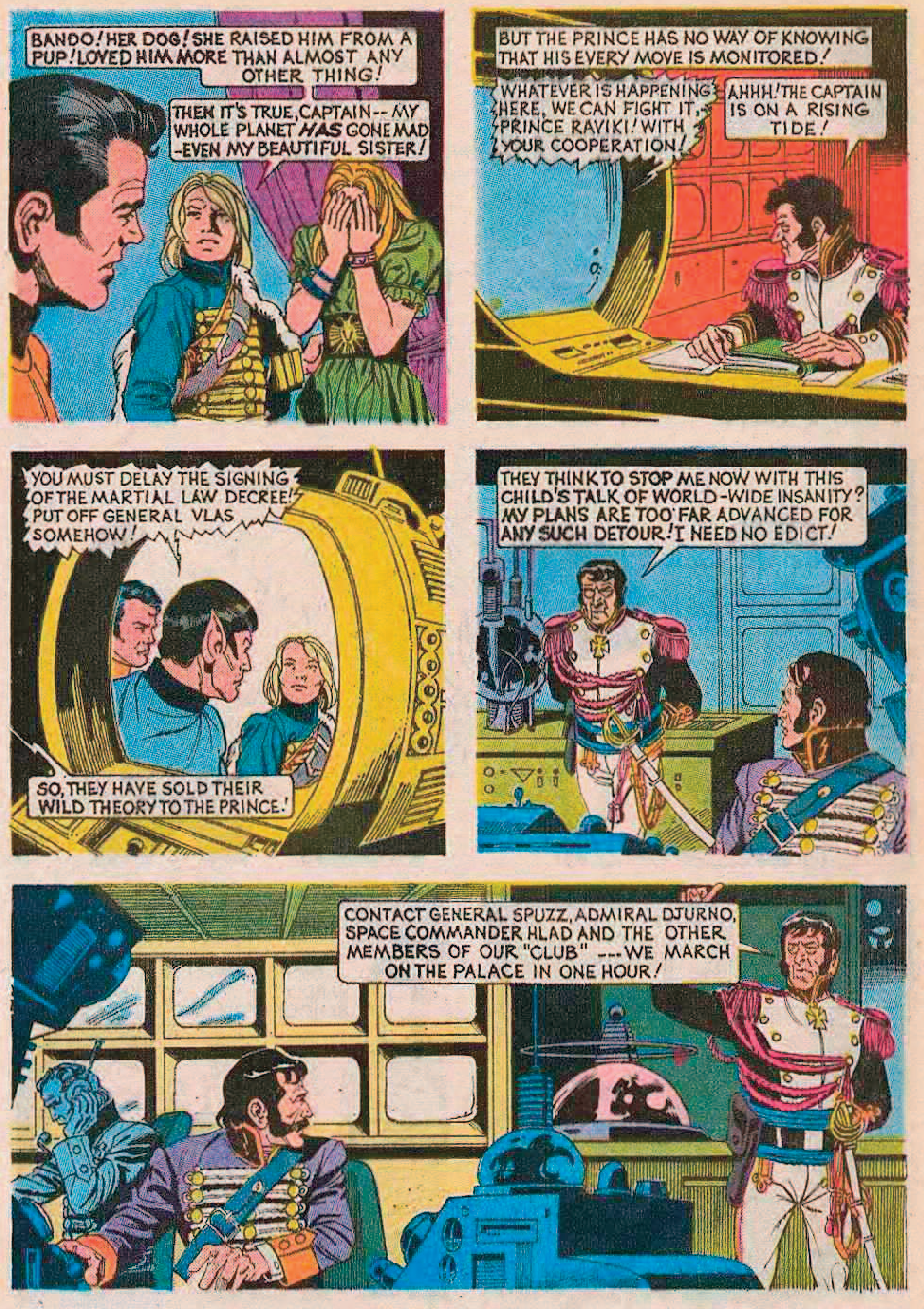

MY SUBOMAR! YOU TAUGHT ME TO READ AND SWIM AND TELL TIME AND-- SOB HOW COULD THIS BE?
SIRE! THE ASSASSIN WITH THE BOMB--HE WAS KILLED ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE THE TERMINAL!
THE ONE PRETENDING TO BE A CUSTOMS DOCTOR? YOU MUST LEARN HOW HE GAINED HIS UNIFORM!
YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, HE WAS NO IMPOSTOR! HE WAS DR. NAZINO HEAD OF THE CUSTOMS HEALTH AUTHORITY!
WHA-A-A-A-T!!
HOW CAN THIS BE -- MEN OF SUCH LOYALTY AND LONG SERVICE TRYING TO KILL ME!
MONEY HAS OFTEN BOUGHT THE MOST TRUSTED MEN!
HMMM! I WONDER!
I HAVE THE FEELING THAT WHAT WE'VE SEEN IS NOT SOME GIANT CONSPIRACY!
WHAT ELSE CAN IT BE, MR. SPOCK?
AHHHH, THE LAKE OF LIQUID FIRE -- I'VE ONLY SEEN IT BEFORE IN PICTURES!

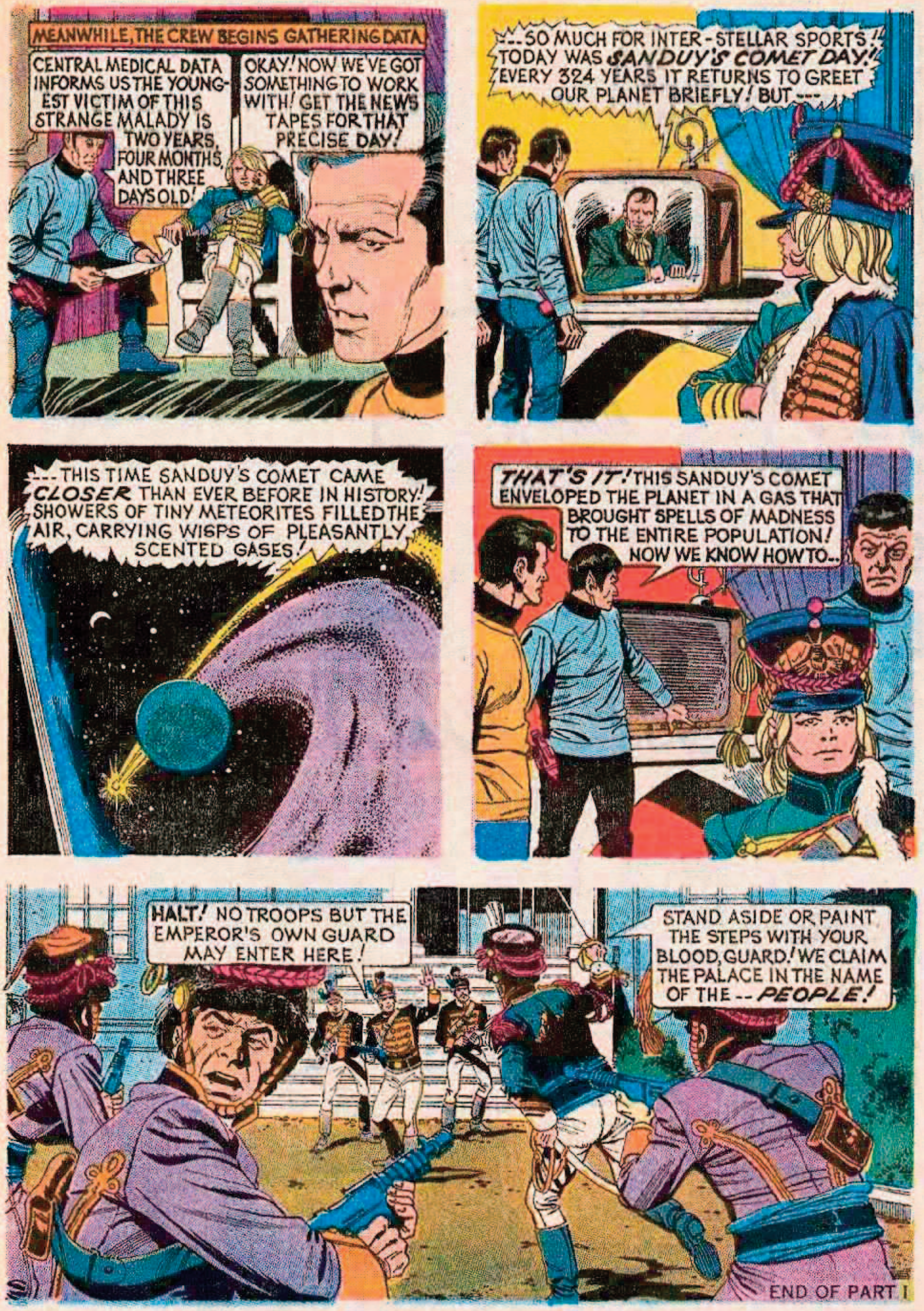

IT WAS THE WAY THE ENTIRE CHARACTER OF SUBOMAR SUDDENLY *CHANGED!* NOT LIKE A CONSPIRATOR BUT MORE ----
LOOK! THAT GUARD ---HE HAS LOST CONTROL OF HIS NUCLE-CYCLE!
EYYYAAAAAAAA
SPLASHHHHHISSSSSSS!
I SAW THAT! HE DELIBERATELY STEERED INTO THE WALL!
AND THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MONEY IN THE WORLD TO PAY A MAN TO JUMP INTO A SEA OF MOLTEN *LAVA!* THERE'S SOMETHING *WORSE* THAN *TREACHERY* HAPPENING!
AT THE PALACE, FOLLOWING A JOURNEY OF TERROR, ONE PLEASANT MOMENT AWAITS THE PRINCE ---
RAVIKI! THANK GOODNESS YOU ARE SAFE! I HEARD ABOUT THE ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE AT THE SPACEPORT!
LULO! MY BELOVED SISTER! NOT ONE ATTEMPT --TWO! BUT THEY CANNOT KILL ME! BLOOD OF CONQUERORS RUNS WITHIN ME!
THESE MEN MADE MY SAFE RETURN POSSIBLE! PREPARE ROOMS FOR THEM AND THE FINEST OF FOOD!
I'M SORRY PRINCE! NOW THAT YOU ARE SAFE WITHIN THE PALACE, OUR ORDERS ARE TO MOVE ON!


CAPTAIN--I CANNOT IMPRESS UPON YOU HOW STRONG MY FEELING IS THAT SOMETHING VERY *UNNATURAL* IS HAPPENING HERE!
RIGHT! BUT OUR ORDERS.
ANNOUNCING, *GENERAL VLAS!*
WELCOME BACK, YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS! YOU ARE IN TIME TO HELP ME PUT DOWN MASS TREACHERY!
WE HAVE BEEN MADE PERSONALLY AWARE OF THESE PLOTS, GENERAL! WHY HAS NOTHING BEEN DONE?
HAD I BUT THE POWER, IT WOULD NOW BE CRUSHED! I HAVE PREPARED AN EDICT FOR YOUR SIGNATURE TO GRANT ME SUCH POWER!
THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THE FEDERATED PLANETS FEARED! HOW DO WE SLOW HIM DOWN?
PRINCE RAVIKI, THE GRANTING OF MARTIAL LAW POWERS IS VERY SERIOUS! AND WHAT IF THERE IS *NO* PLOT?
WHAT IF--? MR. SPOCK, YOU SAW TWO TRUSTED MEN TRY TO KILL ME! WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE BUT TREASON?
IT COULD BE *MADNESS*, YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS!
THERE HAVE BEEN HUNDREDS OF INCIDENTS IN THE PAST TWO YEARS! ARE YOU SAYING OUR WHOLE WORLD HAS GONE MAD? HA-HA-HA!

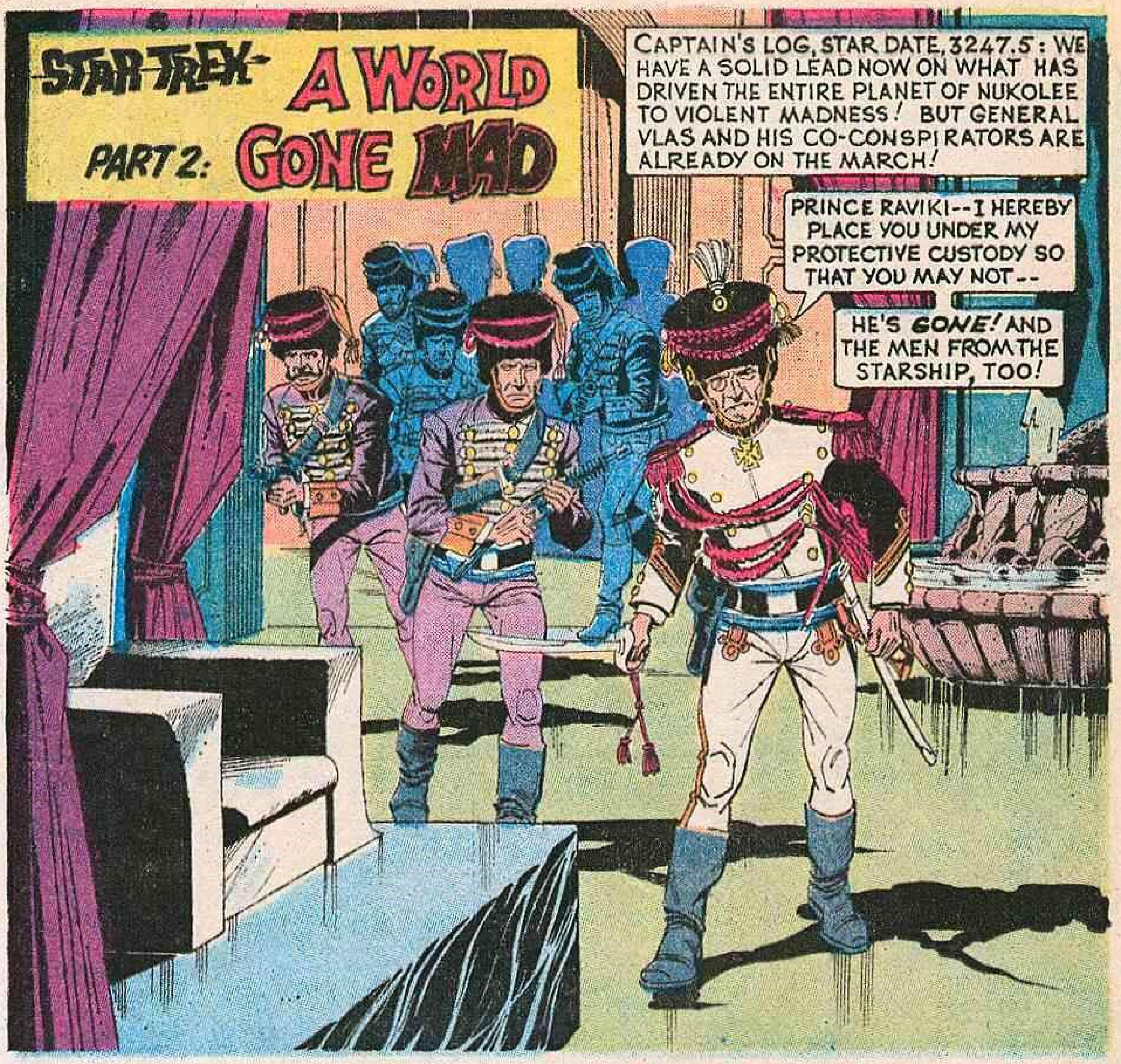

PLEASE, PRINCE RAVIKI--THE HISTORY OF THE FEDERATED PLANETS STRONGLY ADVISES *AGAINST* MILITARY RULE! DON'T SIGN THAT EDICT!
WHAT? YOU DARE TO GIVE ME ORDERS?
CONVENE THE SUPREME COUNCIL AT NINE TOMORROW! I WILL SIGN THE EDICT THEN!
GENTLEMEN, I REFUSED YOU ONLY BECAUSE YOUR IDEA MAKES NO SENSE! A GIANT PLOT IS POSSIBLE! BUT A WHOLE WORLD GONE MAD-?
IF YOU COULD OFFER ME SOME EXPLANATION THAT MAKES SENSE!
WE CAN'T TELL YOU HOW IT HAPPENED! BUT IF YOU WOULD JUST GIVE US SOME TIME--A DAY OR TWO AT LEAST!
WELL--IF IT IS ONLY A DAY---
NO! LET US FORGET SUCH THINGS NOW! MY SISTER BRINGS US FOOD AND DRINK! LET US RELAX BEFORE YOU DEPART!

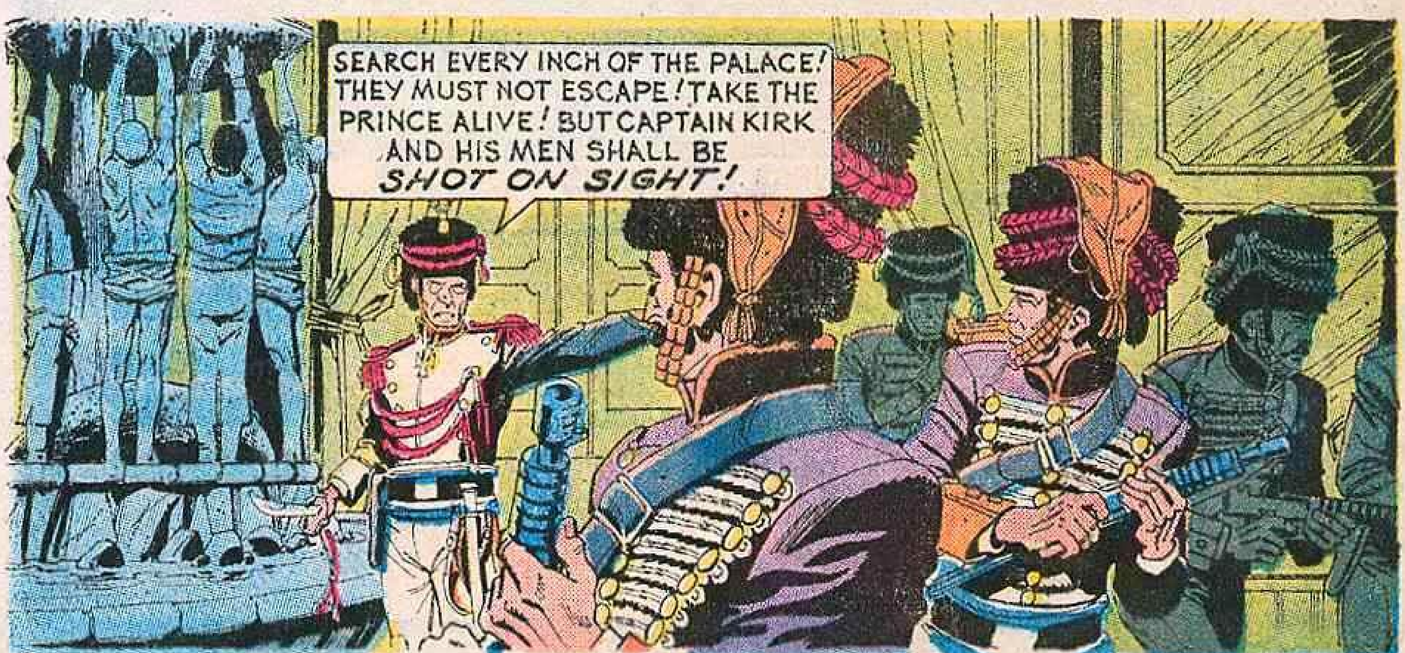

HERE, CAPTAIN--A SUCCULENT PIECE OF BANJI FRUIT!
IT DOES LOOK MARVELOUS!
AND FOR YOU, DEAR BROTHER ---A *KNI-I-I-FE!*
THAT'S NO WAY FOR A SISTER TO BE ACTING, LULO!
TWAAACK!
WHAT HAVE I DONE! *-SOB-* MY BRAIN SUDDENLY TURNED TO FLAME! *-SOB-CHOKE!-* HOW COULD I DO THIS THING?
HAS IT HAPPENED BEFORE --- THIS BURNING IN THE BRAIN?
ONCE--ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO! AND THEN I-I-I-I ---
---OHHHH, RAVIKI --- I CAN HARDLY SAY IT! I-I *KILLED* BANDO! MY BELOVED BANDO!

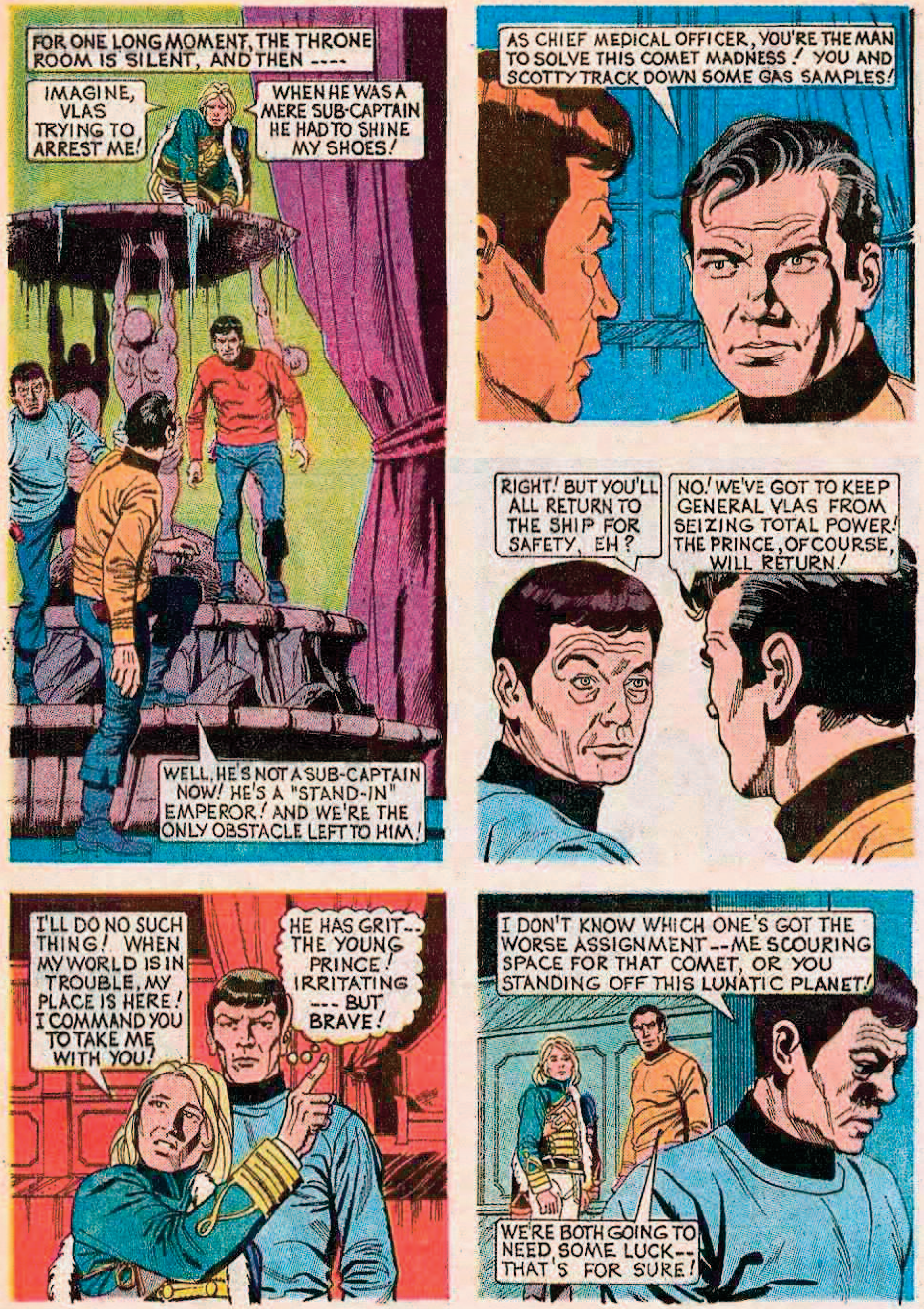

BANDO! HER DOG! SHE RAISED HIM FROM A PUP! LOVED HIM MORE THAN ALMOST ANY OTHER THING!
THEN IT'S TRUE, CAPTAIN-- MY WHOLE PLANET *HAS* GONE MAD -EVEN MY BEAUTIFUL SISTER!
BUT THE PRINCE HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT HIS EVERY MOVE IS MONITORED!
WHATEVER IS HAPPENING HERE, WE CAN FIGHT IT, PRINCE RAVIKI! WITH YOUR COOPERATION!
AHHH! THE CAPTAIN IS ON A RISING TIDE!
YOU MUST DELAY THE SIGNING OF THE MARTIAL LAW DECREE! PUT OFF GENERAL VLAS SOMEHOW!
SO, THEY HAVE SOLD THEIR WILD THEORY TO THE PRINCE!
THEY THINK TO STOP ME NOW WITH THIS CHILD'S TALK OF WORLD-WIDE INSANITY? MY PLANS ARE TOO FAR ADVANCED FOR ANY SUCH DETOUR! I NEED NO EDICT!
CONTACT GENERAL SPUZZ, ADMIRAL DJURNO, SPACE COMMANDER HLAD AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF OUR "CLUB" --- WE MARCH ON THE PALACE IN ONE HOUR!

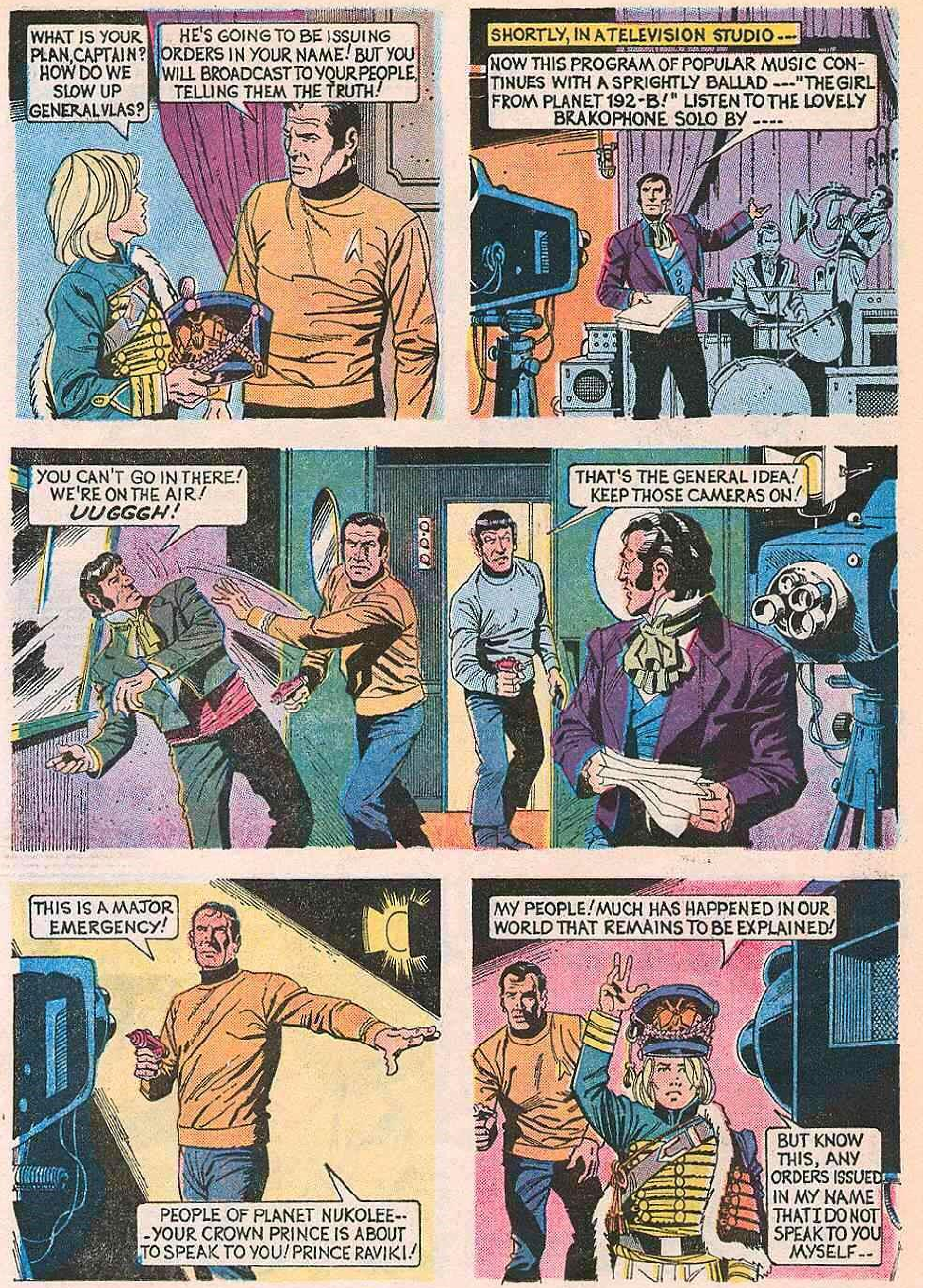

MEANWHILE, THE CREW BEGINS GATHERING DATA
CENTRAL MEDICAL DATA INFORMS US THE YOUNGEST VICTIM OF THIS STRANGE MALADY IS TWO YEARS, FOUR MONTHS, AND THREE DAYS OLD!
OKAY! NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO WORK WITH! GET THE NEWS TAPES FOR THAT PRECISE DAY!
---SO MUCH FOR INTER-STELLAR SPORTS! TODAY WAS *SANDUY'S COMET DAY!* EVERY 324 YEARS IT RETURNS TO GREET OUR PLANET BRIEFLY! BUT---
---THIS TIME SANDUY'S COMET CAME *CLOSER* THAN EVER BEFORE IN HISTORY! SHOWERS OF TINY METEORITES FILLED THE AIR, CARRYING WISPS OF PLEASANTLY SCENTED GASES!
THAT'S IT! THIS SANDUY'S COMET ENVELOPED THE PLANET IN A GAS THAT BROUGHT SPELLS OF MADNESS TO THE ENTIRE POPULATION! NOW WE KNOW HOW TO..
HALT! NO TROOPS BUT THE EMPEROR'S OWN GUARD MAY ENTER HERE!
STAND ASIDE OR PAINT THE STEPS WITH YOUR BLOOD, GUARD! WE CLAIM THE PALACE IN THE NAME OF THE -- *PEOPLE!*
END OF PART I

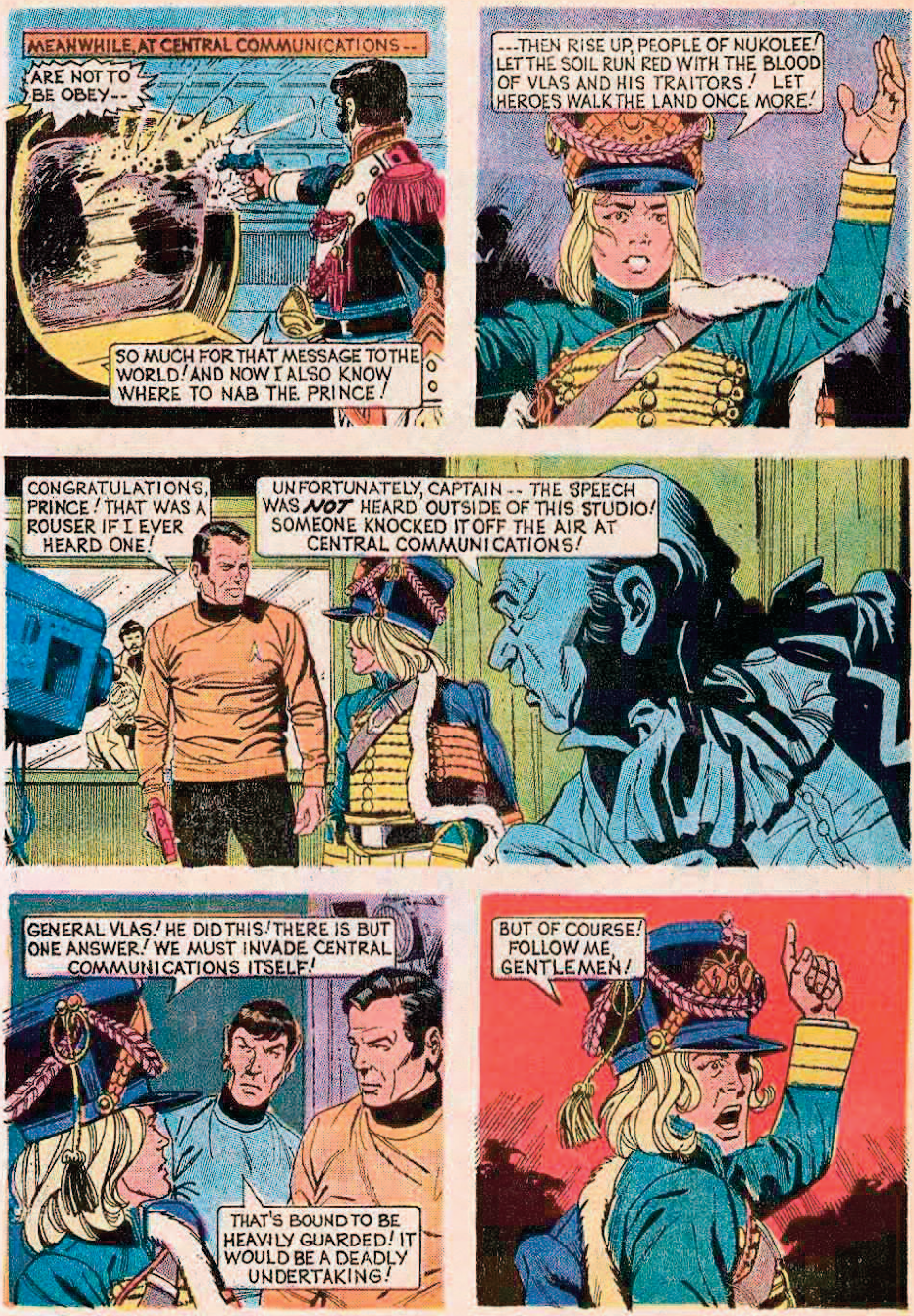
STAR TREK
A WORLD GONE MAD
PART 2:

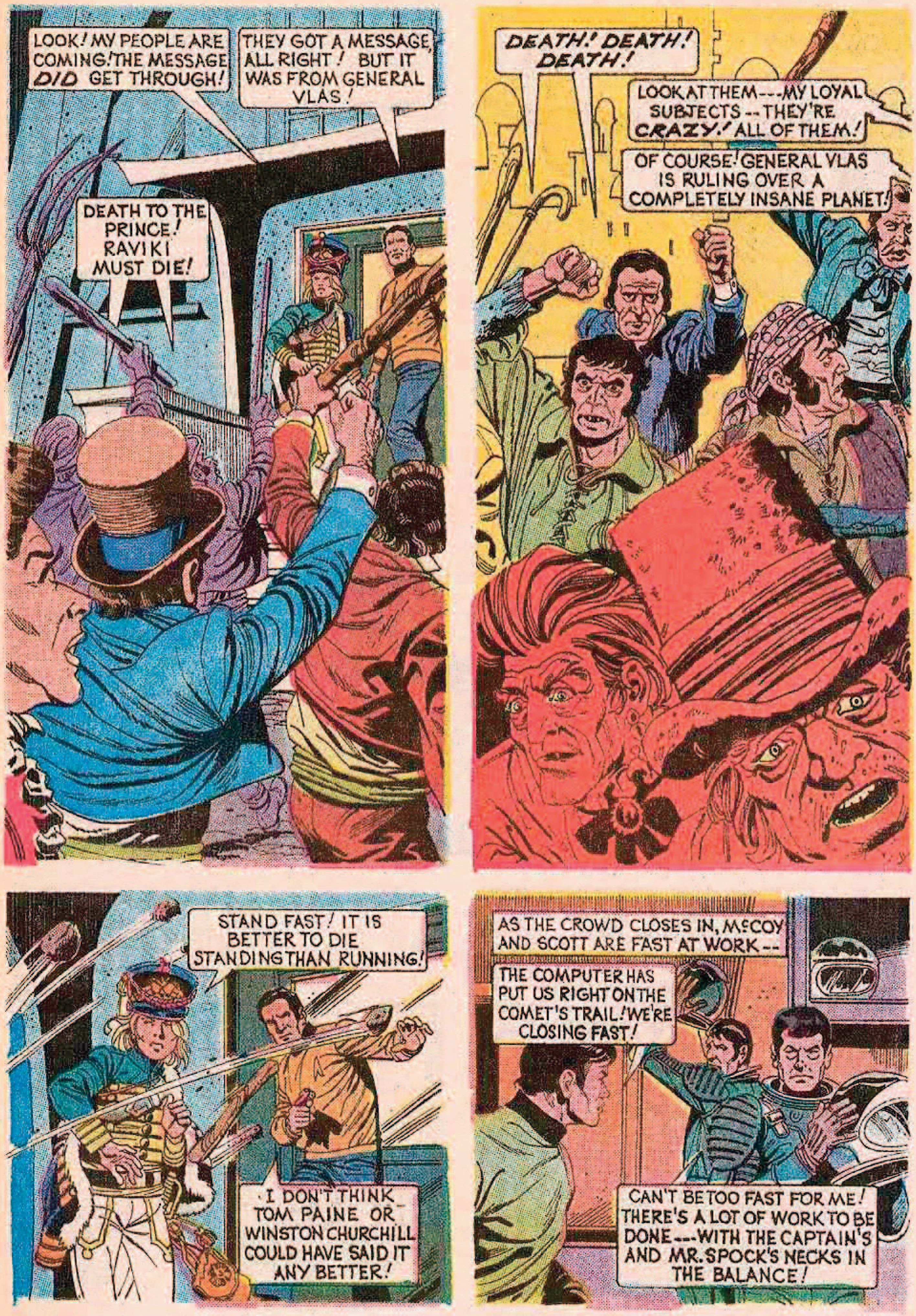

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE, 3247.5: WE HAVE A SOLID LEAD NOW ON WHAT HAS DRIVEN THE ENTIRE PLANET OF NUKOLEE TO VIOLENT MADNESS! BUT GENERAL VLAS AND HIS CO-CONSPIRATORS ARE ALREADY ON THE MARCH!
PRINCE RAVIKI--I HEREBY PLACE YOU UNDER MY PROTECTIVE CUSTODY SO THAT YOU MAY NOT--
HE'S GONE! AND THE MEN FROM THE STARSHIP, TOO!

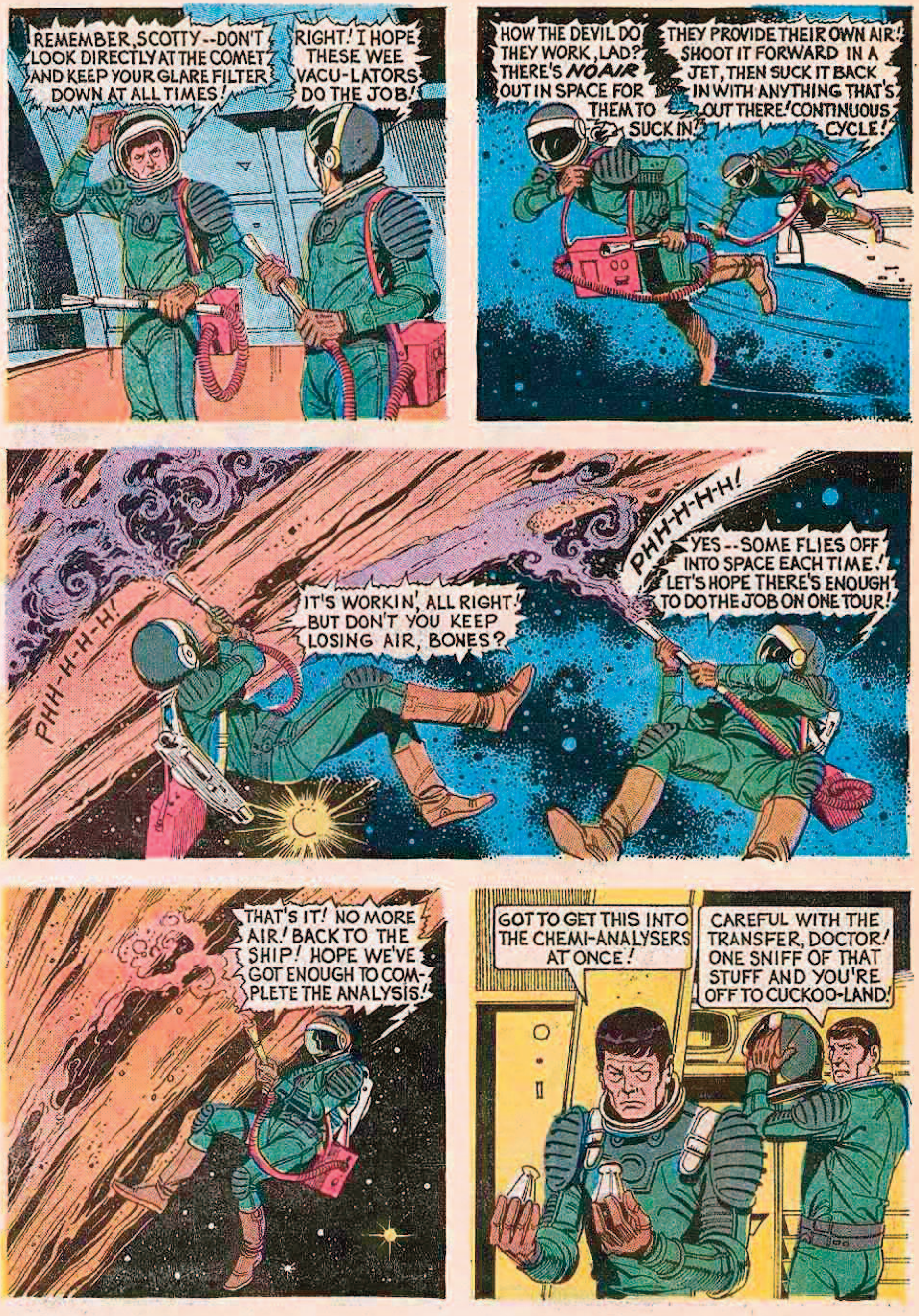

SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THE PALACE! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE! TAKE THE PRINCE ALIVE! BUT CAPTAIN KIRK AND HIS MEN SHALL BE SHOT ON SIGHT!

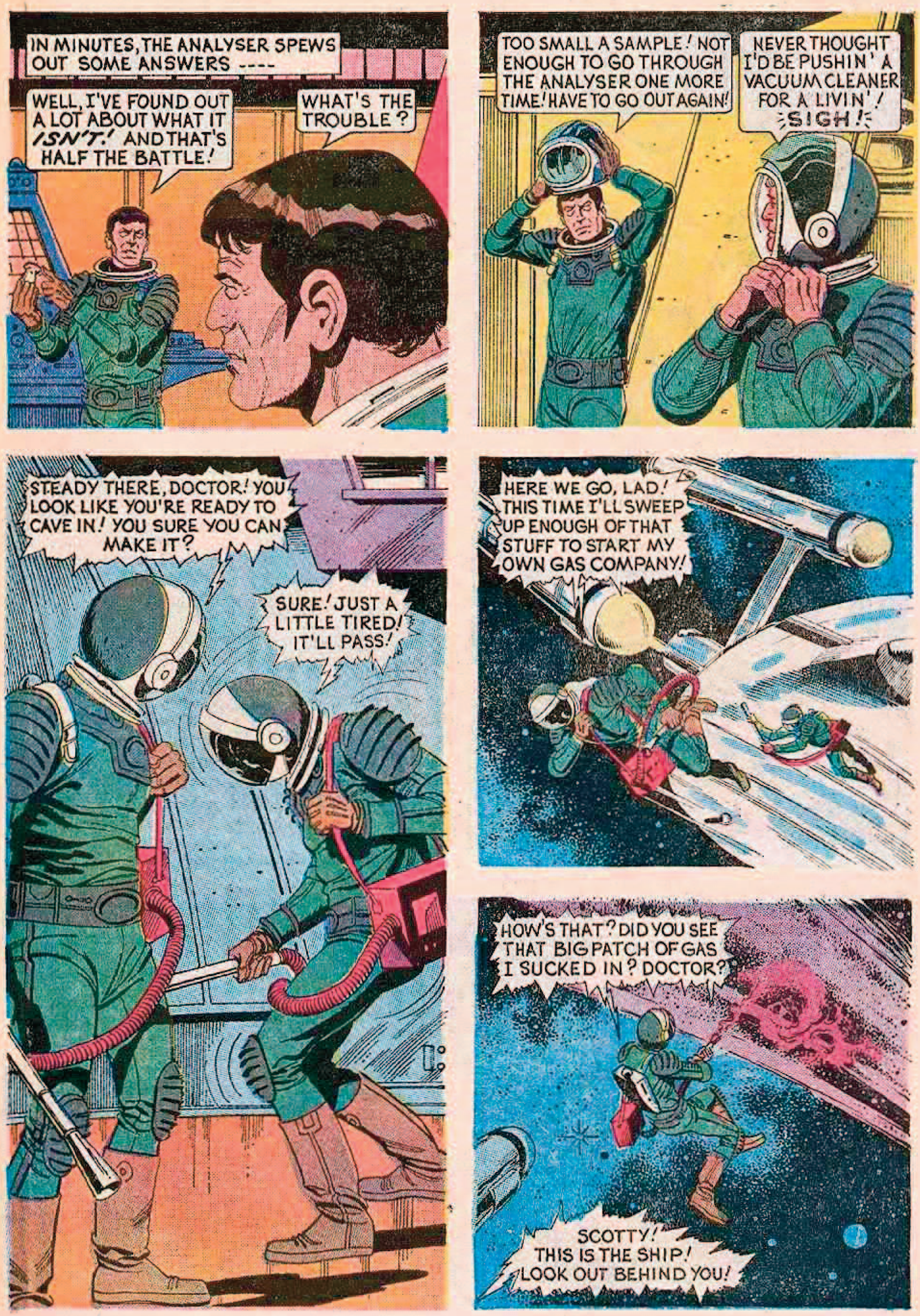

FOR ONE LONG MOMENT, THE THRONE ROOM IS SILENT, AND THEN ----
IMAGINE, VLAS TRYING TO ARREST ME!
WHEN HE WAS A MERE SUB-CAPTAIN HE HAD TO SHINE MY SHOES!
WELL, HE'S NOT A SUB-CAPTAIN NOW! HE'S A "STAND-IN" EMPEROR! AND WE'RE THE ONLY OBSTACLE LEFT TO HIM!
AS CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER, YOU'RE THE MAN TO SOLVE THIS COMET MADNESS! YOU AND SCOTTY TRACK DOWN SOME GAS SAMPLES!
RIGHT! BUT YOU'LL ALL RETURN TO THE SHIP FOR SAFETY, EH?
NO! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP GENERAL VLAS FROM SEIZING TOTAL POWER! THE PRINCE, OF COURSE, WILL RETURN!
I'LL DO NO SUCH THING! WHEN MY WORLD IS IN TROUBLE, MY PLACE IS HERE! I COMMAND YOU TO TAKE ME WITH YOU!
HE HAS GRIT-- THE YOUNG PRINCE! IRRITATING --- BUT BRAVE!
I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE'S GOT THE WORSE ASSIGNMENT --ME SCOURING SPACE FOR THAT COMET, OR YOU STANDING OFF THIS LUNATIC PLANET!
WE'RE BOTH GOING TO NEED SOME LUCK-- THAT'S FOR SURE!

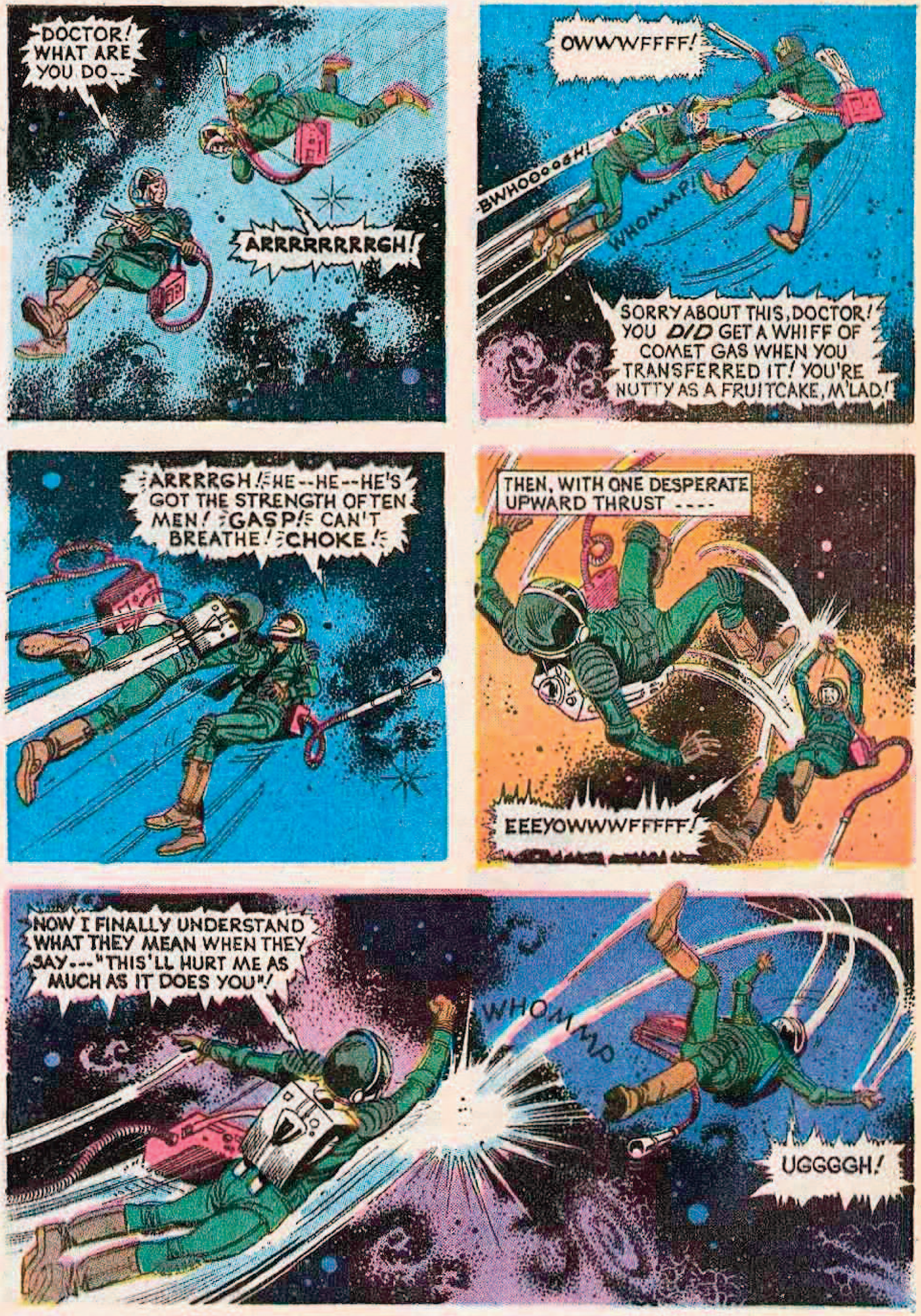

WHAT IS YOUR PLAN, CAPTAIN? HOW DO WE SLOW UP GENERAL VLAS?
HE'S GOING TO BE ISSUING ORDERS IN YOUR NAME! BUT YOU WILL BROADCAST TO YOUR PEOPLE, TELLING THEM THE TRUTH!
SHORTLY, IN A TELEVISION STUDIO ---
NOW THIS PROGRAM OF POPULAR MUSIC CONTINUES WITH A SPRIGHTLY BALLAD ---"THE GIRL FROM PLANET 192-B!" LISTEN TO THE LOVELY BRAKOPHONE SOLO BY ----
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! WE'RE ON THE AIR! UUGGGH!
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA! KEEP THOSE CAMERAS ON!
THIS IS A MAJOR EMERGENCY!
PEOPLE OF PLANET NUKOLEE---YOUR CROWN PRINCE IS ABOUT TO SPEAK TO YOU! PRINCE RAVIKI!
MY PEOPLE! MUCH HAS HAPPENED IN OUR WORLD THAT REMAINS TO BE EXPLAINED!
BUT KNOW THIS, ANY ORDERS ISSUED IN MY NAME THAT I DO NOT SPEAK TO YOU MYSELF--

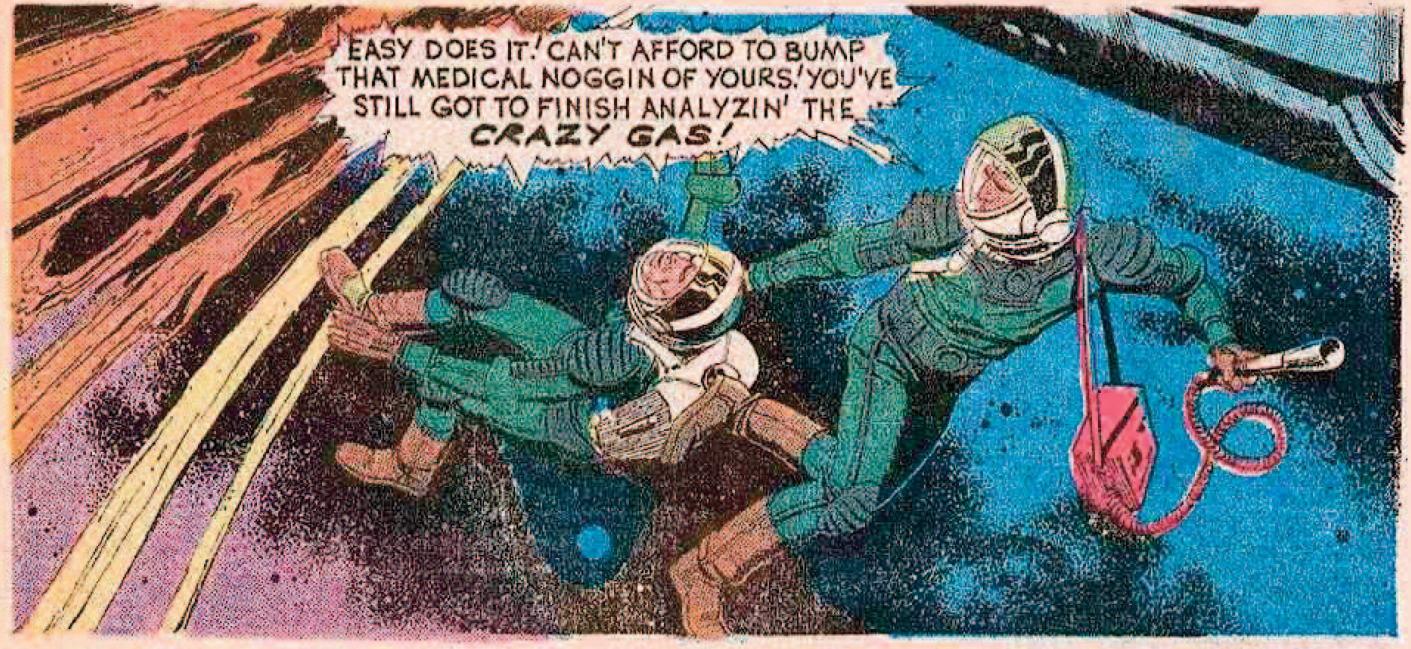

MEANWHILE, AT CENTRAL COMMUNICATIONS--
ARE NOT TO BE OBEY--
SO MUCH FOR THAT MESSAGE TO THE WORLD! AND NOW I ALSO KNOW WHERE TO NAB THE PRINCE!
---THEN RISE UP, PEOPLE OF NUKOLEE! LET THE SOIL RUN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF VLAS AND HIS TRAITORS! LET HEROES WALK THE LAND ONCE MORE!
CONGRATULATIONS, PRINCE! THAT WAS A ROUSER IF I EVER HEARD ONE!
UNFORTUNATELY, CAPTAIN -- THE SPEECH WAS NOT HEARD OUTSIDE OF THIS STUDIO! SOMEONE KNOCKED IT OFF THE AIR AT CENTRAL COMMUNICATIONS!
GENERAL VLAS! HE DID THIS! THERE IS BUT ONE ANSWER! WE MUST INVADE CENTRAL COMMUNICATIONS ITSELF!
THAT'S BOUND TO BE HEAVILY GUARDED! IT WOULD BE A DEADLY UNDERTAKING!
BUT OF COURSE! FOLLOW ME, GENTLEMEN!

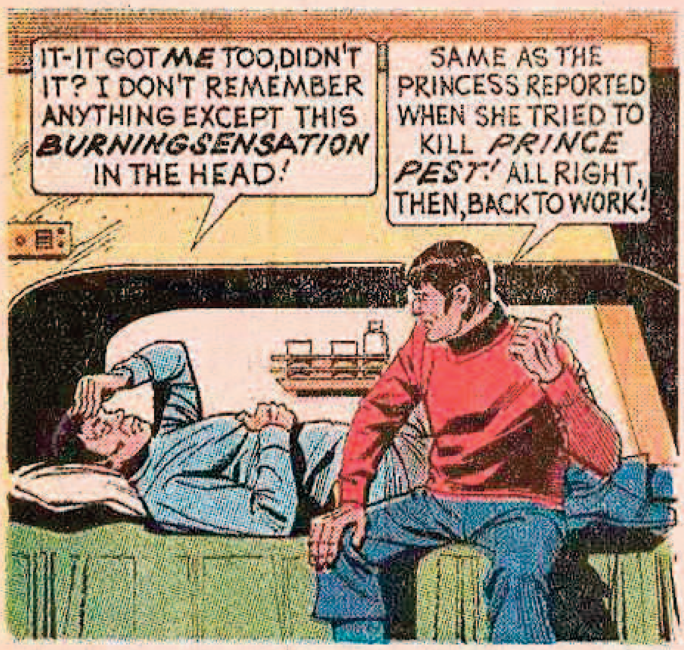

LOOK! MY PEOPLE ARE COMING! THE MESSAGE *DID* GET THROUGH!
THEY GOT A MESSAGE, ALL RIGHT! BUT IT WAS FROM GENERAL VLAS!
DEATH TO THE PRINCE! RAVIKI MUST DIE!
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!
LOOK AT THEM---MY LOYAL SUBJECTS--THEY'RE *CRAZY!* ALL OF THEM!
OF COURSE! GENERAL VLAS IS RULING OVER A COMPLETELY INSANE PLANET!
STAND FAST! IT IS BETTER TO DIE STANDING THAN RUNNING!
I DON'T THINK TOM PAINE OR WINSTON CHURCHILL COULD HAVE SAID IT ANY BETTER!
AS THE CROWD CLOSES IN, McCOY AND SCOTT ARE FAST AT WORK--
THE COMPUTER HAS PUT US RIGHT ON THE COMET'S TRAIL! WE'RE CLOSING FAST!
CAN'T BE TOO FAST FOR ME! THERE'S A LOT OF WORK TO BE DONE---WITH THE CAPTAIN'S AND MR. SPOCK'S NECKS IN THE BALANCE!

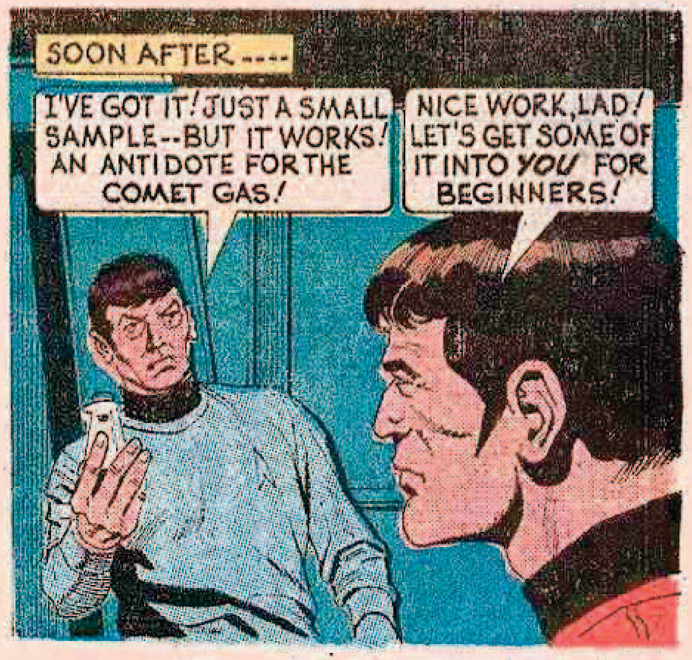

REMEMBER, SCOTTY--DON'T LOOK DIRECTLY AT THE COMET AND KEEP YOUR GLARE FILTER DOWN AT ALL TIMES!
RIGHT! I HOPE THESE WEE VACU-LATORS DO THE JOB!
HOW THE DEVIL DO THEY WORK, LAD? THERE'S NO AIR OUT IN SPACE FOR THEM TO SUCK IN!
THEY PROVIDE THEIR OWN AIR! SHOOT IT FORWARD IN A JET, THEN SUCK IT BACK IN WITH ANYTHING THAT'S OUT THERE! CONTINUOUS CYCLE!
PHH-H-H-H!
IT'S WORKIN', ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T YOU KEEP LOSING AIR, BONES?
PHH-H-H-H!
YES--SOME FLIES OFF INTO SPACE EACH TIME! LET'S HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB ON ONE TOUR!
THAT'S IT! NO MORE AIR! BACK TO THE SHIP! HOPE WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO COMPLETE THE ANALYSIS!
GOT TO GET THIS INTO THE CHEMI-ANALYSERS AT ONCE!
CAREFUL WITH THE TRANSFER, DOCTOR! ONE SNIFF OF THAT STUFF AND YOU'RE OFF TO CUCKOO-LAND!

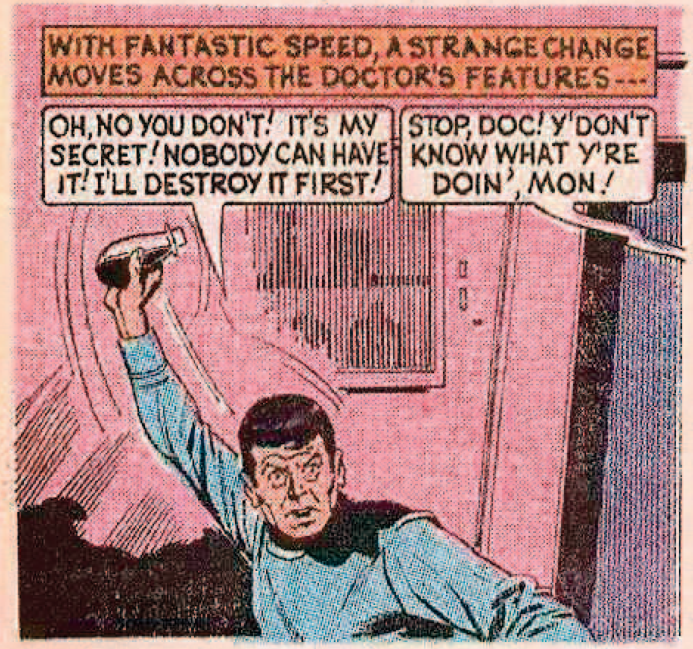

IN MINUTES, THE ANALYSER SPEWS OUT SOME ANSWERS ----
WELL, I'VE FOUND OUT A LOT ABOUT WHAT IT *ISN'T!* AND THAT'S HALF THE BATTLE!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
TOO SMALL A SAMPLE! NOT ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH THE ANALYSER ONE MORE TIME! HAVE TO GO OUT AGAIN!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE PUSHIN' A VACUUM CLEANER FOR A LIVIN'! SIGH!
STEADY THERE, DOCTOR! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE READY TO CAVE IN! YOU SURE YOU CAN MAKE IT?
SURE! JUST A LITTLE TIRED! IT'LL PASS!
HERE WE GO, LAD! THIS TIME I'LL SWEEP UP ENOUGH OF THAT STUFF TO START MY OWN GAS COMPANY!
HOW'S THAT? DID YOU SEE THAT BIG PATCH OF GAS I SUCKED IN? DOCTOR?
SCOTTY! THIS IS THE SHIP! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!

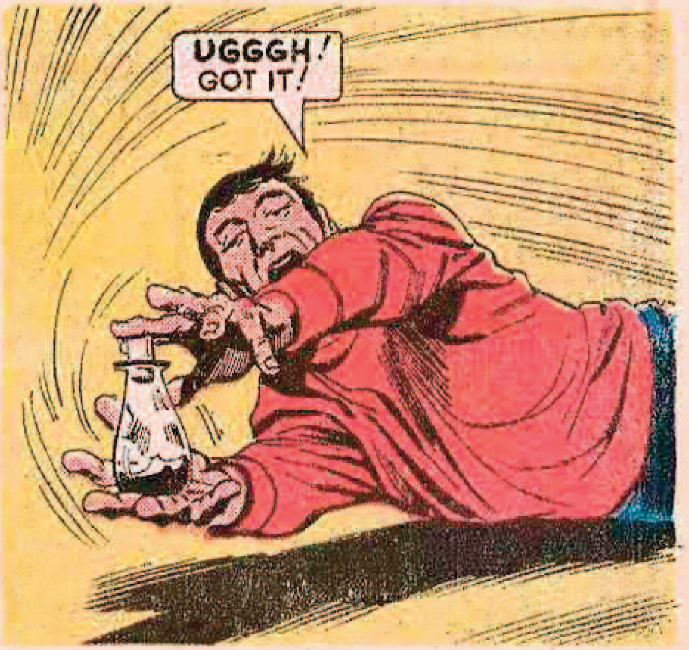

DOCTOR! WHAT ARE YOU DO--
ARRRRRRRRGH!
OWWWFFFF!
BWHOOOOOGH!
WHOMMP!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, DOCTOR! YOU *DID* GET A WHIFF OF COMET GAS WHEN YOU TRANSFERRED IT! YOU'RE NUTTY AS A FRUITCAKE, M'LAD!
ARRRRGH! HE--HE--HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! GASP! CAN'T BREATHE! CHOKE!
THEN, WITH ONE DESPERATE UPWARD THRUST ---
EEEYOWWWFFFFF!
NOW I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY MEAN WHEN THEY SAY--- "THIS'LL HURT ME AS MUCH AS IT DOES YOU"!
WHOMMP
UGGGGH!

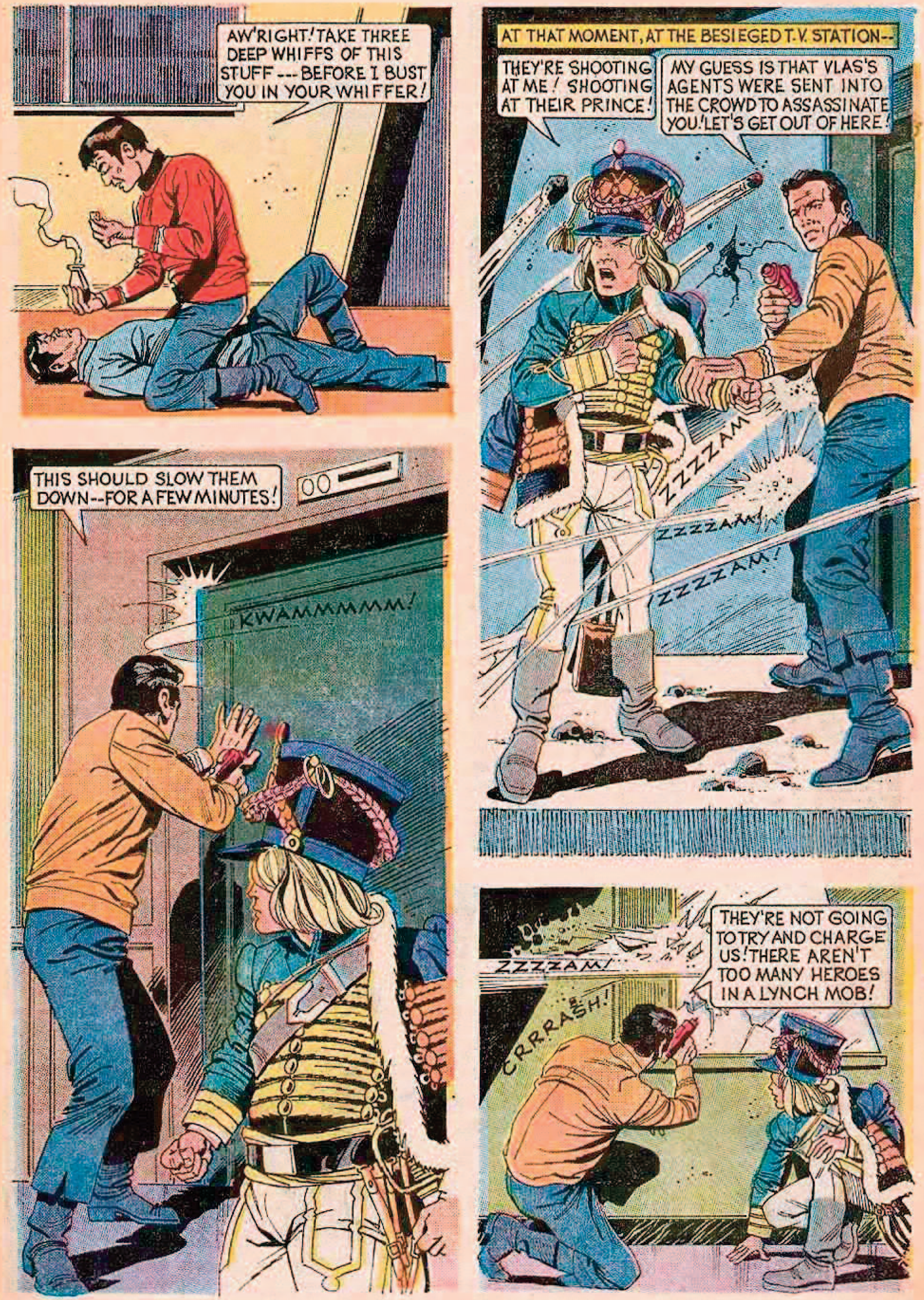

EASY DOES IT! CAN'T AFFORD TO BUMP THAT MEDICAL NOGGIN OF YOURS! YOU'VE STILL GOT TO FINISH ANALYZIN' THE *CRAZY GAS!*

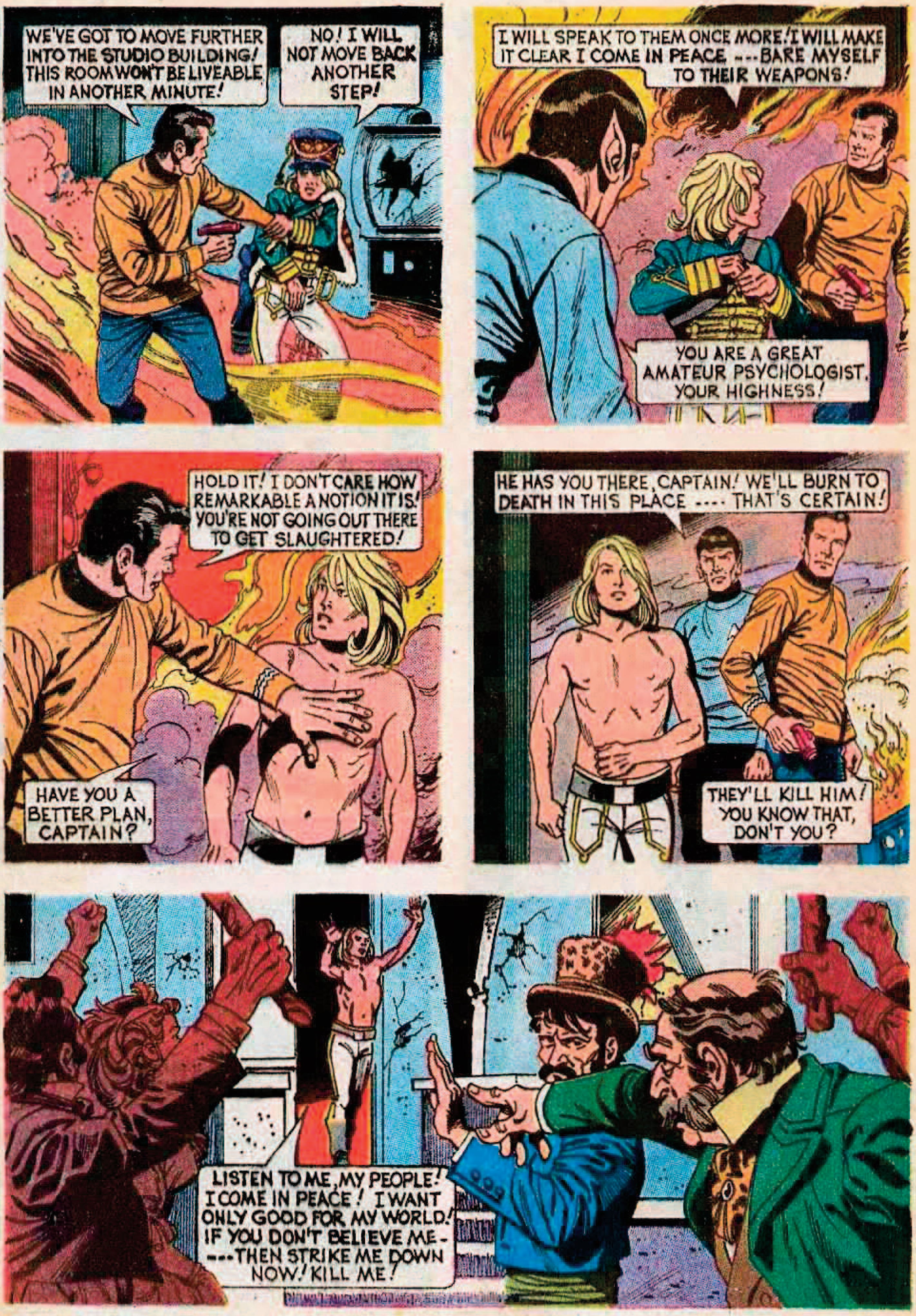

IT-IT GOT *ME* TOO, DIDN'T IT? I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING EXCEPT THIS *BURNING SENSATION* IN THE HEAD!
SAME AS THE PRINCESS REPORTED WHEN SHE TRIED TO KILL *PRINCE PEST!* ALL RIGHT, THEN, BACK TO WORK!

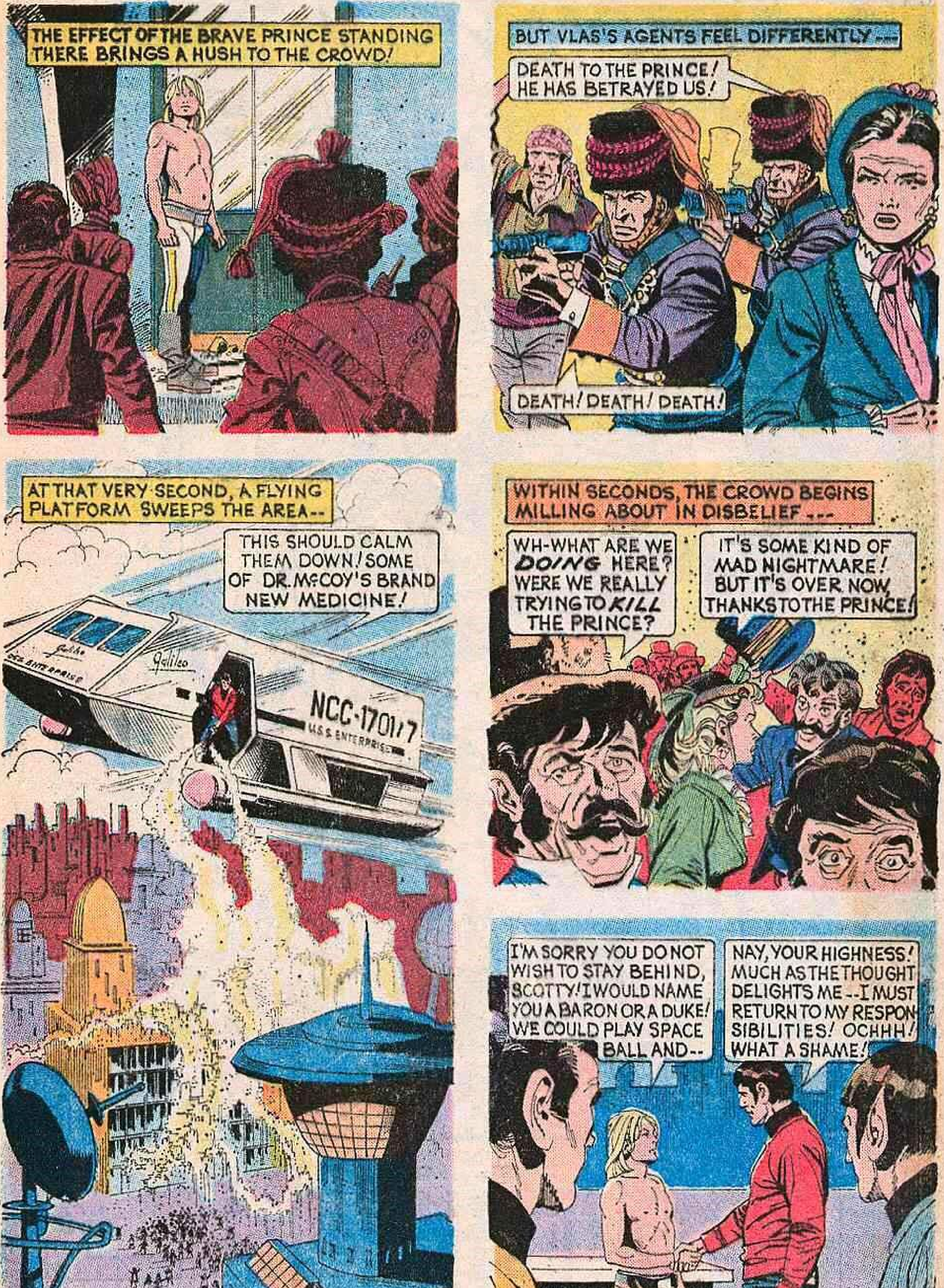

SOON AFTER ----
I'VE GOT IT! JUST A SMALL SAMPLE--BUT IT WORKS! AN ANTIDOTE FOR THE COMET GAS!
NICE WORK, LAD! LET'S GET SOME OF IT INTO *YOU* FOR BEGINNERS!


WITH FANTASTIC SPEED, A STRANGE CHANGE MOVES ACROSS THE DOCTOR'S FEATURES ---
OH, NO YOU DON'T! IT'S MY SECRET! NOBODY CAN HAVE IT! I'LL DESTROY IT FIRST!
STOP, DOC! Y'DON'T KNOW WHAT Y'RE DOIN', MON!


UGGGH! GOT IT!


AW'RIGHT! TAKE THREE DEEP WHIFFS OF THIS STUFF --- BEFORE I BUST YOU IN YOUR WHIFFER!
AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE BESIEGED T.V. STATION--
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME! SHOOTING AT THEIR PRINCE!
MY GUESS IS THAT VLAS'S AGENTS WERE SENT INTO THE CROWD TO ASSASSINATE YOU! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
ZZZZZAM
ZZZZAM!
ZZZZAM!
THIS SHOULD SLOW THEM DOWN--FOR A FEW MINUTES!
KWAMMMMM!
ZZZZAM!
CRRRASH!
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TRY AND CHARGE US! THERE AREN'T TOO MANY HEROES IN A LYNCH MOB!


WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FURTHER INTO THE STUDIO BUILDING! THIS ROOM WON'T BE LIVEABLE IN ANOTHER MINUTE!
NO! I WILL NOT MOVE BACK ANOTHER STEP!
I WILL SPEAK TO THEM ONCE MORE! I WILL MAKE IT CLEAR I COME IN PEACE ---BARE MYSELF TO THEIR WEAPONS!
YOU ARE A GREAT AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST, YOUR HIGHNESS!
HOLD IT! I DON'T CARE HOW REMARKABLE A NOTION IT IS! YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT THERE TO GET SLAUGHTERED!
HAVE YOU A BETTER PLAN, CAPTAIN?
HE HAS YOU THERE, CAPTAIN! WE'LL BURN TO DEATH IN THIS PLACE ---- THAT'S CERTAIN!
THEY'LL KILL HIM! YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
LISTEN TO ME, MY PEOPLE! I COME IN PEACE! I WANT ONLY GOOD FOR MY WORLD! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME- ---THEN STRIKE ME DOWN NOW! KILL ME!


THE EFFECT OF THE BRAVE PRINCE STANDING THERE BRINGS A HUSH TO THE CROWD!
BUT VLAS'S AGENTS FEEL DIFFERENTLY ---
DEATH TO THE PRINCE! HE HAS BETRAYED US!
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!
AT THAT VERY SECOND, A FLYING PLATFORM SWEEPS THE AREA--
THIS SHOULD CALM THEM DOWN! SOME OF DR. McCOY'S BRAND NEW MEDICINE!
Galileo
NCC-1701/7
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE
WITHIN SECONDS, THE CROWD BEGINS MILLING ABOUT IN DISBELIEF ---
WH-WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? WERE WE REALLY TRYING TO KILL THE PRINCE?
IT'S SOME KIND OF MAD NIGHTMARE! BUT IT'S OVER NOW, THANKS TO THE PRINCE!
I'M SORRY YOU DO NOT WISH TO STAY BEHIND, SCOTTY! I WOULD NAME YOU A BARON OR A DUKE! WE COULD PLAY SPACE BALL AND--
NAY, YOUR HIGHNESS! MUCH AS THE THOUGHT DELIGHTS ME -- I MUST RETURN TO MY RESPONSIBILITIES! OCHHH! WHAT A SHAME!
THE END